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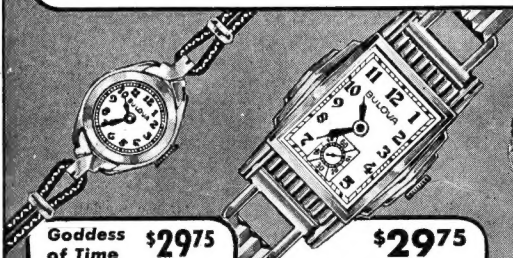

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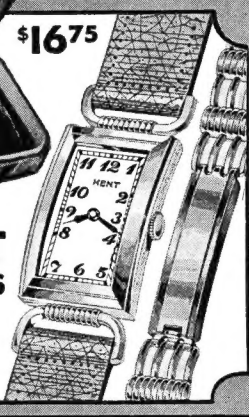

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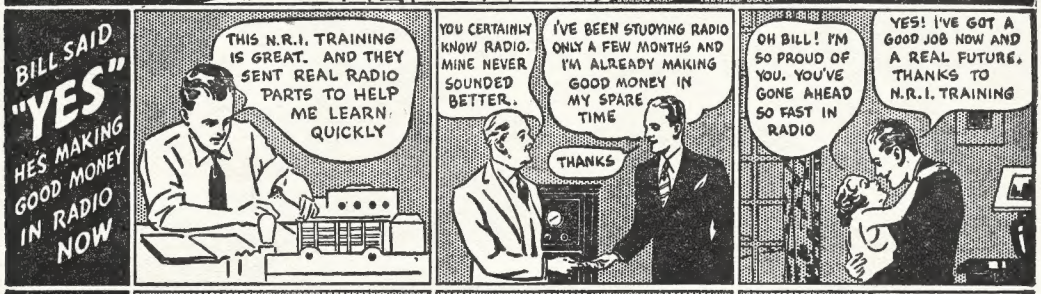
NO- NOT ME. I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE MY TIME. SUCCESS IS JUST A MATTER OF LUCK AND I WASN'T BORN LUCKY.


BILL SAID "YES" HE'S MAKING GOOD MONEY IN RADIO NOW
THIS N.R.I. TRAINING IS GREAT. AND THEY SENT REAL RADIO PARTS TO HELP ME LEARN QUICKLY
YOU CERTAINLY KNOW RADIO. MINE NEVER SOUNDED BETTER.
I'VE BEEN STUDYING RADIO ONLY A FEW MONTHS AND I'M ALREADY MAKING GOOD MONEY IN MY SPARE TIME
THANKS
OH BILL! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU. YOU'VE GONE AHEAD SO FAST IN RADIO
YES! I'VE GOT A GOOD JOB NOW AND A REAL FUTURE. THANKS TO N.R.I. TRAINING

TOM SAID "NO" HE'S STILL WAITING FOR "LUCK"
BILL'S A SAP TO WASTE HIS TIME STUDYING RADIO AT HOME
SAME OLD GRIND -- SAME SKINNY PAY ENVELOPE -- I'M JUST WHERE I WAS FIVE YEARS AGO
GUESS I'M A FAILURE. LOOKS LIKE I'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A FAILURE, TOM, UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. WISHING AND WAITING WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE

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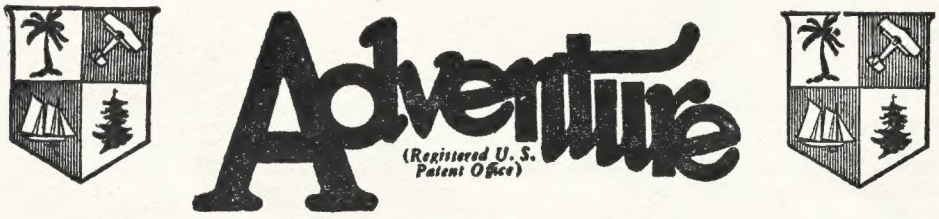

Vol. 105, No. 4 for August, 1941 Best of New Stories

Wagons Away! (1st part of 4) . . . . . H. BEDFORD-JONES 10
For four long years the gold-fever had tugged hard at Morgan Wright, brawny son of New England. Then along came One-Eye Potts, with his tall tales of "huntin' buffler an' Injuns an' Nighthawks" along the trail the Argonauts were hewing to the West. "I'm Californy bound," was the young Yank's only thought from that time on.

The Come Back of I and Chesty . . . . . W. C. TUTTLE 39
"Well, Bill, the scoare was twenty to 18, the Smoke Tree Savidges ahed and the Chuckwalla Lizards at bat bases loded two out in the 9th. Pandy moneum rained and the bottils flue but you know me Bill, i am a rock of Jibraltar and call them without feer or faver. . . ."

The Counterfeiters . . . . . HURD BARRETT 52
In which Jim Miller, of American Aircraft's Engineering Department, proves that imitation is anything but the sincerest form of flattery as it is practised in the land of cherry blossoms and chicanery.

Exile (a novelette) . . . . . LUKE SHORT 62
Lieutenant Tom Curtin, on sick leave from the Union Army, risks his life with Kit Carson's volunteers to save a Navajo friend of his boyhood—and his fierce, proud people—from the punishing vengeance of the White Man.

The Defense of Baler Church (a fact story) . . . . FRANK W. EBEY 82
For three hundred and forty days young Lieutenant Martin, with only a handful of troops, defended the last Pacific outpost of a once proud empire. It was a siege worthy to stand beside that of Verdun, the Alcazar or Crete.

East of the Williwaw (conclusion) . . . . . LESLIE T. WHITE 90
Beset by the vast might of Nazi naval power as the pocket battleship, *Admiral Schneider,* trains her guns on their island ranch, Jeff Wynn and the gallant defenders of La Querancia find the way to trap the swastika invaders and keep their own flag flying in the Land of Fire.

The Camp-Fire . . . . . Where readers, writers and adventurers meet 107

Ask Adventure . . . . . Information you can't get elsewhere 114

The Trail Ahead . . . . . News of next month's issue 128

Lost Trails . . . . . Where old paths cross 6

Cover by Malvin Singer
Headings by Hamilton Green and I. B. Hazelton
Kenneth S. White, Editor

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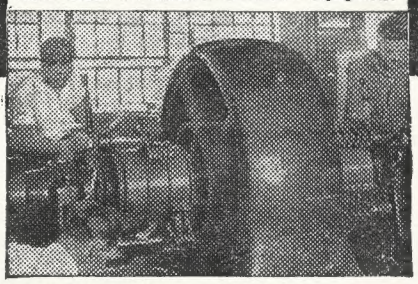

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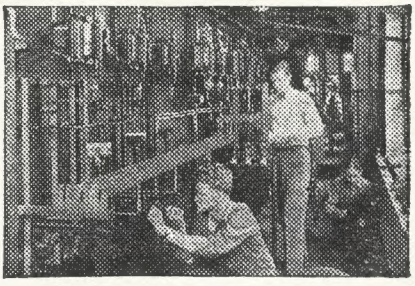

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LOST TRAILS

NOTE: We offer this department to readers who wish to get in touch again with friends or acquaintances separated by years or chance. Give your own name and full address. Please notify *Adventure* immediately should you establish contact with the person you are seeking. Space permitting, each inquiry addressed to Lost Trails will be run in three consecutive issues. Requests by and for women are declined, as not considered effective in a magazine published for men. *Adventure* also will decline any notice that may not seem a sincere effort to recover an old friendship, or for any other reason in the judgment of the editorial staff. No charge is made for publication of notices.

I would like to locate Walter P. Gallmieir, who was formerly a Corporal at Station Hospital, Fort Clayton, Panama Canal Zone, and since then, I have reason to believe, has been working for the Veterans Hospital somewhere in New York State. Any word as to his present whereabouts would be appreciated. Anthony P. Narkin, Headquarters Detachment, 57th Medical Battalion (Corps), Fort Ord, Cal.

Emory C. "Tex" Simmons, joined the U. S. Marines in October, 1929, spent one year on Parris Island and then transferred to Shanghai with the Fourth Marines, stationed with the Fourth Marines Band. Left Shanghai in 1933 to get paid off and went back to Texas. We were pals for four years but I got paid off in Shanghai and stayed there until just recently. Want to hear from Tex. Frank Burton, 207 N. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

I am very anxious to hear from my brother's son, Curtis Goodman, last heard from at Colinga, Cal. Also, my brother's grandson, Jack Graham, last heard about in Nowlin, S. Dakota; said he was on his way West to find his uncle, Curtis Goodman. Mrs. Louisa G. Marks, 817 Pleasant St., Des Moines, Ia.

My mother, born Mary Herrin in Island Pond, Me., married my father, William Foster, and they lived for several years in Bangor. I was the youngest of six children. When I was about two years old, my father, who was freight conductor for the M.C.R.R., was accidentally killed. That was about 1887. Soon after, my mother married Charles Leonard, a ship's steward, and went to Mass. I am now 56, and have tried for many years to locate their possible children. If any are living, or if any reader can give me any information about them, please write James Garfield Foster, c-o The Billboard Pub. Co., Cincinnati, O.

Any information leading to the whereabouts of Hank Felsen will be appreciated. When last heard from he was working as an artist on a W.P.A. project in Des Moines, Ia. He is probably living in New York City, as this is his home town. Anyone knowing him or his whereabouts, please write. P. F. C. Stan Rutherford, 79th Pursuit Squadron, Hamilton Field, Cal.

Nat Williams, (generally known as 'Old Kentuck' while in the service), P. O. Box #276, Veterans Home, Napa Co., Calif., would like to hear from John W. Williams, (called 'The Psalm Singer' by his intimates), and Harry C. Morris, (a railroad man), both of whom served in Co. "H" of the 50th Iowa Vol. Infantry in 1898. Also Charles A. Moore, and Sgt. Joseph C. (Dago) Watkins, both of whom served in Co. "I" of the same regiment at the same time.

Cpl. Vernts or Verntz, Co. E, 1st. U. S. Engnrs., wounded in the battle of Ste. Mihiel. I have a photo taken of you at the time. You may have it if you wish. . . . During the last unpleasantness I was a 1st Lieut. of Inf. attached to the 1st. U. S. Engnrs. and in my official capacity carried and used a small camera. During the battle of Ste. Mihiel, in the neighborhood of Mont Sec, I think, I took a picture of a wounded American soldier surrounded by German prisoners. The kodak being of the "autographic" type, I noted on the film "Cpl. Vernts (z)". In clearing out an old trunk recently, I came across a print of the above and vaguely remember that at the time I took the photo I promised the wounded man a copy of the picture, if it turned out well. In the excitement of battle, and afterward I forgot all about sending him a print. Apparently, he was a member of Co. E, 1st. Engrs. or he might have been of some infantry outfit. H. S. Bonney, 1537 Euterpe St., New Orleans, La.

Herbert Greenway would like news of his brother or sister, last heard of in Birmingham, England. Please write, R.1., Santa Maria, Calif.

(Continued on page 8)

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(Continued from page 6)

I would like to locate my father whose name, I believe, is Jack Allen, age about sixty. He worked in the sugar mills in Philadelphia about 25 years ago, for a man named Walter Norman McConkey. My mother, Annie Mary Procter, was born in Ireland. A man named Joe Maxwell, who lived with my parents, and my mother ran away together and took me with them. My mother and I went by the name of Maxwell. I was the youngest of five children. I believe I have two brothers and two sisters, whom I do not know. Anyone who knows them or my father, please communicate with Mrs. Bessie E. Camomile, c/o Elevator, National Bank Bldg., Lima, Ohio.

Henry Gould, last heard of at Ruthven, Iowa, in the fall of 1908. Any information as to his whereabouts would be appreciated by his son, of whose existence he is not aware. Dan F. Townsend, 705 S. Sloan, Compton, Cal.

James P. Brahaney, known as Pat or Irish, was discharged from the Marines at Quantico, in 1938, and I believe lives in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. From 1935 to 1937, he served at the Submarine Base, at Coco Solo, Panama. I have some important news for him and should like very much to hear from him. A. L. Craig, Corporal, USMCR (AO), Reserve Aviation Unit, U.S.N.R. Air Base, Robertson, Mo.

My brother, Fred Irving, originally lived in Rochester, N. Y., and was last heard from in 1914 when he was employed as a brakeman in or near Portland, Ore. In 1911 and 1912, he worked for the government on surveys around Fairbanks, Alaska, and in the winter was with a prospecting party around Fairbanks and Dover. One of his pals forwarded a letter to my address, stating that he had won out on a suit regarding a claim. My brother was 5 feet 11 inches in height, weight 160 lbs., dark eyes, brown hair, and walked very erect. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please communicate with Percy Irving, 3021 Elmwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

My brother, Richard Peyton Symmes, has been missing since 1918. He was last heard from at Peru, Kans., and was living with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Miley, who were farming in that neighborhood. He was born and raised in Topeka, Kans. His age is 32. His mother's present name is Mrs. May Wyer, and she has tried many ways to locate him, with no success. Harry J. Symmes, c/o Mrs. May Wyer, 933 Paseo, Kansas City, Mo.

I am trying to locate my father, Frank L. Clark, a U. S. citizen, who married my mother, a Canadian, in Boston, Mass., on Feb. 9, 1901. I was born in Blackville, New Brunswick, Canada. My parents were divorced in 1902 or 1903. In 1915, my mother and stepfather brought me from Katonah, N. Y. to Saskatchewan, where we resided until I myself married a girl from the U. S. Her parents live in Minnesota, and as my own mother lives in Maine, I am anxious to return to the States with my family whom I have taught to regard themselves as U. S. citizens. My three oldest boys are in high school and first year university from where they will eventually go into the military forces (U. S., I hope). Now I must establish my father's U. S. citizenship before I can get home. Hence this request for help. I am unable to locate my father's people who resided in Melrose, Mass, about 1905, I think. Arthur Lester Clark-Marlow, P. O. 5, St. James, Man., Canada.

I appeal for help in my 25-year search for my mother, who may be identified as follows: Maiden name, Florence Belle Stanfield, born 1882, at Springfield, Mo., where her people settled from Mobile, Ala. Married William Taylor Lockard, 1897. He died accidentally near Huntington, Ark., 1906. She remarried, name Ed Costello of Texarkana, Ark., about 1907, and divorced him at Muskogee, Okla., about 1914. Last heard from in 1916 while working in a restaurant at Ft. Smith, Ark. One rumor that she went to Omaha, Nebr. could not be traced. May have remarried and be known under another name. Her children are Ethel, Isabel and Carl. Anyone possessing any knowledge of her whereabouts will render a human service by communicating with her married daughter, Mrs. Ethel Lockard Williams, c/o General Delivery, Vinita, Okla.

Any information leading to the whereabouts of Frank Kelley Robinson will be appreciated. When last heard from in October, 1938, he was in Detroit, Mich. He is 30 years old, about five feet five inches tall, weight about one hundred sixty. Dark brown hair and eyes. Frank, if you see this, please write to your parents. J. W. Robinson, Zolfo Springs, Fla.

Wanted information of the following: 1st Sgt. Gerald R. Driscoll, 34th Inf., whom I last saw in Maryland, 1921; Norman W. Smith, 18th Inf., whom I last saw at Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y. 1922; and Sgt. Henry M. Phillips, 34th Inf., whom I last saw in Camp Eustis, Va., 1922. Their old supply sergeant would like to hear of or from them. Leo Neace, Ava, Ill.

(Continued on page 124)

THEY CALL ME THE "CHARLES ATLAS" OF PEORIA!

by H.W.

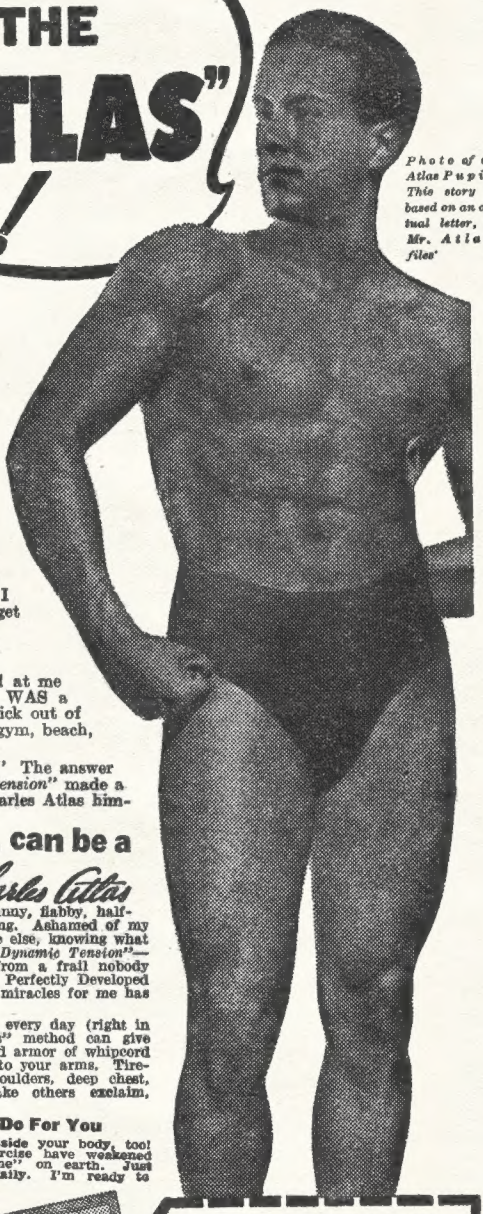

Photo of an Atlas Pupil. This story is based on an actual letter, in Mr. Atlas' files

YES SIR! People call ME the "Charles Atlas of Peoria," which is my home town. They've named ME after the man who won the title "World's Most Perfectly-Developed Man!" And they are not kidding. They wouldn't DARE. Not with the fighting build, bulging muscles, smashing strength I've got now—the body that made me CHAMPION of the crowd!

But a short time ago I was a weakling—the "sissy" who took a back seat every time other fellows began showing their muscles. I had to sneak away whenever they did feats of strength. I *knew* what it meant to be the sorriest-looking specimen of the bunch. I wanted a real he-man build more than anything. I determined to get it. And I DID!

Here's How I Got My New Physique

Well, after a little while, my friends rubbed their eyes and looked at me twice. They couldn't believe I was the same person! Because I WAS a different person. And you can't blame me today for getting a big kick out of seeing that "What-a-Man!" look in their eyes whenever I strip for gym, beach, or around the swimming pool!

How did I do it? What *made* me "The Charles Atlas of Peoria?" The answer is—*Charles Atlas* HIMSELF! His marvelous method of *"Dynamic Tension"* made a NEW MAN of me. And now read what Charles Atlas himself has to say to YOU:

Photo of **CHARLES ATLAS,** *holder of title: "World's Most Perfectly-Developed Man."*

I'll prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!

And it only takes 15 minutes a day

Charles Atlas

Fellows, I know what it means to be skinny, flabby, half-alive. I myself was once a 97-lb. weakling. Ashamed of my body. Afraid to stand up against anyone else, knowing what a beating I'd take. Then I discovered *"Dynamic Tension"*—the amazing method that changed me from a frail nobody into winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now the secret that worked miracles for me has worked them for thousands of others.

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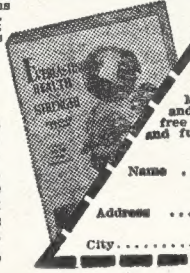

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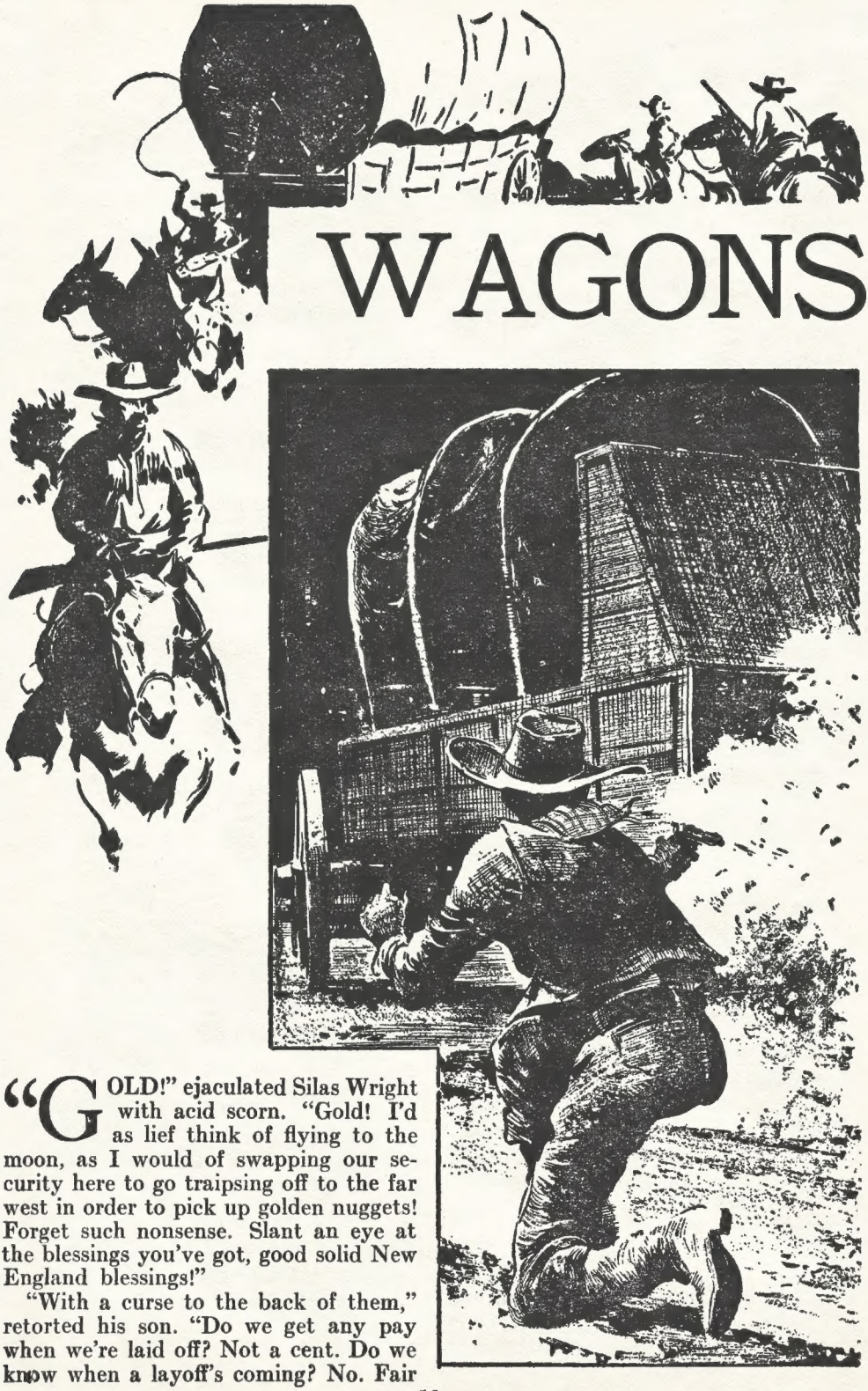


WAGONS

"GOLD!" ejaculated Silas Wright with acid scorn. "Gold! I'd as lief think of flying to the moon, as I would of swapping our security here to go traipsing off to the far west in order to pick up golden nuggets! Forget such nonsense. Slant an eye at the blessings you've got, good solid New England blessings!"

"With a curse to the back of them," retorted his son. "Do we get any pay when we're laid off? Not a cent. Do we know when a layoff's coming? No. Fair

A TALE OF
THE WESTERN
TRAIL-BLAZERS

AWAY!

By
H. BEDFORD-JONES

A horse screamed; Morgan saw the animal rear wildly above the dust and smoke.

pay and Christian treatment when we work; a kick in the pants when we don't. You and I and Betty earn more than most of the mill hands, yet we barely manage to keep the family going and the bills paid. Devil take such blessings! The quicker I'm rid of them, the better."

Silas Wright lost his scornful air. His shoulders drooped; the deep worried eyes in his tired face surveyed the younger man with troubled anxiety.

"Easy, son, don't fly off like your Uncle Abner did. He skipped out twenty year back and what's come of it? A letter, and what he says is a title-deed to a farm that nobody here can read; and now he's dead and gone, a life wasted. Don't be so headstrong, so hard-headed. You're too much of a man to go the way he did."

"Well, there's no chance here," growled Morgan. "No future. Everything's crowded."

"Young folks have said that since the world began," said Silas Wright. "And it's true; a man has to make his own way, has to find his own future. But it's terrible to take far chances, son! Where can a man go and not find life crowded? To sea, to the great west? Just as hard to get a job there, as here."

"And just as easy."

Morgan Wright laughed, and clapped his father on the shoulder, and picked up his leather apron. Time to get back to work; he was assistant to the smith at the mill, and the forge was always busy. His father was foreman in the spinning room.

"See you later," he said, slinging the apron about his neck. "And *I* say, let's pull up stakes, all of us, and be on our way to California!"

He was gone before Silas Wright could reply—gone striding down the street toward the mill, a young, wide-armed, lusty figure against the snow. Winter was still on the ground, the snow-rich winter of 1852, and a wintry chill was clutching Morgan Wright's heart as he strode. No laughter in his dark face now. That had been for his father's benefit alone.

Dark of eye and black of hair, a big-nosed, ugly face it was, ugly with the hard oaken strength behind the eyes. Somewhere, far back before the Revolution, there was an Indian strain in the Wright family, gossip whispered; now and again it cropped out full force, and Morgan Wright showed the signs of it. Not that anyone thought the less of the Wrights, for Indian blood was no great rarity in New England; rather, it was interesting.

But now, as Morgan came back to the forge at the rear of the mill and fell to work on the repair jobs that had piled up, the dark eyes were savagely moody. He stood at the forge, and as the bellows whipped up the coals the ruddy light brought out harsh bitterness in the ugly strong face—wide gash of a mouth set hard in restraint.

Behind that talk with his father lay human need. Behind his dream of far horizons, behind his aching distrust and hatred of the Hadley Mills, behind his gathered desire to burst free of Massachusetts and the sodden future awaiting him here, lay cold and level fact that would not be denied. It was like a worm gnawing at his brain and soul.

TO THE Wright family, his hands and his pay meant all the difference in the world—the difference between struggling burdened poverty and their present comparative affluence. He was needed; he could not desert. He was twenty-three now; during four long years, the gold-fever had tugged hard at him. Duty tugged harder. His father, his mother, his sister Betty. She was seventeen now, she too worked in the mill, she too was needed, but Morgan well knew how she rebelled at the deathly future. Security! Blessings! A harsh, wild laugh rang from him. It had a mellower echo from the doorway, and he turned to see a bedraggled wrapped figure there.

"Can I come in and warm me a spell?" asked the stranger. "I'm as cold as a Ute papoose in a snowsquall, mister."

"Sure," Morgan Wright rejoined curtly, with small welcome.

The other's looks were against him. Not a large man, he was hidden within a frayed old overcoat and a cap with earmuffs down; his heavy beard was a

grizzled brown, his nose was large and red, he wore a black patch over one eye and the other was a vivid, glinting black. Altogether he was a picture of disrepair and disrepute, as he crowded close to the forge and held out gnarled, misshapen hands to its warmth.

"Stranger?" asked Wright.

"Yep. Been visiting my folks up in Concord all winter. Now I'm headin' back where I come from and glad of it."

"Where?" demanded Wright, as the other paused.

"Californy."

Wright turned, looked the man over carefully, and met a wide, white-fanged grin.

"Oh, I ain't bust!" A jingle of coins accompanied the words. "Hear that? Gold, you bet. Jim Potts is my handle; most folks call me One-eye. I'm sure as hell lonesome around these parts, too. You go anywheres from Independence to Laramie and beyond and you'll hear tell o' One-eye Potts, but around here I ain't nobody."

"You've been to Californy?" exclaimed Wright slowly. "All the way?"

Potts cackled with laughter. "More'n twenty year, youngster. Californy, Yellerstone, Sonora, Chihuahua—takin' fur, killin' buffler, teamin', guide, hunter, gold-digger. Made my pile and come home. Ain't no use. Give my stovepipe hat and store clothes away and here I go for moccasins and buckskin, you bet!"

"Gosh!" Wright gaped at the speaker. "You're sure lucky. I'd give a lot if I could go west!"

"What's to hinder?" demanded Potts. "You look sound in the leg."

Wright shook his head and turned to his work again. "Nope, I'm needed; folks can't very well do without me."

"Shucks! Take 'em along, then," came the response, with energy. "Besides, that sort o' talk is plum foolish. Ain't nobody really needed; plain self-delusion. What say to a snort o' firewater? Real good stuff, you bet. Come from Jamaicy."

"No, thanks," said Wright, as the visitor produced a flask of ample proportions. "And if you aim to drink, go outside. Don't liquor up the air in here.

Morgan stood at the forge, his dark eyes savagely moody.

The smith will be back right soon and he don't hold with liquor."

Potts tucked the flask away obediently.

"You folks sure have more notions than a sick Cheyenne," he declared in his amiable, slightly hoarse, self-confident manner and voice. "I was teachin' school a spell out in Ioway territory, and they used to say you could allus tell a New Englander by his notions. After he'd got broadened out and seen the world, he'd give 'em up. You take the stage driver now. He got here and says he ain't going on to Boston till tomorrow. Roads too slick for the horses, he claims; real reason is, he's got a notion luck's ag'in him on account everything went wrong. Mexicans is bad at superstition, but New Englanders wuss."

"Mexicans?" Wright gave him a glance. "Can you read Mexican?"

"Certain. Spanish, you mean; I read, write and speak it. Was two year down there. Left a wife in Chihuahua; she talked too danged much," said Potts.

"Left one up in Kansas, too; she had an ornery way o' flingin' skillets—"

"Well, look!" broke in Wright eagerly. "My uncle went west years ago, when I was a baby. We got a letter from him a couple months back, saying he was dying and enclosing a paper in Mexican that nobody around here can read. Something about land, according to his letter; a farm in California. Will you read it for us?"

"Certain, certain," agreed Potts. "Got it with you?"

"No. You go up the street, ask for Wright's house. Mother's there, and tell her I sent you, and what for. Guess dad's gone back to work by now."

"Wright?" One-eye Potts came forward and solemnly held out a horny paw. "I got it, by gum, I got it! He was a dark, ornery feller about like you. Abner Wright—was that him?"

Wright's face lit up. "Yes, yes! You knew him out west?"

"Sure did. We was teamsters together one trip, and I seen him later at Bent's Fort. He was headin' for Californy with the first rush. Well, this is prime luck! I'll go talk with your ma."

"And don't hurry," exclaimed Wright. "There's a thousand things I want to ask you, about the west and everything. But I've got to work now."

"I aim to stick a while," said the other, grinning widely. "Adios!"

Luck, luck, luck! Wright worked furiously, but his mind was far away. One-eye Potts, Californy, Chihuahua, gold and fur! Here was romance a thousandfold; horizons were broken, vistas widening—a little moment of heartaches banished!

Only a little moment. The smith returned, with gloomy frown and heavy tread; the horizon drew in again, with talk of millwork and thaws coming and town gossip, and the iron clanged and clanged interminably on the anvil. Wright thought of the man up at the house, and his mother. How she would welcome him! His mother, grave and quiet-eyed, had no love for petty things. She, too, had heard so much of the west, these late years that she was wont to say the whole world's future lay westward, for those who would break with the old ties. Yet she never urged going.

It was Betty who talked, whose tongue ran wild, until Silas Wright would have to silence her in anger. Idle folly to dream such nonsense, he would say. They were a solid family, close to one another, hanging together well. They owned their own house here, the mortgage would be paid off in another year, they had two cows in the pasture and lived well. If only the price of sheeting and shirting stayed up so the mill would not have to lay off the spindles, another year would see great things accomplished for the Wright family! Always another year, thought Morgan Wright bitterly. Ever since he was a child, he had heard the same thing—another year would mean so much! But something always happened.

And as for him, said Silas Wright, it was the Indian blood in him speaking. Indian blood? Whether the story was true, he did not know or care. It was as good as any of the white blood in these parts, anyhow, he told himself.

THE whistle blew at last, the day was done; it was near dark already. The smith went off. It was the assistant's job to straighten up, overtime. Morgan was at it when his father came in to wait for him. He told of the visitor, and Silas Wright nodded darkly.

"Good. Says he knew Abner, eh? We'll test him out on that; can't trust these gallivanting rogues nohow. And don't wear that leather apron home; leave it here. So proud of your job that you want to show off, eh?"

"No," snapped Morgan. "So damned sick of it that I don't care. But I'll leave the leather here, as you bid. As for the man, I think he's honest enough. It was he mentioned Abner's name first."

"I suppose we'll find him sitting at the fire swilling our hard cider, filling your mother's ears with his loose talk!"

They did not, for One-eye Potts had been and gone, refusing to stop for supper, but promising to return later in the evening. An interesting man, said Mrs. Wright. She was not a woman to talk lightly. In her early forties, she was strongly built and could take stern

command in any pinch. As a rule, however, she was placid and unassertive, calmly steady of eye and word, seldom speaking her mind until others fumbled and gave up.

Betty, round-eyed and eager with the springing youthful womanhood of seventeen, was all agog to hear more of the visitor, volubly regretting that she had missed seeing him. She soon ceased her talk, however. Silas Wright was in a dark and gloomy mood this evening. He would not say what was wrong, but his temper was dangerous.

"Had a talk with Art Lane today," he announced at the supper table. "The man has a plaguy envy of owning this house! He made me another offer today. I cut him off sharply and we nearly came to hard words."

"He's not to blame. It's his wife," Mrs. Wright said. "Nelly Lane has had an eye on this house of ours for a long while back. We'd not lose if we sold to him, either."

"With building costs what they are?" snapped Silas Wright. "Where'd we do so well again? By the way, what did the rogue from Californy say about brother Abner's letter?"

"He said it was something wonderful," answered Mrs. Wright, a little flush rising in her cheeks. "The paper was a deed to a farm in California, he said. Not in the gold district, but closer to the sea, near San Francisco. What would be close to twelve hundred acres, too; a clear title, he said."

Silas Wright almost choked on his tea. "Good lord, twelve hundred acres? It must be plumb worthless, Frances. So much land as that, all in one piece—"

"He claimed it might be extra good land," his wife cut in calmly. "It's part of some Spanish grant, whatever that means. He said it must be worth a lot of money."

"Then I suppose we can send the papers to an agent or lawyer out there, and sell it." Catching the eye of his better half, Silas Wright paused. "Well, Frances? What's in your mind?"

She accepted the challenge in her gravely placid way.

"That it costs twenty-eight dollars to reach St. Louis by the steam cars from Albany. That's a lot of money, and doesn't include staterooms and meals. But that's the fare, Silas, to get halfway to California! I asked Mr. Potts all about it. Then we'd take a steamboat to Independence up the Missouri River—they're building a railroad there now, but it's not ready yet. At Independence we'd take a wagon and go across the plains."

"Frances, have you lost your mind?" burst out Silas Wright, staring across the table with stupefaction in his gaze. She smiled into his eyes.

"I reckon I have, Silas, if you look at it that way."

"You've let this rascal talk you into—"

"Nobody's talking me into anything," she intervened. "We'd get there just at the right time to take the journey, with the early spring. That way, we'd find no lack of grass or water anywhere, he says. At Independence we can get a wagon and everything we'll need. Lots of unfortunate folks have had to quit, or have turned back. When I married you, Silas, you had a farm—remember?"

"And we're better off now than any farmer," said he, with gathering anger. "I'm clear amazed at you, talking like this before the young folks and filling their heads with such moonshine! Why, it's simply madness! I don't want the subject brought up again in this house, ever."

Silas Wright was a weary man, and temper springs from weariness. Something more than mere weariness, too, thought Morgan, but did not probe the matter.

After supper he left the house and went to the tavern, and found One-eye Potts there. No use coming back to the house now, he said.

"My father's in no mood to hear any talk of the west," he told Potts. "Something must have gone wrong at the mill; he's in a depressed and angry humor. So I came along here. There are things I want to ask. I reckon my mother asked a lot."

Potts chuckled. "Certain! She's a grand woman. If I'd met up with a woman like her, I wouldn't have had so many wives. Never had no luck, some-

"Drat the gold fields!" One-eye Potts declared. "You've got a rancho in Californy—make for it!"

how, when it come to females, except with squaws. Well, what d'ye want to know?"

One-eye Potts had a jorum at his elbow and a pipe in his fingers. He had drunk deep, and was in mellow mood. When he laid his tongue to any subject, he imparted his own mellowness to it. Even his past hardships were things to laugh over now, and the golden glow of the distant diggings touched everything that lay between. He had some good hard sense, however, and he spoke his mind freely.

"Drat the gold fields!" he declared. "You've got a rancho in Californy; make for it, work it! The gold's all took up and the diggings are petering out, seems like. The land ain't. Keep that there paper; it's heap big medicine, strong medicine! That's an Injun notion, and some Injun notions have a lot o' sense. You aim for the land, and take the gold where you find it. Aim for the land I say."

SUCH was the gist of his advice. Morgan Wright got nothing from him but what was glorious with promise and lusty with the thrill of joyous adventure. The more Potts drank, the more roseate appeared all the western scene. And, upon the heels of his imbibing, came startling confidence.

"That there paper I read for your ma," said he, his one eye twinkling and leering at Morgan. "True enough, certain! But your uncle ain't dead, not him. He just writ that in the letter."

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Morgan, mystified. Potts cackled mirthfully.

"I knowed him, you bet! He let on

like he's dead, and best leave it that way, friend. He was run out o' the diggings, I heard tell—a bad 'un, that's what. He's done his killin's and is on the loose. A bandit, I reckon is the word."

Prodded by the half indignant, half incredulous Morgan, One-eye Potts went into some detail. By his tell, the name of Abner Wright had no savory odor in the far west. Abner was, in short, a rascal of the deepest dye, a killer and bandit.

"Mind you, it ain't as bad there as it'd be here," Potts went on, moved by the stricken eyes of the younger man. "A feller's got to be armed. Men with pistols and knives make their own law. Abner ain't bad, in some ways; ain't half as bad as many a one I can name! Anyhow, a man's got to do things, out west, like he wouldn't here. He gets a bad name, and if he don't hold his end up, down he goes. If Abner Wright wants to stay dead, you let him alone and don't tell your pappy neither. Better so."

No danger of that. Morgan could well imagine the grief and shock such news would bring to Silas Wright; this was his sole concern, for Abner Wright was only a name to him. So he kept a close tongue about it.

More important affairs, indeed, drove it far into the back of his mind. Next day he learned what had gone wrong at the mill, as it became general knowledge. There had been a big drop in prices. Lancashire cottons were flooding the market. With the month's end would come a layoff. It might last six weeks or six months. The dreaded word smote into every Hadley heart with the reverberant toll of a funeral knell: layoff, layoff, layoff!

Savings would be drained, marriages would be postponed, hopes and dreams would be laid aside. Money would be borrowed desperately. No work meant no pay. It meant a dreary anxious waiting, with terror lurking in every background, until the mills should again open. Layoff! It was a word of dread and fear.

And now it had happened, with spring just around the corner.

CHAPTER II

A BITTER LOSS

CLOSER view showed One-eye Potts to be a seamed, leathery little man of incredible vitality and energy and a huge contempt for all the world except that of the far west. He could snarl and he could grin, he could curse New England vittles—though he had been raised on them—and prate by the hour of buffalo meat and the vast quantities one could eat without ill effect. Toward Morgan Wright, in the days that followed, he adopted a ribald attitude.

"You're a green hand," he would say. "A numbskull. All you know is your brawn; you can't use eyes or hands or feet. But you've the makin's in you. Start in with a prairie schooner, as they call the old Jersey wagon, and you'll learn. I'm sticking around here to see you folks get started, and to earn some wages off'n you. I've got a soft heart, I have, and I don't aim to see you folks get skun at Independence."

They were hard days, for Silas Wright had lost his grip completely. He was low in body and mind, and listened with darkly brooding gaze at all they had to say. This was plenty, for Mrs. Wright called in Potts and went at him shrewdly enough, and Potts was delighted.

"What security have you got here? None," he would say. "Out yonder you've got twelve hundred acres, if ye want it. If you're so blasted set on security, what could be better? Sell your house here, certain; what'll it fetch?"

They told him. Morgan figured everything with him—the railroad fare and expenses west to rail's end, twelve days of it. Steamboat fare on to Independence, eight dollars. Expenses there, wagon and oxen and equipment. Morgan totted it all up, while Potts talked of the "tall grass" country in Nebraska, the "buffalo grass" beyond, with its soft and slender blade—of the desert country after the watered lands, the buttes beyond, then the Rockies after the timbered and fertile Grand Prairie.

Hardship? Dangers? Indians and bandits? Of course. But the government

was building military roads and, after all, thousands were on the way.

"You're not children, but real folks," said Potts. "What's worth having is worth workin' for, and if others do it, you can. Why not? All nonsense to be afeared of takin' chances! Why, Wright, you got a man's heart! Trouble with you is, you're all tight inside—knotted up, like. Let yourself go. Turn yourself loose like a colt!"

Silas Wright grimaced. "Maybe you're right, Potts. Morgan! You and your mother take the reins. Decide. I'll do whatever you two think best, and no hard feelin's later. Make the decision, and I'll back it up all the way."

So he did, too. But Morgan Wright remembered one queer thing. He was sitting in the tavern, talking with Potts. He was all lit up with excitement and confidence; he talked of rifle shooting, of Indians, of buffalo.

"Why not? We can do it!" he exclaimed. "You said it—others can, and I can! Once we go at it, there's nothing can stop us!"

"Huh! A blade of grass or a pebble can stop ye," grunted Potts with sullen acerbity. "Plumb ignorant, that's what you are! But don't back down. I'll stick with ye, pay my own expenses to Independence, and get you folks started right; and if you ain't a sorrowful man afore we get hitched up and off the first day, I miss my guess!"

What he meant by this, he refused to explain. Morgan laughed at it and let it pass, though later it came back to him harshly.

It was all like a dream . . . this getting off. Silas Wright was crushed. He had never been a hundred miles away from Hadley. Not only the contemplation of distance overcame him, but the fact that his whole life's work was being abandoned. "What of it?" demanded Morgan impatiently, unable to see that the man was being torn up by the roots. The result was the first real family quarrel in his memory, but his father gave in.

A dream, yes, bitter and sweetly eager at the same time; the farewells, the severance of old ties, the looking ahead. The sale of everything provided funds enough and to spare. Morgan, with energy unloosed, pushed matters swiftly to conclusion. He garnered a dollar here, another there, overlooked nothing, saw their little pile of cash gradually mount up, and won approval in his mother's smile. Frances Wright was a provident woman. By common consent, he remained guardian of their funds. With real money, said Potts, anything could be accomplished at Independence, the jumping-off place.

"But," he added sourly, "don't have no more talk of Injuns and buffler. With luck, you won't see one Injun the hull trip, nor one buffler neither. Too many folks have been that road already. Sloggin' hard footwork, two thousand mile of it; that's what you'd best think about. You need a rifle for white varmint, not for redskins nor wild game."

A trifle disconcerting, this, and Morgan did not entirely credit it.

The hardest tug for him came when he said good-bye to Sally Barnes, whom he had worshiped privately and rather distantly for some months past. She laughed. She displayed neither tender romance nor admiration of his fortitude; instead, she spoke only of her cousin, Frank, who had headed westward two years ago and was now in Kansas.

"Give Frank my love if you meet him," she said, smiling, "and tell him to write more often. We'd all like to hear from him."

Morgan came away writhing. True, Squire Barnes owned much stock in the mills, and his daughter could not be expected to take the smith's assistant seriously; still, she need not have been so high and mighty about it, and so amused. More than this, Morgan had never been friends with Frank Barnes, who was a blustering, heavy-jawed fellow grown great with pride and authority, and heavy-handed to boot. Thus bitter at the world, Morgan stopped by the tavern and had a drink or two with One-eyed Potts, and went home with Sally Barnes well out of his head.

THEY got off at last, leaving the mill spindles silent and like to be silent for a long time. Off, with luggage heaped high and the disreputable figure of One-

eye Potts at heel like a faithful dog. Off by stage and steam cars in high style; Silas Wright brooding over his lost past, his wife calmly joyous in her placid, capable way, his daughter bright of eye and blithe of heart. A strapping girl was Betty, floridly handsome and gay, but with something of her mother's grave steadiness to hold her down to solid earth.

All those twelve days of the rail journey, and during the trip, beyond, Potts was invaluable. He kept to himself, finding boon companions elsewhere, but was always ready with a word when Morgan sought him out. He did nothing, he said much, and Morgan followed his advice implicitly; and, continually, he harped on one theme.

"Get in good company; that's the main thing! Pick and choose at Independence. Keep a rein on yourself. That's the prime idee to foller, you bet! A wagon can't go off by itself. Long's you stick to the main road and have lots o' company, you're all right; rascals enough even then, waiting to pluck an easy goose. Once you leave St. Louis, you ain't as safe as a greaser in an Apache village, so keep your eye skinned. There's no end o' varmint looking for easy pickin's at this end of the road, you bet."

St. Louis? But here came bitter disillusionment; the railroad ended short of there. Transfer to a stage, baggage and all, and slosh-slosh through spring mud with the rain beating down. Small wonder St. Louis looked drear when they reached it, and to deepen the gloom, Silas Wright came down with an ague gained from the river bottoms. They reached the city too late to catch the Missouri River boat, and bedded at a tavern. Here, for the first time Potts took charge.

"It ain't fittin' to move him right off, ma'am," he told Mrs. Wright that evening. "You folks stay here a couple days, then come on. Me and Morgan, we'll hit for Independence on the mornin' steamboat. Ain't no hurry. Liable to be there two-three weeks gettin' fitted out and waitin' for the grass to show on the prairies beyond. Ten days anyhow. Says yes?"

"Yes," said Frances Wright. "I don't know what we'd do without you!"

"You'd make out, ma'am. Lots do. If'n you get talkin' around, and folks ask why you aim to jump off from Independence instead o' St. Jo, you say there's five mile solid mud to cross outside St. Jo and it's plumb hell, and Independence is all clear. That there mud at St. Jo has broke many an emigrant's heart. Come on, Morgan; you and me will go get our passage and see the town."

A spring night in St. Louis, with the hordes of the gold-rush pouring through . . . to Morgan it was a roaring chaos. The streets were packed with emigrants in their thousands, heading for Independence or St. Joseph; rivermen, planters from the south, sharpers on all sides to prey on the mob, plainsmen, army men, women of street and brothel. It was an inferno of voices and faces, all avid and eager and vital beyond anything Morgan Wright had ever imagined.

Through it, Potts steered him with crafty hand. Book their passage? That was a mere detail; far more remained to be accomplished this night. The bulk of the supplies for the trip had to be bought now, so they would be freighted upriver to Independence within the next few days. There was no talk of shopping hours; no one knocked off work till midnight, in this rush season.

The levee, between the Front Street stores and the jampacked freighters and packets, was a sea of mud frothing with activity. Their passage booked on the morning boat, they turned along Front Street and ferreted out a commission merchant. Here Morgan found brisk acumen that took immediate charge of his wants, while Potts sat by and sucked his pipe with only occasional nods or negations.

One wagon? Then the load must be limited to a thousand pounds, for the wagon itself would weigh as much. Mules, horses or oxen? Four span of oxen? Well and good; feed for at least three weeks must be taken along. The grass might come in late and then where'd you be? Let's see now; sea biscuit, hams and middlings, parched corn meal and rice, dried beef and sundries—

allow for trunks and luggage and beds. Swift and competent figures flowed and totals were made with dazing speed. And payment?

"Half now," said Morgan. "The other half on delivery at Independence."

"So?" The merchant's brows went up. "All very well if I know you, but I don't. The goods will be delivered within the week. How do I know—"

Potts spoke up. "Get off a note by the morning boat to Colonel Grant at Independence. He knows me. Tell him it's One-eye Potts."

The merchant sprang up, his hand extended, his face beaming.

"One-eye Potts? I've heard of you, sir; a pleasure to meet you, an honor! No more is necessary; the account's good. One moment, now. We must have a drink together."

He bustled into the back room for a bottle and glasses. Potts grinned at Morgan and winked his one bright eye.

"What'd I tell you? Knowed me right off. Anybody 'twixt St. Louis and Laramie knows that name. Now we got this settled, I'll steer you to get some proper clothes, then you and me will separate."

The merchant returned. The drink was copious and warming. With much handshaking and eager words, Morgan and Potts took their leave. Morgan's fat wallet, now a trifle depleted, was buttoned securely inside his coat. Once on the street, Potts cackled mirthfully.

"You sure are a greenhorn! Old stovepipe hat, store clothes, fancy boots—throw 'em all away, come morning! Here we go, now. Trail along. Lucky I got me some moccasins and other things cached with Colonel Grant."

"How are you fixed for money?" demanded Morgan. "If you need any, just say so!"

Potts took his arm. "Son, I got enough to outfit me. You go easy with your money. The wagon will cost close to a hundred, new; oxen five or six hundred more. And your folks are at the tavern, mind—yeah, you'll need all you got. Come on, now. I got a burning in my guts and a randy-tandy hellfire a-raising in me; soon's I get shut of you, this here's my night to howl! I don't aim to waste none of it, neither."

"Meaning what?" demanded Morgan, though he could well enough guess.

"Meaning that I ain't allowing your company the trail I'm going," said Potts, and cackled again. "I aim to make up tonight for a lot o' New England holiness. Come on!"

A supply store, now, and clothing that was made for hard work. Huge *Stoga* boots that came to the knee, with hobnailed soles an inch thick; heavy trousers and shirt and wide-brimmed felt hat. The merchant promised that all would be delivered at the hotel inside an hour, and the two departed.

"One drink together before we separate," said Morgan. "I'm not much for liquor, but this river-damp gets into your bones."

"Aye," agreed Potts. "And mind you wear them new clothes in the morning! Get 'em broke in. Here we be! One snort, and then to business."

THEY turned into the O. K. Coffee House, opposite the ferry landing, and joined the smoking, spitting, clamorous crowd at the bar. Morgan was somewhat conscious of his own appearance, amid this free and easy multitude. His old conventional stovepipe hat was shabby and far out of line with glossy ones around, his heavy well-worn winter garments were tightly buttoned and shapelessly bulging with their crammed pockets, and were liberally mud-spattered after the stage and ferry across the Mississippi. Also, he had not shaved this travel-weary day and a black blur clouded his features.

The drink came and went its way. They emerged. A hearty handshake, a solemn engagement to meet at the boat in the morning, and they parted.

Morgan, directions well in mind, started for the little hotel on beyond the gigantic structure of the five-story Planter's House, but did not hurry. These roaring crowds had by now ceased to awe him. He was one of the mass, and the strange sights and faces on every hand were fascinating, the more so because its tempo was uproarious.

Brawls and fights were too common to attract attention. Knives and even

pistols were openly worn on all sides; whooping plainsmen and liquor-maddened rivermen easily came to the point of blows, although in general the crowds were good-tempered enough. Morgan paused momentarily on the fringe of a laughing, hilarious mob, to watch two brawny rivermen rolling in the gutter and pummeling one another, too drunk to inflict much damage. In the flare of the gas-lights, Morgan was aware of a bulky figure beside him, a heavy face marked by a broken nose.

Suddenly rose a chorus of yells, and the spectators scattered as a dozen rivermen came wildly charging upon the scene. Men fell, women screamed; the rush carried Morgan nearly off his feet. He was caught in a firm grip and realized that his neighbor of the broken nose was holding him, trying to stem the rush.

Next instant they all went rolling in the mud under the charging feet. It was a wild melee; Morgan, still in the embrace of Broken-nose, landed face down in mud and water. He felt his coat ripped open, tore himself free and came erect, pawing slime from his eyes. The rush was past, laughing and cheering men lined the sidewalks, and bedraggled forms were picking themselves up.

Morgan looked for the man with the broken nose, saw nothing of him anywhere, and took himself on his way. His hat was gone, his clothes were muddy rags.

For an instant his heart stopped. Frantically, he turned back to the spot where he had fallen. He explored the muddy street regardless of jests and jeers from the passing throngs. No sign of it. Then he remembered the embrace of his neighbor. Realization clamped upon him with sickening force. Not lost, not lost at all—stolen. His coat ripped open, the bulging wallet gone . . .

And with it the hopes of the Wright family.

He had some silver left in his other pockets, his boat ticket, a receipt for the goods purchased, but the shiny brown leather wallet, so fat and new and stout, was clear gone. No accident, either.

Police? The very thought was absurd;

To get a shave that is a shave
And look well-groomed in record time
Use Thin Gillettes. Think what you save!
Why four swell blades cost just a dime!
Outlasts ordinary blades two to one!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
Produced By The Maker Of
The Famous Gillette Blue Blade
4 for 10¢
8 for 19¢
Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27¢

"Come on, have a drink!" roared Potts.

the existence of any police force was notable by its absence. Recovery? Hopeless, unless he himself could recover. Stunned and heartsick, he began to wander. He would know that man again, he told himself. The face, the bulky figure, were beyond mistake. His only hope now was to find the man and regain his own.

Hour after hour he wandered the streets back of the levee, tramping into saloons and taverns and out again, aimlessly drifting hither and thither, always on the lookout, and always in vain. He drank again and again; the rotgut liquor temporarily banished the cold night-chill and steadied his panicky spirit. A drizzle of rain came on, largely banishing the crowds and clearing the streets. He dragged himself back to the hotel, left a call for morning, and dropped in one corner of the room without wakening anyone, a sodden heap. The liquor helped him to sleep.

Morning brought a wakening to renewed panic and needed decision. He forced himself to shave and dress in his new garments while his mind raced. Stay here, let the boat go with Potts, and look for the man with broken nose? That would be utterly hopeless; besides he would have to tell the family what had happened. Panic rose in him at this thought, rose with horrified strength; he could not do it. No, better to go on to Independence. Something might turn up; a confused blur of projects crossed his mind. He might somehow manage to make restitution, earn a wagon and team, bind himself out to someone who needed a good man. He was stronger than the average. Those hulking shoulders of his could handle teams. Desperate, he decided to go on.

He would have left them all without a word, except that his mother wakened. A cry broke from her at sight of him; in these clothes, she hardly knew him at first. Morgan forced a smile and kissed her hastily, and left; barely time for a bite of breakfast if he was to make the steamboat.

The food choked him; he forced it down. On the way to the levee he darted glances about, hoping against hope that he would catch a glimpse of that face with the broken nose. He found the boat and fought his way aboard. It was thronged to the guards, the decks solid with wagons and freight, the cabins crowded, and even deck-space was at a premium. He looked vainly for Potts, then saw him coming at a stagger, barely in time to get aboard—blear-eyed, half sober, a shambling fragment of human wreckage. He scarcely recognized Morgan, but settled himself on a pile of freight and was snoring in two minutes.

Three days of it, pushing up the turbulent Missouri. How the time passed, Morgan never knew. Morose, self-accusing, wretched, he kept to himself, feeding upon his own misery. The more he looked at the situation, the more appalling it became.

The provisions and supplies would be delivered, could not be paid for, would be lost. Luckily, Silas Wright had enough money left to reach Independence. What then? Over eight hundred dollars in that wallet; at the thought,

Morgan could only groan and stare out at the yellow waters, eyes desperate, face white and set. Potts would be all for finding the wagon and oxen at once; and then what? No way to pay for them. Confession must come. And yet there might be, there must be, some way out! Some way to borrow, to earn, to coax—some way to get started—some way, by hook or by crook! Morgan had no thought of himself, no care of what might happen to him, if only he could make up what was gone for the sake of those others.

POTTS, during these three days, gradually came to himself. Only gradually, for he now had his last chance to make a bust of it, and made the most of the boat's bar. Thus, Morgan saw very little of him or of anyone else aboard. There were high doings in the cabins, but he never looked in; the drinking, the gambling, the dancing, had no attraction for him. He still sat and stared morosely at the passing banks.

He hurled at himself a thousand accusations; fool that he had been, to keep that money in cash! Yet they had all agreed this was best. Fool, thrice fool, not to have stayed in St. Louis and faced matters out, spent days in running down the man with the broken nose!

"Danged if you don't look worse'n a pup caught in a bear-trap!" said Potts, coming up to him on the third afternoon. "Come on and have a drink. You don't need to feel lonesome or homesick. There's some prime company aboard you'd ought to know."

"No, thanks," said Morgan curtly.

"Aw, get out o' the dumps! You look great in them clothes; hardly knowed you at first! Come on and meet the boys: Laramie Brown's aboard, only he's drunk, and Pete Simmons is in there; some scandalous money games goin' at cards and dice, too. Worth lookin' at. Feller named Hackensack is winning a sight o' money at poker; I hear tell he's up from Santy Fee, him and another feller."

Morgan had no interest in the gamblers, and said so. Potts moved off, rebuffed and disgusted, and not a little puzzled.

The steamboat, between freighter and packet, was new and fast, and the play at her card tables was unusually heavy for this run. The emigrants were not in funds, but others were; merchants bound upriver, traders, trappers who had brought their winter take into the St. Louis fur market, speculators in mules or horses or goods bound for the western posts. The air was thick with smoke and tense with excitement. Another hour and the Independence bluffs would be in sight, though the boat would not reach the landing until after dark.

Stakes were heightened, cards were dealt faster. The three-day draw poker game that had begun at St. Louis wore its uneven way. Of the six who had started in that game, two original players remained—the heavy loser and the heavy winner. Griscom was the loser, a leathery reticent man who had a trading business with the Santa Fe country; the winner, Hackensack, had been one of his teamsters the previous year and was now in business for himself. An affable fellow, Hackensack, burly and loud-jesting, who roared for joy at his own luck and pushed it steadily.

Potts looked on, gaping, drinking with a pair of plainsmen he knew, his one eye all a-glitter as he watched the chips and gold pieces and notes change hands. Griscom was now winning heavily and more heavily. Hackensack lost his jovial air and settled down to hard work. With the close of the game in sight the limit was removed. There were two or three enormous pots, at all of which Hackensack lost. Then, before anyone knew what was up he and Griscom locked horns. The bets flared, the others dropped out. Money was heaped high.

"Will ye take an I O U?" asked Griscom. The other grinned widely.

"From Dan Griscom? Any day in the year!"

"Then I'll lift it a thousand."

"And called."

Voices lifted, tumultuous. Hackensack had won. Potts looked on with bulging gaze; he saw Griscom, whom he knew well, write out the I O U for a thousand. He saw Hackensack, whooping for joy

and ordering drinks for everyone, rake in the shekels, stuffing his pockets with notes and gold. Pandemonium filled the place, and One-eye Potts enjoyed one snort after another.

"I may not be able to raise the cash at once," he heard Griscom say to Hackensack. The latter roared with laughter.

"Going to Laramie, you said? Then let it rest till I meet you there, Dan. I'm headin' that way, then down to Taos."

Griscom nodded, caught sight of Potts, shook hands with him and walked off, taciturn and leathery and uncommunicative.

The steamboat drew in to the landing under the bluff, torches flaring. A third of her crowd were going ashore here. The deck was crammed with a fiercely eager mob, amid which Potts gradually worked his way toward the glowering figure of Morgan Wright.

The lines were flung and warped taut. The gangplank was out, and there was a rush for it. Morgan was caught in the serried crush and helpless. He looked up at the bluff, where lanterns lighted the two steep trails, and used his elbows to get air and space. Growls broke from the men around; he ignored them and pushed on. He saw Potts worming an unsteady way toward him, yelling incoherent gleeful words, and getting an arm free, waved his hand in response.

At this instant, he caught sight of a face.

It was ahead of him, well ahead, amid the throng going up the gangplank to shore. He saw it full in the light of the spluttering flares. One gasp of breath, and a yell burst from him.

"You, there! Hold on, hold on! Make way—let me through, d'ye hear? Make way!"

He plunged ahead like a madman. He tore men out of his path, forced himself ahead with fist and elbow and heavy boot. Eyes blazing, he hurled himself through the ranks. A storm of oaths and shouts drove at him from all sides; fury was aroused on the instant. He was at the gangplank, had gained it, knocked a teamster aside and drove on—

Thwack!

A roar of applause and delight went up; an axe-helve, in the teamster's hand, landed smack crushing Morgan's hat down over his head. It landed again. Dazed, blinded, and stunned, Morgan crashed through the gangplank rail and went over into the water alongside as a cry went up.

A roustabout fished out the limp, senseless figure. Potts shoved through the group that had assembled, and took charge, shaking his head in a befuddled way.

"No, he warn't drunk," said he. "My partner, sure. I dunno what hit him. Must have gone off his head all of a sudden. Somebody gimme a hand to carry him up the bluff."

They carried him up above. A doctor was among the passengers and took a look at the unconscious Morgan. All right, apparently, if he did not have a concussion; the swelling indicated well. Better get him along to camp and let him sleep it off. No use waking him up now.

"That's right," said One-eye Potts, whose head was by no means clear consequent upon his potations. "That's right. We'll stow him and his stuff somewheres, and I'll keep him company. Feel sort of sleepy my own self. Where's his carpet-bag? Oh, all right—I'm coming with him."

Thus they came to Independence that day.

"An IOU from Dan Griscom? Any day in the year!"

CHAPTER III

GOOD MEDICINE

MORGAN wakened to hear voices nearby, and to sniff the odors of bacon and cornpone. Clothes and boots had dried on him. He was intolerably stiff, his head was frightfully sore, but the wool hat had saved him from worse damage.

He lay unmoving, trying to figure out where he was; the voices told him this, but his senses were very slow to regain clarity. He lay under a wagon on the outskirts of town; close by a fire was snapping merrily and breakfast was preparing. Potts squatted there with four men, owners of the wagon.

"Right good of you fellers to give us shelter," Potts was saying. "I'll wake him up soon's breakfast is ready. Gosh, I sure hope the fit has left him for good!"

"Just so long as it ain't the cholera, all right," said one of the others. "But what was it you were telling us about this feller who cleaned up?"

"Hackensack? Oh, him!" The dry cackling chuckle of Potts sounded. "Why, a year ago he was just a teamster on wages. Now, danged if he ain't a rich man! I seen him and another feller, a little while ago, go past here in a wagon with a team o' fawn-colored mules that musta cost three hundred dollars each! They're over to the storehouses at the head o' the bluff right now, lookin' after freight. Aimin' for Laramie, I hear, with a wagon-train o' tradin' goods. Rich, you bet!"

"Well, it ain't come by honest," was the response. Potts chuckled again.

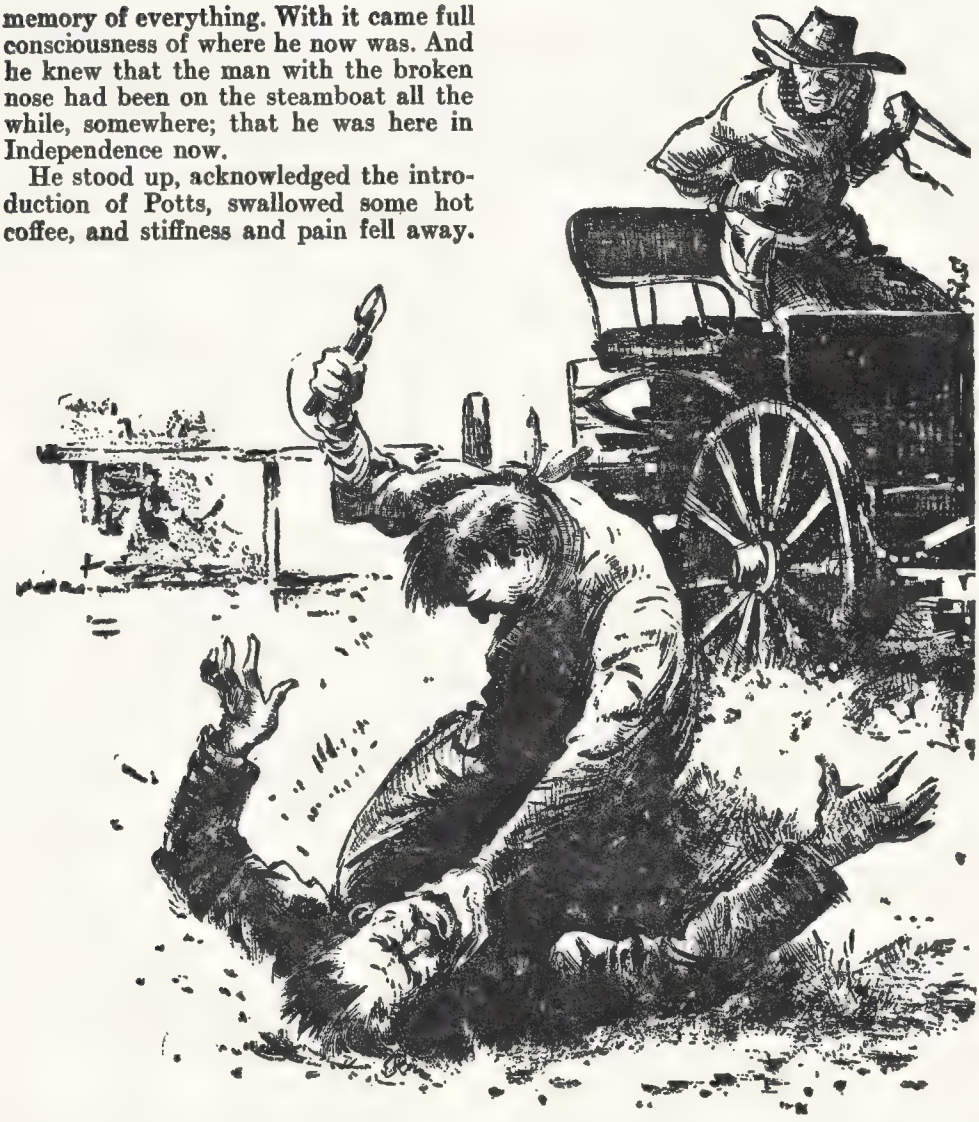
"Who said it was? What with one thing and another—gosh! There he be!"

Morgan Wright was crawling from under the sheltering wagon.

Memory had returned, the sickening

memory of everything. With it came full consciousness of where he now was. And he knew that the man with the broken nose had been on the steamboat all the while, somewhere; that he was here in Independence now.

He stood up, acknowledged the introduction of Potts, swallowed some hot coffee, and stiffness and pain fell away.



His head cleared. He picked up his hat, swayed dizzily, and sat down by the fire. What had struck him last night? He hesitated and managed a weak grin.

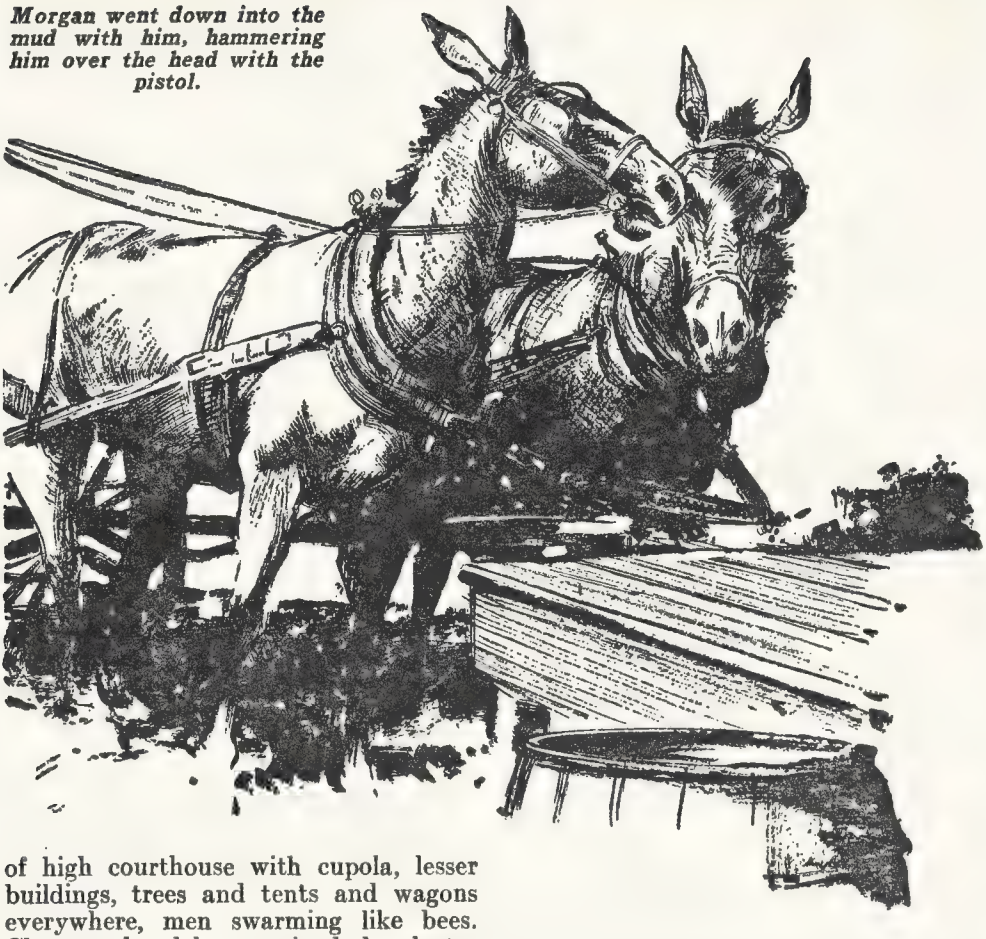
"Thought I saw somebody I knew, and lost my head, I reckon. Sorry I made a fuss . . . Oh, thanks!" He took the cornpone handed him, and laid bacon on it. "This is elegant. I guess we owe you boys a lot."

The four men laughed and pressed more food on him. Potts was curious about whom he had seen, but Morgan wolfed the food and rose.

"I got business," he said briefly. "See you later One-eye. I'll be back before long."

A sense of stubborn folly went with him as he strode away, limbering up sore muscles. He should have told Potts everything; still, he could not blurt it out like a callow boy in front of those others. He was fired, too, by the knowledge that recovery was in his grasp; it was his to regain, alone, unaided. Shame spurred him on and discounted common sense.

The town was on one side—a town



Morgan went down into the mud with him, hammering him over the head with the pistol.

of high courthouse with cupola, lesser buildings, trees and tents and wagons everywhere, men swarming like bees. Closer at hand he perceived the cluster of storehouses, surrounded by teams and wagons and a surging crowd, and he made for these first. The man, the man! He was here, he must be found at once, now, before he could get away!

He drew near the buzzing crowd about the storehouses, walked in among the wagons and saddle-horses and teams, then jerked to a sudden halt.

Directly before him was the outfit Potts had mentioned; light wagon and a team of fawn mules, held by a man on the box. Another man was just mounting to the box, and sight of him held Morgan paralyzed for one instant. The man with the broken nose! What was more, he held a wallet in his hand, was thrusting it into an inside pocket—a wallet brown and new and stout. Morgan recognized it in a flash. And he recognized the man's voice.

"All right, Frank," cried Broken-nose gaily. "Now for the courthouse, and then we'll hit the trail."

"Hey! Hold on, there!" Morgan wakened from his stupefaction, too late. The mules were away at a jump. His voice was lost in the brawl of other voices around. He broke into a wild run, shouting as he went, but the mules were off at a mad pace.

Still running, Morgan swerved abruptly. A saddled horse stood at a wagon-tail close by; he made for it on the jump. He had scant acquaintance with horses, but needs must when the devil drives; here was his chance. As he caught at the horse's reins and put foot in stirrup, a woman appeared in the wagon with a startled yawp.

"It's all right, ma'am," panted Morgan, seated now. "I got to catch a feller

—he's a thief—just borrying your horse."

"Thief! Thief!" The woman shrieked to high heaven now, as he turned the horse and sent it into stride. Other clamor dinned up behind; a peal of shouts, a rush of figures. Morgan, oblivious, slapped the horse and hung on desperately, clinging with his heels instead of his knees. In consequence, the beast broke into full gallop.

A rifle banged, and Morgan ducked to the whistle of the ball, jouncing in the saddle but frantically hanging on. He vaguely perceived that his action had been misunderstood, that the wagon-woman had thought him a horse-thief. Looking back, he saw hot pursuit strung out in the rear. No matter! The sight of that wallet in the hands of Broken-nose had galvanized him, and he was all aflame.

In the town outskirts now, horses rearing, wagons hastily turning aside, his horse at mad gallop and splashing mud furiously. Hot curses and shouts arose in his wake. Morgan found voice, pointed ahead as he cried out.

"Thief! Thief! Make way!"

The tumult became bedlam. Ahead, before the courthouse with its cupola, there was a swarm of men and vehicles and animals. He saw the light wagon with the fawn mules standing there. He saw Broken-nose, who had alighted and then halted, staring back at the clamorous alarm; close and closer men scrambling hastily out of his way—now he was recovering the reins and pulling in with all his strength. The horse came to a halt.

Morgan piled off, quivering in every limb. He strode at the man, who gasped curiously at him, half alarmed yet not knowing him again.

"You!" cried out Morgan hotly. "I've got you now—that night in St. Louis—hand over my wallet, you thief!"

The man's face tightened, came alert. Recognition leaped in his eyes, a startled oath broke upon his lips. He took a step back and, with quick movement, plucked out a long pistol.

Morgan hurled himself forward in a fury. He caught the pistol hand, he caught the pistol itself and wrenched it clear. The man wriggled loose, but the massive untrained strength in those wide shoulders was too much for him. His fist battered into Morgan's face, a knife slid into his other hand steel glinting in the sunlight.

Then Morgan had him indeed, pulling him down, going into the mud with him, hammering him over the head with the pistol. The man went limp.

A RUSH of feet and a roar of voices sounded. Morgan, panting and breathless, was caught by a dozen hands and pulled clear. He was held helpless, a wild furious figure, while the inrushing crowd stormed all around, shouting, cursing, accusing volubly.

Silence was gained. His eyes cleared. Before him stood a man with a badge on his coat and pistols at his belt.

"Now, then, what's all this? Speak up, you!" shot out the demand. "I'm town marshal here." Shouts arose on every hand, heaping accusations on Morgan, but the marshal silenced them. "Hold on, now! I'm asking him, not you gents. Speak up, young feller!"

"He's a thief!" burst out Morgan, firmly gripped and helpless to move. "He stole my wallet in St. Louis. I saw him getting off the boat last night. He's got my wallet in his pocket now. Search him, search him! It's got my money inside. My name's written in ink on the inside—"

Potts came squirming into the picture, excitedly.

"Hey, Marshal! I'm One-eye Potts; Colonel Grant knows me if you don't. This feller is a friend o' mine. Morgan Wright is the handle. We're in company. I'll answer for him."

"You got a lot to answer for," said the marshal, and a laugh arose. Somebody let out a yell.

"Search the galoot, Marshal! The yarn's easy proved. Find the wallet!"

"Do it, do it!" panted out Morgan. "I didn't steal anybody's horse—I just borrowed it to catch up with this man."

More laughter. The name of Hackensack arose, as the unconscious man with the broken nose was recognized. Hackensack! Still seated at the reins of the fawn mules, Hackensack's companion was watching and listening with evident uneasiness. He attempted to bluster out a

charge against Morgan, and the marshal shut him up.

"I'm running this! Good idee. Two of you gents look for that wallet."

Potts and another man pounced upon the figure in the mud. The coat was torn open and the other man held up the wallet.

"That's it!" cried Morgan eagerly. "Look inside! There were some papers there—receipts of payment at St. Louis! And all our money was in there, too."

Gravely, the town marshall took the wallet, opened it up and examined the inside of the flap.

"By gum, here y'are!" he exclaimed, holding it up for all to see. "Morgan Wright—What else is written there, young feller?"

"Just my home town," said Morgan. "Hadley, Massachusetts."

"O. K. and correct," said the marshal. "Gents, what say?"

Applause went up, men were as swift to cheer as they had been to accuse. The man on the wagon-seat turned his mules as though to drive away, but at a command from the marshal, half a dozen men sprang to the animals' heads and checked the movement.

Morgan, freed, slapped on the back, surrounded by laughing, applauding men, was faced by the marshal. The receipts were there; ownership of the wallet was fully verified.

"Your move, mister," said the officer. "This here wallet is evidence a-plenty. Want to lay a charge ag'in this man you've laid out?"

"No, no," exclaimed Morgan. "All I want is to get our money back. My folks are at St. Louis. It meant everything to them. This man tore open my coat at night, in a crowd, and threw me down and later I found the wallet gone—"

"Here y'are." The marshal handed him the wallet, and turned to the man in the light wagon. "You, take your friend and get out o' town, and don't come back! Somebody h'ist the galoot into the wagon."

Hackensack was lifted and tossed in. The wagon departed, the fawn mules broke into speed and were gone. Morgan found a woman clutching at him; she was the wagon-woman, excited and laughing.

"Young man, you give me a mortal bad turn! I thought you was stealin' our horse. I'm right sorry; now I'm glad you've got your own back."

Cheers, wild excited applause, a crowd friendly and admiring—Morgan could scarce realize what was happening. He found Potts leading him away at last, with the four men who had sheltered them grouped around, escorting him back to their wagon.

"Now you can eat a proper breakfast!" exclaimed one. "By gum, I thought there was somethin' queer in your eye when you walked off! And you didn't have no fit last night, huh?"

"I had something, all right!" With a rueful laugh, Morgan felt his sore head. "No, I saw that man getting off the boat and clear forgot everything else."

"Get all your money back?" Potts asked shrewdly.

"Ain't counted yet, but from the looks of the bills inside, most of it's there."

"They hadn't ought to let that feller go clear," said one of the men. "I'd bet most

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anything he's one o' them Nighthawks."

"Them which?" queried Potts.

"Nighthawks. Ain't you heard?"

"I only got in last night, mister. I been back east all winter. Ain't any nighthawks around these here prairies that I know of."

The other men laughed, a bit grimly.

"Skulduggery," said one. "By the tell, there's been a heap of dirty work lately up at Council Bluffs, where the Mormon emigrants make headquarters, and at St. Jo. Robberies and two-three murders. Betwixt here and St. Louis there's been more. Looks like a gang's at work, and folks call 'em Nighthawks. Dunno who started the name. You bet, all wagons headin' west are keepin' an eye peeled and their rifles handy!"

THEY came to the wagon, and by way of celebration started the interrupted breakfast all over again. Amid the talk, a name caught Morgan's attention; he turned to the speaker.

"What name was that? Who did you say?"

"Why, Barnes. Frank Barnes, the feller who was holding the team for Hackensack, and druv him off. Been hanging around here the past two weeks, he has. Big talker, heavy drinker, and got into trouble shovin' himself on a town gal who didn't fancy him. He flashed money around too, but I claim he's a real bad 'un."

"He sure druv off like the devil was on his tail!" observed another, chuckling. "Come to think of it, them two galoots shoulda been made to talk. Might be they're in with the gang, looking around and finding out which parties has money and so forth. What company you folks joining up with?"

"Ain't thought about it yet," rejoined Potts. "Got to get our outfit and so on. Won't be ready to jump off for a couple weeks or a trifle less."

"Might do worse than to hitch up with us, then. We're waitin' for a bunch from Alton and them parts, due here any day now by wagon. Macoupin County Company, Cap Hardy in command. Good steady folks, quite a few women in the company, too."

"Sounds good," said Potts. "I want me a job guidin' and huntin', so we'll think it over."

Frank Barnes! Morgan's thoughts drifted. He ate and drank mechanically. So that man on the wagon-box had been Frank Barnes of Hadley!

Barnes had seen him clearly, had heard his name openly, had said nothing—why? He had tried to leave Hackensack in the lurch, too. Possibly, thought Morgan, he had been anxious to draw no attention to himself, lest he be tarred with the same brush as his companion.

A horseman stopped by, dismounted, and came to the fire. Laughing, he extended a pistol to Morgan Wright.

"Here y'are, mister; it's the pistol you took off that rascal. The marshal said to give it to you as I passed by, with his compliments. Allowed you migh need it later. Mighty fine arm, too, a sight more dependable than them new-fangled revolvers."

The pistol was, indeed, an unusual weapon, being long and double-barreled, with a handsomely carved horn grip. It bore the mark of a French maker, and was no doubt a relic of some gold-seeker from the old country.

The man went his way. Potts and Morgan rose and, after thanking their kindly friends, set off for town.

"Feel able to get business to goin', do you?" asked Potts.

Morgan laughed. "Of course! After what's happened, I'm fit for anything."

"So that's why you were so danged desolate aboard the boat, huh?" Potts cackled. "Well, it's turned out all right. Lucky them Nighthawks won't know you again, though."

"But they will!" exclaimed Morgan, and told of Frank Barnes. "Not that we'll ever set eyes on them again."

"Don't be too certain." Potts wagged his beard. "That's too danged bad. They're liable to lay for ye somewheres —never can tell about them bandits. You got powerful strong medicine, however. While you're about it, s'pose you make sure about gettin' back all your money. That feller must have done his gambling with your cash and maybe it ain't all safe."

Morgan halted. Producing the wallet, he opened it up and hauled forth the wad of banknotes. He began to count

them; before he finished he hesitated and looked up, a dusky flush in his cheeks.

"Good lord!" he muttered. Potts, one eye anxious, frowned.

"What is it? A lot gone, huh?"

"Wait." Morgan resumed his counting. He finished, caught his breath and looked up once more, aghast. "One-eye! There was eight hundred and thirty dollars in the wallet when I lost it—"

"Well?" prompted the other, as he paused. "Well? How much is gone?"

"There's twelve hundred and fifty in it now!"

For one moment Potts gaped at him—then exploded in a roaring, whooping, exhilarated outburst of hilarity that left him doubled up in spasms.

Potts wiped his one streaming eye, and straightened up.

"You got interest on your money; great idee!" said he, between renewed guffaws. "That's like the old yarn about the trapper who come to town and got him a gal, and she stole his money and stuck it in her shoe but he seen her do it, so come early mornin' he sneaks off and takes the shoe along, and danged if he didn't find twenty dollar extry in it—yes, sir! This is sure rich. The money? Keep it, keep it. Didn't I say your medicine was strong? Whoop! You took that feller's hair, so dance it and keep your medicine good!"

"Hold on," Morgan exclaimed. He raked a paper out of the wallet and unfolded it. "Look at this, One-eye! I O U One Thousand Dollars. Dan Griscom. Who's he?"

Potts inspected the I O U and whistled.

"Danged if it ain't Dan's paper! He give it to Hackenseck at the poker game—say, this is scrumptious! You got that feller's hair and his warpaint and his medicine! You skunked him proper! A prime pistol, money to boot, and this here paper's good for a thousand dollars when you reach Laramie. You can collect off'n Griscom, sure."

"No." Morgan restored money to wallet and pocketed the leather. "This goes back to Dan Griscom, whoever he is."

"Well, come on and we'll locate him," said Potts. "He was on the boat; he lost a lot o' money at poker. I bet this Hackensack is a card sharper! So you never heard of Dan Griscom? Santy Fee trader. Him and Kit Carson were in business a long while back. He's got plenty money, too, and there ain't hardly anyone knows the plains like him. Come on."

THEY continued into town. Morgan met friendly greetings and grins on every hand; for the little moment, he was a person of note. This "profit" of four hundred dollars awed him a trifle, for it was a sum to think about twice; still, he had no hesitation in accounting it well earned and taking the advice of Potts to keep it.

He knew only too well what that extra money would mean to the Wright family, and to himself. With that much cash in his pocket, back in Massachusetts, he would have been able to marry and settle down, or go into business for himself! Not with Sally Barnes, however. The thought drew a dark flush to his cheek.

Once in town, he was astounded by the flowing, seething crowds jamming the streets and the courthouse square. Few women were in sight; everywhere were men in packs and herds, voices roaring. Men driven by a furious haste, by a wild jubilation, by a blazing excitement which seemed to infect all who came in contact with it. Spring and the grass, the road west, and the wild frenzy of gold; men set free of law-rule and habit, men drunk with liquor, men drunk with the far headier wine of liberty and license.

All manner of men. Black slaves here and there, city men in good clothes, farmers in linsey-woolsey, backwoodsmen in butternut homespun. Men in boots, men in moccasins, men in shiny, fancy footgear. Titles were flying thick and fast—colonel, judge, captain at the very least.

They milled in serried groups exchanging news or meeting friends; friends from home or afar, news of the grass, of California, of gold strikes and fantastic fortunes quoted breathlessly. Here a preacher or evangelist was haranguing excited groups; there some physician was surrounded by an eager throng with word of cholera and Yellow Jack. Doctors, indeed, were plentiful in the crowds, nearly every wagon-group having managed to scare up a physician to take along.

Hunters and teamsters swaggered and spat, river-men brawled lustily. Frenchmen from down-river added incredibly rapid and hysteric shrillings to the roar of voices. The mad panic to be off had taken hold of everyone alike. Sane hurry had become senseless haste.

One-eye Potts inquired hither and yon, dragging Morgan in his wake, and finally ran his quest to earth in the chief general trading store; his quest, but not his quarry, for Dan Griscom har departed that same morning. He had ridden away alone, said the merchant, taking only a pack-horse. Whither bound? For the Mission Station on the Kaw river, less than a hundred miles west. He had business there, and was going on to Fort Kearny to meet his wagon-train now about ready to leave St. Jo. Took a man like Griscom to set out alone in the saddle, you bet! Not many would try such a ride, with the Nighthawks what they were and Injuns raising cain to boot.

"Thought you said we'd not see an Injun the whole way?" said Morgan, as he and Potts regained the street. One-eye grinned.

"I said you wouldn't, but not me. Chances are that folks who stick to the road don't see none whatever, except maybe some Sioux camped up near Kearny. Injuns don't bother wagon trains that's got plenty rifles; ain't healthy for either side. Now what you aiming to do with that paper-talk?"

"Keep it, for the present," replied Morgan. "But as for the wallet—"

"Get you a money belt to wear next your pelt. You'll have enough money left to make it worth while," Potts advised. Then he went on to speak of their four friends from Illinois, who had little to occupy their time. They knew farms and cattle. Why not take them along to help pick out the necessary outfit?

No sooner said than done. The four were delighted. In this good company, Morgan set forth to scour Independence and the fast-growing camps around town for what was needed.

It was a crowded day and in some ways a heartsick one. He met Colonel Grant, the stately Kentuckian whose farm south of town was famous; in fact, he met more people than he could remember. Further, he began to get some realistic slants on the emigrant situation that in some degree opened his eyes to the bitter and pitiful truth.

Early as the season was, many an Argonaut had disdained all advice. Some had started forth alone, thinking to join up later with some wagon-train, only to break axle or tongue and be stranded. Some had started out in company, only to find no grass as yet and to come straggling back with mules or oxen dead. One or two had been waylaid, some had been cheated or tricked, others had had their stock run off. There was no lack of such backwash wreckage—staring-eyed women, men branded by despair. Many had quit entirely; others yet hoped against hope that chance would let them try again.

"Sure is a plenty who've seen the elephant!" exclaimed Potts, shaking his head.

"Just what does that mean, One-eye?" demanded Morgan. "I've heard it used now and then; there aren't any elephants in the west, of course?"

Potts cackled out a laugh.

"It just means hard luck. How it come to get started, I dunno, but it's everywheres out in Californy. If a feller busts his axle, loses his stock, gets skun by Injuns and so forth, he's seen the elephant, that's all. You seen the elephant in St. Louis sure enough, only you've chased him clear back to his hole now."

CHAPTER IV

BAD MEDICINE

AFTER three days of this circulating about and talking, Morgan Wright had begun to learn something of the road ahead; something, not much. The harsh reality was past any learning, except by dire experience. The third evening, however, found him with a great deal accomplished.

Here was the wagon in camp, salved for a mere fifty dollars from a despondent outfit who had seen the elephant and given up. True, the tongue was broken, but a new and stouter one was already being made to replace it.

This was an old-style Jersey wagon, a prairie schooner high of prow and stern,

and the fifteen-foot box had five-foot bulwarks, all painted a bright and flaring red. The ash hoops and the canvas cover were stout, the broad tired fellies were massive, the huge axle-trees could have borne twice the burden. Cleats along the side of the box held tools and other equipment to port, pots and pans and kitchen gear to starboard, and at the back end of the wagon box was the feed trough. Grease, tar-bucket, two good rifles with powder and ball, and other necessaries were thrown in for an extra payment. Once loaded, there would be ample room for the four beds beneath the cover, whose pucker-ropes were sound and new.

"That's the ticket," said Potts admiringly, when the wagon was moved to their camp. "She ain't light and springy, but she'll get there. Make up your mind to go slow and steady, and you'll reach the other end; slow does it, you bet! Four yoke of oxen and harness is going to cost plenty, but it's safer and surer than mules or horses; don't scare so easy."

With sound Illinois advice, three yoke of oxen were already bespoken and paid for, and the fourth was in prospect. A St. Louis boat, on the third night, brought the stores and supplies, to which Morgan was liberally adding on the spot. It also brought a man from the little St. Louis hotel, with a verbal message that the family would be along on the next boat —another two days.

"We'll get the wagon packed today—hitch her up, take her to the storehouses, and load the stuff," said Morgan on the fourth morning. "It means work, though," he added, with a dubious glance at Potts. The latter grinned.

"It sure do, and I bet you ain't never druv an ox-team! Well, easy learned, and I'll get the stiffness out o' these buckskins. Work won't hurt 'em none. They got to get the proper smell o' sweat 'fore they'll be prime."

One-eye Potts had blossomed out, though not in beauty. Now he had a tattered, flapping old wool hat, rifle and equipment, a horse and the worst assortment of garments Morgan had ever eyed. The moccasins were long, thick, heavy and shapeless. The shirt and trousers were likewise of buckskin, stiff as a board, old and incredibly dirty, with patches of broken bead and quill work here and there. A long, razor-sharp Green River knife completed his walking equipment. Having thus retrieved his cache of old and familiar garments, he was happy; but as Morgan observed, the buckskins needed no new smell to announce his coming from afar.

"Turn up your nose and be danged," said Potts amiably. "When you can take a horse like me or Dan Griscom and set out for Laramie and beyond 'thout no blankets nor fixin's, you'll be gettin' some eddication you ain't got yet."

This was a day to remember long, on many accounts. Through the morning, Morgan slaved without a break, getting

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the goods loaded and packed, laboring with the oxen, getting a thousand and one little things adjusted. Oak-tough as he was, noon found him only too glad to knock off and get the lumbering wagon back to camp with the Illinois men, who now had the final yoke of oxen ready. These were paid for, and then the lighter stuff left in camp had to be loaded.

OVER a noonday dish of beans and crackers, the Illinois men announced news. A rider had come in from the Macoupin Company, whose wagon-train would get here tonight or sometime on the morrow—probably the latter. That the Wright wagon would be taken in with them was practically certain, and Potts would no doubt be engaged, as the four men here were delighted with his capability.

They fell to work with the afternoon, only to knock off hurriedly when a wild hullabaloo arose at the edge of town, men streaming by the hundred to a common center. Morgan and the others joined in. A fight had arisen, a man had been killed; justifiably, said those who witnessed it, but nonetheless the survivor was held and jailed. Killings were going to stop, declared the marshal, who was in charge of the law here. He was backed up by a committee of merchants and citizens, and obviously they meant business.

Too much aimless shooting, too much liquor, too much fighting; it was ended here and now! The law was laid down lustily and with vigor. Murder was murder, and the law would say whether to hang or loose the killer. The wilder element among the turbulent crowd were all for hot revolt, but were shouted down. In general, the Argonauts were sober, common-sense men, and they upheld the action of the committee to the full.

Morgan walked back with Potts, who wagged his beard ominously.

"That shows," he said, growling. "Law's come in. Us plainsmen are gettin' pushed back some more. A man can't stand up for his rights no longer; these danged settlements are too all-fired holy! They're just a-lookin' for someone to hang now, to show they're out for business. You're lucky that you didn't kill Hackensack. They'd of held you here six months in jail, waitin' for a trial, to make an example. This feller will likely hang, no matter if he's right or wrong."

Lucky, indeed! Remembering the frantic madness with which he had pursued Hackensack, Morgan shivered; only intervention had prevented him from blindly killing the man. What then? Unlikely that he would have been hung, perhaps, but he would have been held here until tried. The family would have stayed; the jump-off would have been impossible, perhaps until another year. One must figure on five months for the trip west, and a late start would jeopardize everything.

"Yeah, I guess I was lucky," he rejoined.

"Don't put it that-a-way," Potts said earnestly. "Your medicine is strong; that's it. There's a heap o' sense in some Injun notions, like I always say. A heap o' sense."

"Just what is medicine?" demanded Morgan curiously. "What d'ye mean by it?"

"Hard to say. Some allows it's a good-luck charm hung around the neck; that's just a blinder for ignoramuses. It's what a feller's got inside him, the way I figure. Some men can't read a trail nohow; poor medicine. Some have a handy touch to anything they do; their medicine's good. Luck enters into it, but what's luck? Providence, maybe, I dunno. You mighta seen Hackensack again and let him go. Instead, you went after him like a house afire. Luck? Nope. Strong medicine, I says. It's more'n just luck; it's making luck serve your turn—oh, hell! It's all tangled up in my head like a ball o' snakes, but anyhow I've made it plain's I can. Let's get the packin' finished and them beds set up in the wagon."

"I want to get some caps and powder and ball for this pistol, too, and try it out," said Morgan.

"Right. We'll get the fixin's, load her up tonight, and try her out under the bluffs. Danged good weapon. Likely you won't never need a rifle on the way, but this here pistol is liable to come in handy a lot o' times."

Back to work again, and upon sound advice changing the manner of the entire load; a supreme task, but the better so.

The Illinois men had picked up some choking stories from the returned failures; stories of broken outfits, of provisions and goods tossed away, of entire wagons by the dozen abandoned at some of the western camps, of outrages by Indians and bandits—and, it must be confessed, of outrages perpetrated on hapless redskins who were too confiding. The old frontier tradition of shooting any Indian on sight lingered in Argonaut spirits.

The job was done at last, and the wagon readied for occupancy and travel. The pistol was overhauled, its double load shot away, and "fixin's" provided—a sling, powder and ball, caps.

With sunset approaching, Morgan borrowed a saddle horse and rode with Potts beyond the town, upriver, for a swim. Not that One-eye had any notion of defiling himself with water, but he could sit on the bank with his pipe while Morgan bathed.

He was full of talk, advising Morgan to get a horse to ride en route, and orating at length upon horses, their care and handling; upon "buffler" and Indian, upon the chances and occasion of plains travel, upon a thousand and one things that lay ahead. Afterward, Morgan wondered what curious chance, or what good medicine, had led Potts to such a discourse on this particular afternoon.

Naked and shivering, he squirmed into his clothes, sprawled beside One-eye, and filled a pipe from the latter's pouch; it was his introduction to Kinikinic, the mixture of willow bark and tobacco that had traveled down the plains from the Hudson Bay country, a mixture designed to make the precious leaf go farther.

Tired, content, supremely blissful, he got out the emigrants' map he had bought at the store, and in the last rays of sunset, Potts grew voluble again upon it, oracularly discoursing upon the landmarks.

You'd think not even a fool could get lost, at least this side of Laramie, said he; yet, with or without a compass, they were doing it all the time. Look at the rivers! Anyone up north o' the Platte would be in Sioux country and his hair danced. But the Platte marked the road, a blind man couldn't miss it; beyond Kearny. That far, it ran between the Little Blue and the Big Blue. A man had only to keep going and he'd strike water in this country, and all the water ran eastward into the Platte.

Morgan scarcely listened, dreaming on the map and the names there—Kearny, Court House Rock, Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluff, Laramie. Yet the words took lodgment in his brain, as he found later on. Laughing, he knocked out his pipe, folded and pocketed the map, and examined the sadly depleted wallet. He had bought a money belt, not thus far used.

"Take my advice," said Potts, as they rose. "Cache a couple hundred dollars o' that money in your belt and hang on to it."

"I'll do it the minute we get back," assented Morgan, and so did.

THE oxen fed and watered, Morgan sat down to the happiest supper of his life. Even giving Potts due credit, he had accomplished much and had done it well. The team, the wagon, the supplies, all were in shape and ready, and better than most. The recovered money—well, that was his own doing. No keeping the story from the family now, since the town was still buzzing with it. No need, either. In these few days, Morgan felt that he had somehow grown away from the family; he had gone farther, in more than one sense. He was no longer afraid of what they or others might say. He was beginning to stand on his own feet.

It was a fine night, warming up a trifle, a new silver half-moon hanging in the sky. Two of the Illinois men had ridden out to meet the Macoupin Company, which would not arrive till the morrow. The other two discussed with Potts news from the west—the only news which had supreme interest for all hands, that of grass. Upon the grass, depended the emigration.

The news, they agreed, was good. Rains had been plentiful, snow had fallen deep and was wasting from the high points, out beyond. Three or four days, and with plenty of feed to make safe, the company could jump off. Others were leaving. An Oregon company had de-

He wheeled the horse, clapped in his heels, and was gone and away.

parted the previous day. Mormon trains were jumping off from Council Bluffs.

A steamboat, bound down, came in as the meal was finished. Potts and the other two jumped up, eager to get to town and hear the news, urging Morgan along. The stock was all picketed and safe enough here. He shook his head.

"You fellers trot along. I'll clean up and take it easy. I been on my feet all day and these boots have blistered me."

They hurried off afoot.

Morgan cleaned up the simple supper things, stuffed his pipe, lit it from the fire embers, and settled down contentedly. From the town, from the outspread camps, lifted a hum of inchoate sound. Dogs bayed the high moon. The pleasant odor of wood smoke drifted on the night air. The group of storehouses, off to the left, were all dark and deserted. Heavy boots off, Morgan smoked and thought of the morrow, when the family should arrive, and watched the embers die down.

The *clop-clop* of hooves sounded along the ground. Morgan looked up, and in the moonlight was aware of an approaching horseman riding slop-saddle, knee over cantle, evidently headed for the fire. The rider drew rein.

"Howdy! Anybody here named Wright?"

"Sounds like me," rejoined Morgan. "Come on in and sit down."

"Thankee, ain't got time to 'light," was the response. "Ol' woman's waitin' for this cornmeal. Feller in town was lookin' for you and I allowed I'd give the word as I come by."

"Looking for me?" Morgan rose. "Who is he?"

"I dunno," came the reply. "Some feller from your home town back east, he says. He's fixin' to go over to the storehouse and check up some freight. Says he'll be there if you got a mind to say howdy. Some sojers on that boat are from Kearny and say the grass is comin' prime out west. So long."

The visitor ambled on his way.

Morgan hesitated, thinking of his wallet. After changing two hundred dollars to his new belt, he had wrapped the wallet in his blanket. To start off leaving it unguarded here was chancey. However, no thief was likely to drop in, Potts and the other two would be back any time now, and after all the wallet was well concealed.

So, pulling on his boots, Morgan started off for the storehouses. Must be somebody from Hadley, he thought; plenty had left the old town for the west in the past few years, and eager curiosity egged him on. Someone who had come into town and heard about the affair with Hackensack, no doubt.

The pistol on its sling slapped his hip; he had forgotten to leave it behind. No matter. It was something to occasion pride; plenty of men in camp wore pistols, too. He flung back his wide shoulders and drank in the night air as he strode, forgetting his blistered feet in sheer exultancy of life.

He passed a wagon-camp a hundred yards from the storehouses. Fires were blazing and men and women were singing. He sent them a cheery greeting as he passed; Pennsylvania folks, who recognized him and invited him over.

"Not yet awhile, thanks," he replied gaily. "Got to meet a feller over here a ways."

He walked on. The storehouses were bulking large in the moonlight; about them the mud had been trampled into thick dust. Checking over accounts? But there were no lights here, no one was here! Surprised, Morgan slowed his pace, and turned for the warehouse office.

"Hello! Anyone around?" he sang out.

There was a stir of movement in the obscurity.

"Hi!" came a voice. "That you, Morgan Wright?"

"Sure is." Morgan halted, confused. The voice held a vague familiarity. "Where are you, anyhow?"

"On my way." The answer came from somewhere close by. "Got tangled in my reins—hold on a minute."

MORGAN saw something dark in the obscurity between two of the buildings. He started toward it; at the same instant, two men emerged into the moonlight, leading horses by their reins.

"Remember me, Morgan?" exclaimed one, with a jeering laugh, and swept off his hat.

Morgan stopped short. Frank Barnes—older now, yet the same. Barnes! The name, the man, the jeering laugh, sent a fearful certainty through him like a shudder. Barnes, who had sat the wagon-box six feet away and never said a word. . . .

"And I reckon, mister, you'll know me again, bein' right good at that work," said the second figure, words heavy with menace. Morgan looked. The man with the broken nose—the man Hackensack! He had been tricked into coming here.

The two halted. Hackensack spoke again. He held a pistol ready.

"Ye did a bad day's work, mister, when ye monkeyed with the Nighthawks! The cap'n don't take kindly to such doin's. If he was around here now, he'd string you up and light a fire under you. But here's your needin's, and—"

The pistol leveled. The voice spoke murder.

Frantically, Morgan did the only possible thing, almost without thinking—he scuffled up a cloud of dust with his foot, and dropped sideways, falling on one hand. The pistol exploded. Its vivid flash split the moonlight, its bellowing powder-smoke gushed amid the dust.

Morgan realized he was unhurt; his swift action had saved him. In this flashing instant, he knew he had been brought here for the one purpose—killing. Thought of his own weapon leaped upon him. He was up, on one knee, gripping at his pistol; it was capped and ready. He did not stop to reason. Frantic self-preservation drove him like a whiplash.

The choking smoke and dust had no chance to thin out. A shout burst from Barnes: "You missed, Hack! Missed!"

With the words, Morgan felt the heavy pistol jump in his hand. At this short distance and at such a mark, even a tyro could not go altogether wrong. The pistol roared for the second time as the other barrel let go. A horse screamed; Morgan saw the animal rear wildly above the dust and smoke, hooves lashing out.

Barnes shouted something, fear and terror upon his lips. He was struggling with his horse. As the smoke blew aside, Morgan saw him mounting, swinging the animal around and fanning the lunging beast with his hat. A rapid pound of hooves and he was away, a dark shape rising to gallop in the moonlight.

And then Morgan saw something else—Hackensack lying there, moving horribly as his frightened beast jerked the reins, fast gripped in the dead hand.

Dead, and twice dead. Blood dark upon his shirt, where a bullet had pierced him; blood black upon face and head, where a flying hoof had beat in his brains. Morgan rose and stood staring blankly, frozen. The body moved again, and then the horse ceased its effort and stood trembling, like Morgan himself. Trembling, for the death each of them had wrought upon this figure, no longer human.

A sobbing breath escaped Morgan. He put away the pistol and stepped forward, and knelt; no use, no use, he had

known it already. Hackensack lay there dead. Morgan loosened the reins from about his wrist and stood up again, knees shaking.

"He had it coming," he muttered unsteadily. "He had it coming.... Wasn't my fault after all! Came here to murder me.... Nighthawks, they said...."

The drumming hooves of Barnes' animal lessened upon the night, but other sounds were rising; shouts of alarm from the nearby camp echoed from afar. Morgan was unaware of them for the moment. He stood looking down at the motionless clay, and the terror of death was upon him—the blind and awful panic that comes to a man when he realizes that he has sped a soul. The first killing, with the spirit of the dead man, unseen, flailing at him from the empty air.

Suddenly, through this paralysis struck the sounds of alarm, the approaching shouts, the *pad-pad* of running men.

Murder! Here was a killing, and he had done it. A panic rush of thoughts came whooping through his brain. He had done it; the Pennsylvania men had seen him coming here, there was no evading that he had done it. To get away unseen was now impossible.

Looking for someone to hang as an example! It struck in upon him with stunning impact. Murder was murder. He was a killer now, right or wrong, and the law would hold him for the fact. Held for trial, regardless; the family would arrive to find him in jail, to be held over indefinitely, disgraced and bedraggled...

"To hell with all that!"

The words came to his lips in a burst of agonized revolt. No, no, never! Here in his very hand was evasion, escape, freedom from restraint! He heard his named called, he looked up, and around the corner of the building saw a group of running men, with lanterns bobbing wanly in the moonglow. The men from Pennsylvania were calling him.

A swift movement, and he had the bridle-reins of the horse, was stroking the muzzle of the still frightened animal, was at the saddle. Foot in stirrup, he swung up and seated himself, and urged the horse into movement.

At sight of him, the group halted; behind were others, coming from town. Voices dinned at him. Who was shooting? What had happened?

"See for yourselves," retorted Morgan. "Somebody tell One-eye Potts, will you, that I'll join up at the Indian mission or beyond, at Kearny? Much obliged!"

He wheeled the horse, clapped in his heels, flailed the animal to a gallop and was gone, away and away, skirting the town, striking for the misty moon-wrapped west—and freedom.

(To be continued)

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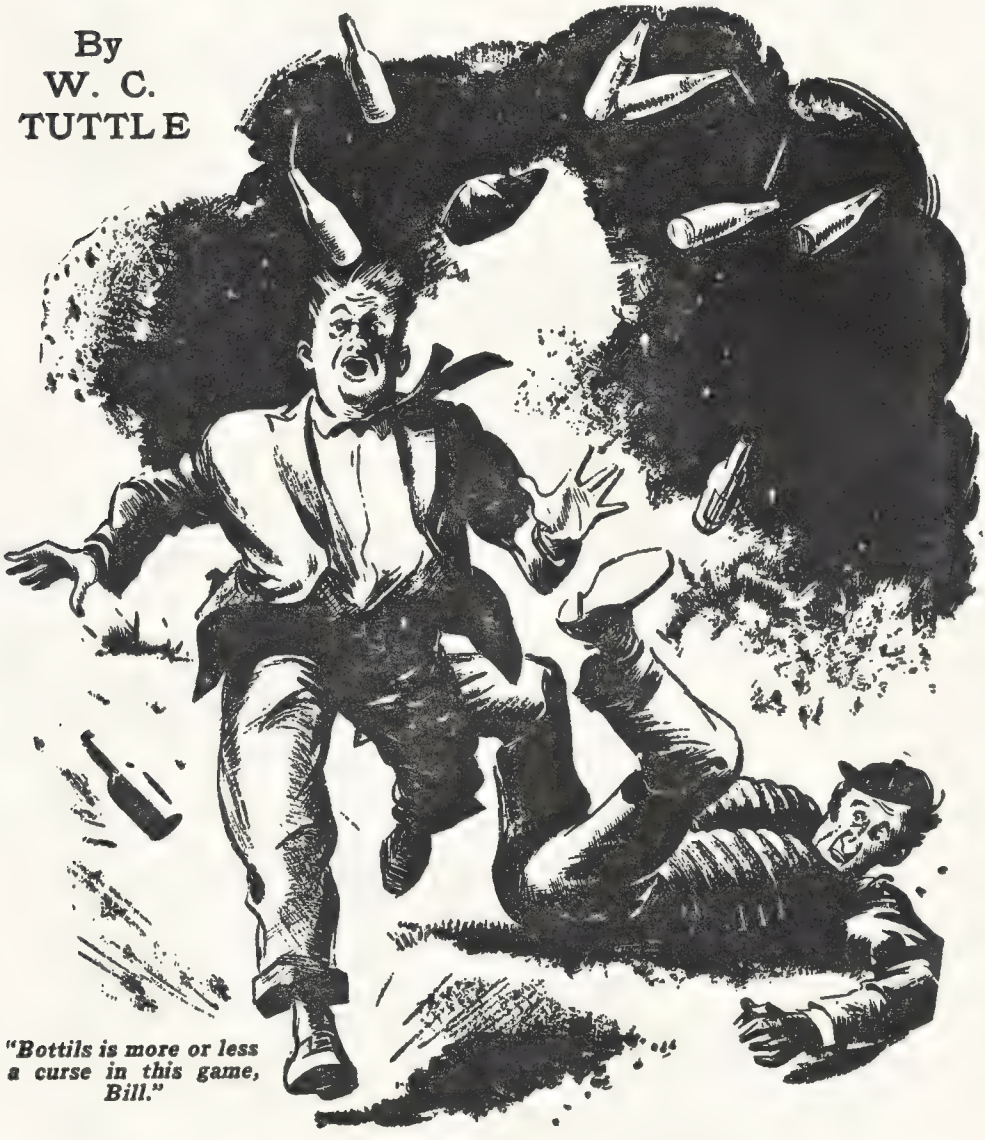
THE COME BACK OF I AND CHESTY

By W. C. TUTTLE



"Bottils is more or less a curse in this game, Bill."

Fresno, Calif.
March 15.

Mr. Bill McColl
Umpire Majer Leeg
New York City.

Dear Bill:

You are awful supprised to hear from me, eh, Bill? I ain't wrote you since I and Chesty Jones quit umpiring in the Sundown Leeg, and you will be glad to know I can still take my pen in hand. It is raining, which is versus the usual for California, but everything is okay and the goose hangs high for I and Chesty. As Chesty says vitrue is its own reward, if you know what he means.

When Mr. Blinkenhorn, the pres of the Sundown Leege quit the job he took I and Chesty with him, as you might say. When he quit he pulled down the stars. How is that for a line, eh, Bill? The only trouble was I and Chesty did not have any jobs. But that is all bygones and let sleeping dogs lay, which proves the old saying that you can not keep good men down.

Chesty is fine, Bill. I and him got our old jobs back with the Golden Goose Truk co here in Fresno, hauling products to Los Angeles and weigh stations, which isn't to be sneezed at. Chesty does not have much trouble with his head since the fowl balls quit bouncing off same, but he sometimes wakes up in the middil of the night, jumps out of bed and yells I got it, I got it, and bumps into the wall, which knocks him down. Then he says, that damn umpire got in my way, or I would have had it.

So, Bill, you can see that he is as normal as ever. Very often him and I set down and talk about the good old days when I was fogging my hi hard one down the alley in the Coast Leege and you was behind the dish, yelling Ball one, Ball two, Ball three, Ball four, taik your base, when they should have been a strike out instead.

Chesty states that you had stigmatism, which makes the plate look only an inch wide, and how did you ever get into the majers anyway?

Chesty says that when he was catching me in the Coast Leege I had the best control and as much sense as any left handers he has ever caught, and that is a lot coming from Chesty. But you can not beat the umpire, even if you could throw a baseball through the eye of a needil at a hundred yards. Chesty says you used to just look at where I let loose of the old agate and didn't wait to see where it ended up. He said I was a peculiar left hander and nobody could possibly guess where the ball was going anyway.

It was like the time you was arguing with the manager over a ball or a strike, or vice versa, and I took a practice throw to keep the old souper warm, and I hit you in the ribs. You threw me out and fined me twenty-five dollars for assault. My manager protested the fine to the pres of the leege, who came out to see me pitch.

Then he finally upheld the protest. He said that with a delivery and a curve like mine, even the first baseman was in danger. I sure had plenty stuff and was full of the old moxie but fate kept me out of the majers.

Chesty says that fate kept him out too, but I think it was too many fowl balls on the head in his case. When he gets his head shaved in hot weather the lines on his skull look like one of them maps which show how the Gulf Streem runs into the Japanese currents, or vice versa.

Now Chesty is a fine man, upright and as honest as a dollar. I can not remember of any man I like better than I like Chesty, but I must admit that he is sometimes extremely funny without even half trying.

I do not know what Chesty meant but the other day he got mad at the boss and told me he was going to ask Judge Landis to make him a free agent. I don't think that Mr. Landis has any stock in the Golden Goose Truk co. We had a strike the other day. It was not I and Chesty, but the pickers. They wanted more money and the right to pick it. I don't get the idea, because they have been picking it for a good many years in this valley.

Anyway, Bill, they acted real meen and one day they tipped over my truk load, when I told them where to head in at.

Chesty was riding on top of the load and I was in the cab. I managed to get out and sailed into them single handed and alone. Chesty said he would stick with me in cases of trouble, but he certainly double crossed me this time. Bill, I did not think that Chesty would ever show the white feather. But this only goes to show that you can never tell sometimes.

He was gone and I had to battle a dozen men by myself. Then the officers showed up and the strikers ran away, but nobody will turn my truk back on its wheels. Well, Bill, it was there two days before the co found men to turn it over, and they found Chesty under all

that lettis. He was all right, except that a slat on a lettis crate was rite against his mouth and he wore out his upper plate in nawing it in two. He et lettis all that time, and rite now if you menton lettis to him he gets pail.

But as the poet says them days are gone forever. As you may remember Mr. Blinkenhorn, pres of the leege, quit his job and released I and Chesty. We never did get it strait, because all we done was to send him a telegram saying that we would be glad to get his money on a game and get him the best odds. Well, every thing turns out for the best, except the day you made me walk seven men in one inning, when I should have had seven strike outs. That is water over the damn, Bill, and I do not hold same against you, because I am too big for things like that.

Bill, this Sundown Leege has a new pres named Mr. Greenbaum, in case you need some jewelry I can maybe get you wholesale. He says he saw I and Chesty's names in the office, so he sends us each a contract to umpire in his leege. He lives in Smoke Tree. He offers us $85 per month, to be paid on the 1st instant and the 15th instant. Chesty looked it up in the dictionary and it says that instant means instantly. Chesty says they probably pay us $85 instantly and then we have to count to 15 before we get it again. It rather puzzils me, but I guess it is all right. From our angil it does not look bad. But I think there is a catch in it, Bill. Or they don't believe we can count to 15.

Well, Bill, I and Chesty have to take a truk load of cabbige to Los Angeles rite away, but that is probably our last ride on a truk, because we signed our contracts and sent them to Mr. Greenbaum. We are taking a rule book along so we can brush up a little. Has there been any changes made since last August, Bill? Or don't you bother to keep up with the new rules. You used to make up your own as I remember. I asked Chesty if he wanted to be remembered to you and he says what is the use? He says he argued with you to remember whether there was two and two on a batter or three and two, and you never did remember, so how could you remember him after seven years? Anyway we expect to be in the majers very soon so we can talk it over. I hope they pare I and Chesty, because we would be lost without each other. Well, Bill I will let you know further what happens.

Yrs respy
Mortimer Lefty Simpson.

P. S. I and Chesty are using our right names again. His is Ferdinand. I guess he looked different when he was born or his folks had some queer ideas.

Smoke Tree
April 10.

Mr. Bill McColl
Umpire Majer Leege
New York City.

Dear Bill:

Well, Bill, here we are in Smoke Tree again, ready to call them as we see them as usual. We had a nice trip from Fresno. Chesty bought a 1923 Maxwell for $8, which we will use to go from town to town this seezin. It is better than the Model T we had last time, but not as fast. But as the poet said, travel in haste and repent later. It has no starter but cranks very easy when it is hot. It has only one fault. It you stop too quick the body is liable to slide off the shazzi. We painted it ourselves and if I do say it myself it is red.

Well, Bill, we found Mr. Greenbaum, the pres of the leeg, in his office with a swell looker of a jane, which is his daughter and also the secretary. Her name is Emmeline, and she is a blonde by preference. She asked us our names and said, Oh, yes, there has been a mistake. Papa didn't know why you left the employ of the leege, and he has decided to cancel your contracts. Did you not get his letter?

Bill, I says to her, fare maiden, we never got any letters, but if there has been a mistake it was worth the trip to just see you, and we can easily rectify any and all mistakes before leaving the window. She says, well, that is nice of you, Mr. Simpson. Then she calls, papa, here is Mr. Simpson and Mr. Jones to see you about empiring. I says, lady fare, it is umpire, and then Mr. Greenbaum comes in. Bill, he is almost as fat as you used to report in the spring.

He says, hum, hum, hum, so? Come into the office, gentlemen. Bill, you can see at a glance that he is a great pres. His personality sticks out all over him. We set down in his office and he says, gentlemen, there has been a mistake made. I talked with Hank Duvall, which is the manager of the Smoke Tree Savidges, and he says you can not umpire in this leege. Bill, you know how I hate tripe and boiled onions? Well, I hate Duvall more than all the tripe and onions in the world. I says, Mr. Greenbaum, do you know why Hank Duvall says that? I will tell you in simple words, Mr. Blinkenhorn, which is the former pres of this leege, has a daughter named Ida. Hank Duvall loved Ida, but we did not wish to see her throw her young life away on such as he, so we told her the truth. That is why Hank Duvall does not want us in this leege.

Bill, it took the wind right out of his sales. He says, hum, hum, hum. I says, Mr. Greenbaum, the next thing you know he will try to win your fare daughter Emmeline. Hank Duvall has no principle. He is a Romero, and break harts where ever he goes. Then he lays everything on the umpires. I do not see how this leege stands for men like him. Bill, I think Emmeline heard this, because she stuck her head into the door way and says, papa, I believe Mr. Simpson. He has an honest face.

Mr. Greenbaum says, hum, hum, hum. Well, maybe. I should hate to feel that I faled to uphold my own office. Gentlemen, you will continue as umpires, until I know better. I do not intend to have any snakes in the grass around here. After we get out of there, Bill, Chesty says to me, what was all the talk about snakes in the grass? Personally, I don't like the damn things myself. I says, Chesty, it is only a figure of speech, and he says, well, all right, but don't fall for Emmeline. You fell for Ida, and look what happened. That wasn't Mr. Blinkenhorn, was it? I says, No, that was Mr. Greenbaum, the new pres of the leeg. Chesty says, well, I thought it didn't look much like Mr. Blinkenhorn. What happened to him?

Bill, I found out that Chesty is so rapped up in umpiring that he don't care about anything else. All business, that is Chesty Jones. This leege has the same towns as last year, Bill. There is Smoke Tree, Rodeo City, Scorpion Bend, Buena Vista, Chuckwalla City, Horse Heaven, Paradise Flats and Mesquiteville. Hank Duvall is mgr of Smoke Tree Savidges, Buck Brophy is mgr of the Rodeo City Reds, Bull Milligan is mgr of the Scorpion Bend Stingarees, Tom Evans is mgr of the Buena Vista Hill Billies, Shorty McGee is mgr of the Chuckwalla Lizards, Tex Thompson is mgr of the Horse Heaven Broncs, Slim Allen is mgr of the Paradise Flats Angels, and Buster Ames is mgr of the Mesquiteville Cactus Busters.

Bill, you can see from that line up that we have a great big leege out here. If we only had a place to take a bath it would be great. The only thing you can do is wait until everybody has gone from the park and then use the hoze. Most of them have a hoze to wet down the in field before the game. I suppose back where you are, Bill, you could find a water hoal, but out here there is none. I and Chesty like to get hozed off at least once a week, but it is a problem, as they say.

In the hotels they only have one bath tub, and by the time two dozen players get washed up, all the water is gone, or they won't let an umpire in. How do you boys in the majer leeges work it on baths? Or have you got used to going without any? I don't remember if you took baths in the Coast Leege or not. Chesty says he don't think you did, because you was always dirty on the neck. I do not believe I ever did see the back of your neck, because you was always facing me, even when we disagreed most of the time.

Well, Bill, we left Mr. Greenbaum's office and went down the street. Smoke Tree is a tough town for umpires, but we keep our dignity at all times. About the first people we meet is Hank Duvall and Shorty McGee, who is mgr of the Chuckwalla Lizards.

Shorty McGee says, migod, is that a mirage, Hank? It can't be Lefty Simpson and Chesty Jones. I says, gentlemen, we are umpiring the opening game here tomorrow. Hank says, hey, you haven't

been up to see Greenbaum, have you? I says, we just came from there. He says, I told him that you two was outlawed in this leege and can not umpire here. What did he say to you?

I says, Mr. Duvall, for your own information I told him that the reason you did not want us in the leege was because we told Ida Blinkenhorn the truth about you and you lost her love. Shorty says, Lefty, tell me all about it, because I can use it in my business. Hank says, over my dead body. I says, I never carry tails out of school—unless I have to. Hank says, well, we won't say anything more about it rite here, but that is a matter for further consideration, but I believe the directors of the leege will have something to say. I says, not after I tell my tail to them, Mr. Duvall. He says, well, I will sure tell Mr. Greenbaum a few things, and I says, I think he will be glad to see you, because he already knows a few things.

Bill, you can see how I handled the situation. That is why I have been such a success as an umpire. Nothing fazes me. I never lose my head, like you used to do. I am so cool that some times I wonder at myself. After we got up to our room, which is over a grocery store, Chesty says, there was something familiar about those two gentlemen, but I can not place them. What business are they in?

Bill, that is Chesty all over. When his mind is on baseball, he pays no attention to anybody. He wanted to go down to the postoffice, because he said he was expecting a letter from Brooklyn, saying that he had been sold to Des Moines. I says, what makes you think that, and he says I read it in the Sporting News. I says, Chesty, what Sporting News? Bill, I give you my word, he showed it to me. Part of the room was papered with newspapers and there was an old Sporting News of 1909, saying that Brooklyn was sending Chesty Jones to Des Moines. Chesty says, I've been there before and I don't like it. If they try it again, I'll quit. I am too good for Des Moines. I says, listen, Chesty, you are not the property of Brooklyn. You are an umpire in the Sundown Leege, and tomorrow the seezin starts, and you own a 1923 Maxwell, painted red. He says, that's right, I remember it now.

Well, Bill, it never ranes but it pours. Here we are, all set for a three game seeries in Smoke Tree, with a nice inside room over a grocery store, and a hoze at the ball park. It was about midnight that night when a man hammered on our door and got me out of bed. The man says he is from the pres of the leege, bringing me a important message. The pres of the leege says he made a mistake on where we are to umpire, and we've got to go to Mesquiteville. Bill, that town is two hundred miles away. I woke Chesty up and told him. He said, that town ain't Des Moines, is it?

I says, it's Mesquiteville and we have got to be there before two o'clock tomorrow afternoon, so we have got to rush. Well, we packed up our valise and went down to the garage where we keep the car. I have got enough money for the gasoline. Chesty ain't quite awake yet, but he is doing all right, except that he hit the side of the door on the way out

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and he must have sprung the front axil a little, because when he is driving straight ahead the car is going to the left.

Well, Bill, we knocked down a barber pole, took the awning off a grocery store, and ended up haf way through a fence, with the front end of the Maxwell in some body's flour bed. Chesty says, this ain't Mesquiteville, is it? We sure went a long ways in a short time. We can not get that car out, Bill, so we went back to our room. I said, we have got to tell the pres of the leege what happened to us, so he can make some different arrangement.

Well, Bill, this is the last sheet of paper we have got, so I will have to tell you the rest in another letter. I and Chesty are in fine fettil. If you can think of any advice we can use send it along. Even if you never was a great umpire you must have learned some of the kinks in all these years, such as how do you handle a riot? How much do you pay for the watch you pull on managers? And is there any place where they will repair bridge work (false teeth to you) if some of the pieces are missing. Chesty says that experience is the best teacher, but after what happened to me I need something quicker than experience, which might be years in coming along. Answer by return male, Bill.

Yrs respy
Mortimer Lefty Simpson.

P. S. Dear, Bill, in one your letters you advised us to always keep our heads. You never umpired in a town where the fans wore spurs, did you? Then you have never been spiked.

Smoke Tree
April 13.

Mr. Bill McColl
Majer Leege Umpire
New York City.

Dear Bill:

Well, Bill, the old seezin is in full swing, as you might say. No letter from you yet, so I decided my questions non plussed you. I have got plenty of paper now, so I won't run out like the last time. Imagine being in a strange town, where you do not know anything, and have to find Mr. Greenbaum so he can send somebody else to Mesquiteville. It was very late but the pool room was open, so we asked the man. He said that he had an idea that Mr. Greenbaum lived on Crocket Street, but he did not know the number. Well, Bill, we went to Crocket Street and met a man. He said, sure, I know where he lives. It is upstairs in a duplex, and the number is 1313. Chesty says, to hell with it—at that number. But I says, Chesty, we have got to do it, even if the Hevens fall.

Well, Bill, we found out one thing and that is that a duplex is a house with an upstairs, where they lock the front door at night and will not answer knocks. Some painters had been working on the outside, and Chesty fell over a ladder, when we went around to knock on the back door. Bill, I do not know how he ever done it, but Chesty got so tied up in that ladder that I had to bust out two rungs to release him. He had it around his neck and around one leg, and when he tried to stand up he done the splits.

Chesty said, to hell with this. They won't answer a knock, so we may as well go to bed. I says, Chesty, when Lefty Simpson starts to do something it is as good as done—or better, I believe in loyalty, Bill. Mr. Greenbaum is depending on us to cooperate with him and it would almost be a breach of contract to fail him in this emergency. Bill, that ladder gave me an idea. If they will not answer a knock on the door, they will answer one on the window. See what I mean?

I and Chesty put the ladder up against the window. I said, Chesty do you climb up and knock on the window, or do we draw straws? Chesty says, I get dizzy too easy, so you go right ahead. I says, well, you hold the ladder, and I will go up there. I says, even after I get up there, you hold the ladder. Bill, I did not want him wandering away.

Well, Bill, I got up to that window, which is open, but when I knock on the window sills nobody answers. You know me, Bill. When I do any thing it is done. I figured that Mr. Greenbaum must be in one of the rooms, so I might as well find him. I got inside the room,

where it is very dark. I knew there must be a door to this room, but all to once my feet went out from under me and I fell all the way down the stairs. Bill, I never was so daized in my life.

I heard people screeming, and some body is yelling, what is it an earthquake? But I never lost my presents of mind, Bill. I went up the stairs like I was going to cover a play at third base. I can see that window I came in at, and I made a dive at it. I had presents of mind enough to hang onto the sill while I felt for the ladder with my feet, but there was no ladder, Bill. Then a door opened and I seen a big fat woman in a white nightgown and a lamp in her hand. I says, pardon me, lady, but are you Mrs. Greenbaum? And just then my fingers slipped and I landed in some rose bushes. It knocked the wind out of me, but I says, Chesty, where are you? He says, I'm round here, Lefty.

Bill, I limped around to the front of the house and here is Chesty, carrying the ladder and lighting matches. I said, what on erth are you doing? And he says, you told me to hang onto the ladder, and I wanted to be sure about the number of this house. It is not 1313, it is 1315. The 15 looks like 13 unless you look close.

Well, Bill, I managed to get Chesty across the street and behind some bushes before the police came. They woke every body up with their sireen, and after everybody is there, I and Chesty walked in. Mr. Greenbaum was there and I told him what the man said about going to Mesquiteville. He said, Mr. Simpson, I fear some practical joker has been to see you. I did not send you any message. Then a policeman says to me, do you own a red Maxwell? I says, we certainly do, officer of the law. He says, where is it now, and I says, it should be in the garage next to Stegmiller's grocery store. You see, Bill, I think quick in any emergency. He says, well, somebody stole it, recked part of the street, and it is now in Mrs. Stegmiller's flour beds.

After we left there Chesty says to me, did they catch the burglars? I says, no, but I hope they catch the vandals that stole our Maxwell and left it in Mrs. Stegmiller's flour beds. Chesty says, what is this world coming to, Lefty, when nothing is sacred? We went back to our room and went to bed. Chesty says, I am certainly tired. It has been a hard night, but I am glad we got here. I says, got where, Chesty? And he says, Mesquiteville. I would rather work here than Smoke Tree. Bill, for the first time I began to wonder about Chesty. He is either awful dum or a first class ribber. I sure needed some hoarse liniment because I am one mass of bruises, but I gritted my teeth and went to bed. I hope Mr. Greenbaum appreciates my loyalty.

Well, Bill, I will finish this letter before the game is ready to start. I am awful sore all over especially where I missed that ladder. The mayer and the chief of police came to see I and Chesty in our room this morning. The mayer owns the Smoke Tree Savidges, and he is a real niee person. He says, boys, we have got a first class team this seezin, and the only thing that can possibly stop us from winning the pennant is the umpires. Now, he says, I want you boys to be square. I am not asking anything for the other clubs. Then he says, Mr. Duvall is a fine man and your firm friend. He says he will do anything for either of you, if you give him a brake. And then the chief of police says, boys, I own a piece of the Savidges. I have squared everything with Mrs. Stegmiller about her flour beds, fixed the barber about his pole and have made the grocer satisfied that the busted awning was not your fault. Need I say more?

I says, Mister Officer, we appreciate what you have done, but I and Chesty umpire without feer or faver. If one of your men is out, he is out. We call everything they way we see it and shame the devil. Him and the mayer says, all we ask is a square deel. If we don't get a square deel, we wash our hands of the ultimate result. Well, Bill, it is almost time to go out to the ball park. Chesty is fixing up our mask with some baling wire, and I am sowing a buckil on the protector. It looks like a big day in Smoke Tree. The town is full of people and some Indians. Do you have any Indians in the majers? They are color full people. Well, Bill, this is all for this

time, so I will close. Hoping to hear from you soon I and Chesty remane your two brothers in blue.

Yrs respy
Mortimer Lefty Simpson.

P.S. Bill, what is a ultimate result?

Smoke Trée, April 16.

Mr. Bill McColl
Majer Leege Umpire
New York City.

Dear Bill;

Remember the p.s. on my last letter? You do not need to answer it, because I believe I and Chesty know what it means, and we did not even have to look in the dictionary. Well, Bill, it was a big day in Smoke Tree. The stands was filled, the fence was filled and they was about five thousand on the field, which was roped off. They was a big applause when I and Chesty walked out on the field. The Indians war hooped and everybody made a noise. I and Chesty bowed, and then they made more noise.

I suppose they realized that the game was in firm hands. They was some speech making, as usual, and the game was to start at two oclock, but the mayer was making a speech about freedom and the democrats, which had nothing to do with baseball, and Chesty walked out to him and says, Cut it out and let us start the game. The mayer is non plussed. He says, You ignorant fool, do you know who I am? And Chesty says, I do not know who you are now but I know who you will be. And the mayer says, Who will I be? And Chesty says, You will be the man I poked in the nose. Now stop beefing about the democrats and let us start this game.

Well, Bill, I stepped in and got Chesty away from him, and the speech went on. Chesty was sore. I said, Chesty, you have insulted the mayer, which owns the ball club, I think. And he said, If you ain't sure, I'll go back and insult him all over again, because baseball is my life and I won't have it delayed by no fat head. Well, Bill, I calmed Chesty, and when the speech was over we got ready to start the game.

I and Chesty had watched the two teams practice, and it was very hard to tell which was the louziest. Both in

Mortimer Lefty Simpson

fields was like a sieve, and when they threw the ball, God help America. Six out of seven times when the Smoke Tree third baseman threw the ball to first the ball went into the stands and hit a Indian. Chesty said the third baseman was probably a son of the pioneers and did not like red skins. And, Bill, the Smoke Trees warmed up a left hander who is a whiz. He takes two steps, sticks one foot higher than his head, brushes his left knuckles in the dust and throws himself clear into the dirt, when he lets it go. That ball looks like a aspirin tablet looking for a headache. The only trouble is that nobody can catch it. The catcher just stands there and points where it went. I noticed that when he took the mound to warm up, every time he threw the ball every in fielder ducked.

Well, Bill, I decided to work behind the plate, and pretty soon out comes Hank Duvall and Shorty McGee. Shorty says, I never was more supprised in my life to see you two. I thought you was in Mesquiteville. I says, who told you that, and he says, Hank did. I says, now we know who sent that message to us last night. Hank says, that is a serius untruth. I says, give me your line up and may you prosper at something beside baseball. Shorty says, Hank, I have told you many times to never double cross a umpire, because he holds your future in the hollow of his hand. Then he says, Lefty, I have never had anything

but kind thoughts for you and Chesty. You two are my ideel umpires.

Hank says, Shorty McGee is the biggest liar on earth. This morning he said that if you fellers did not give him the close ones, when you came to Chuckwalla City he would poison both of you and use you for coyote bate. I says, I and Chesty are here to umpire without feer or faver. We will not be in timid dated by a couple of loose-jawed liars like you two. Go back to your dugouts and keep your traps shut, or both of you will leave the game.

Shorty pulled out, but Hank stopped and came back. He says, listen, screwball, take a look at this crowd and see if we get the close ones or not. Them folks came here to see us win and do not forget it. I says, one more word out of you and you will not even see the game, so he went back to his dugout laffin. I says, play ball, and the game started.

Well, Bill, like I told you about that pitcher, he is a wonder. His first pitch went clear over the grand stand, and Hank Duvall came out charging me, saying that it was a fowl ball. I was as firm as the rock of Jibralter, Bill. The next pitch hit the dirt between the pitcher and the plate. The batter and catcher both fell down and the ball hit me right in the adams appil, when I looked up to see it go over my head. Hank claimed it was a strike and Shorty McGee claimed it hit his batter. Chesty came in and he says to me, did that ball not hit you, sir? I says, it sure did, and he says, take your base. I said, listen to me, Chesty, I am Lefty Simpson, your pardner, and you should know it. He says, all right, if I know it, what is all the argument about, anyway?

Bill, that is Chesty for you. So rapped up in the game that he does not even recognize a blue uniform. There ain't many like him. Well, I finely got pandy monium restored to normal again, and the bat boy helped me stack the bottils up against the stand. So the count is two and nothing and my adam's appil is beginning to swell. Shorty McGee is coaching at third, and he says, never mind that dum Duvall, Lefty, just call them the way you see them. Do not let him brow beet you. Bill, the idea of any body brow beeting me! Ain't that a laugh, Bill? Well, Bill none of the three of us at the plate ever knew where the next pitch went. Way up in the stands some body wailed like a sireen, so I guess he got hit. Three and no on the batter. Well, to make a short story, this left hander walked three men in a row consecutively, and Hank Duvall is tearing his hare. That picher was panicky. His shirt tale is out and he is standing on his cap glaring at me, mind you. Just as though I had anything to do about it. Hank says, Lefty, that sort of umpiring is taking the bred and butter right out of my mouth.

Well, Bill, I finely got them back in position again, and up to the plate comes a big harry appil knocker and he says to the pitcher, if you hit me with that fast ball I will run you clear into Mexico. I says, My friend, if he hits you with that fast ball you will be so busy learning to play a harp that you won't have time to run any where.

Well, maybe he scared the pitcher, who throwed a change of pace ball, which is so slow you can see all the seems, and he hit a line drive right at Chesty, who can't dodge quick enough, so he caught it, tried to dubble the runner off second and butted the second baseman rite in the belly. The shortstop ran right over them and fell into the runner, which is trying to get back to the bag. Bill, that in field is all arms and legs. Hank Duvall has got one arm around my neck and Shorty McGee has got both arms around my waste, and they are both trying to tell me what happened. Then the runner at third tagged up and spiked all three of us at the plate. Hank Duvall hit him on the chin and knocked him back into the runner, who tagged up at second.

That made Shorty mad, Bill. He says, you big such and such, you can not bang my boys around, so he socked Hank on the chin. But Hank hung onto me, and every time either of them took a sock at the other, I got it. Then the mayer and the chief of police came out and was going to arrest me for hitting a ball player. That only goes to show, Bill, that you can not call them from the stands. Chesty came in and he is a

Ferdinand Chesty Jones

sight. Those ball players sure ruined his suit and one of his eyes is almost closed. He says, a feller is a sucker to mix up in a strike like that. I says, what was it about and he says, I do not know, except I think the second baseman is a C.I.O. and the shortstop is a A. F. of L. But even at that, they did not have any right to tip over my truk.

Hank Duvall says, what I want to know is how you rule on this play. I says, how many men scored, Hank? He says, two men scored. I says, are you sure of it, and he says, he seen them score. Then, I says, that makes two men who scored and the score is two to nothing. Bill, Hank Duvall blowed up. He says that they did not score legil. He says Chesty had no business catching that ball and doing what he done with it. Well, Bill, I ruled that the ball hit the umpire and stuck. That makes one legil run and the bases are still full.

Bill, by that time I am soar. I thought something was hanging on the side of my mask and I tried to pull it off, but the catcher said, you better not pull it off, or you will go through life with only one ear. Well, Bill, I think the Smoke Tree team got crossed up on the next batter. They must have thought it was a squeeze play, because they all came charging in, and that batter hit a line drive right against the for head of that left handed pitcher. The ball went up high in the air, and Chesty is yelling, I have got it, I have got it, and everybody else stopped trying to get it, so it came down on top of poor Chesty's head, because he can not see into the sun with only one good eye, when he stumbled over that left handed pitcher which ain't got up yet.

How would you rule on that play, Bill? You can not find it in the rule book. You would probably lite running for the club house, but I am made of sterner stuff. Everything would have been all right, but that left handed pitcher got up and he had the ball. All the runners kept on going and that pitcher stands out there trying to bite a hunk out of that ball. Bill, I give you my word, he thought it was an appil. He certinly was hit hard. Chesty was hit hard, too, Bill, because he was trying to get the pitcher to give him a bite. Three runs scored and the batter got to third. Pandy moneum rained, Bill. But I was like a rock of Jibralter. Chesty came in to me and he says, Lefty, I had to pull my watch on them. I says, what time was it, and he says, I don't know because some body stole my watch. While I and Chesty was talking it over the man scored from third. Hank Duvall frothed at us, but I told him in unsertin terms that nobody had called time and that we was not out there to prevent men from scoring. Bill, I know my rules like a book.

Well, I got them calmed down again and we piled the bottils against the stand again. They was seven or eight men taken out to the hospital, when the men behind them lost their control with bottils. Bottils is more or less a curse in this game, Bill. I would like to see them out lawed against. It is bad enough to content with players and managers and not have to wear a rear view mirror to dodge bottils.

Well, Bill, the Smoke Tree Savidges got another pitcher. He was a big brute named Bull McGinnis. He says to me, you call a bad one on me I will send you to the undertaker. Where we come from, he says, we eat umpires for breakfast. I says, if that is true you have more branes in your stumick than you have in your head. The catcher laughed so hard that he missed the first pitch and it hit

me square in the mask. Chesty came in and said to the batter, take your base. I said, hey, how do you get that way, Chesty? And he says, it is right in the rules. It says that if the ball hits the umpire you get to first free of charge.

Well, Bill I was shaken up pretty bad, but I remembered the rule, so I let the man go to first. Bill, it is funny that a man as old in baseball as Hank Duvall never heard of that rule, but some people never learn. He walked on my toes and he cut a whole in my chest protectior, which let out the wind, and all the time he is cursing me and using vile profanity, so I threw him out of the game. He says, I protest this game. He yelled at the stands that he protests the game. Bill, he didn't let anybody forget that he protested the game.

Well, Bill, this pitcher is as wild as the other one. He walked the bases full, too. Then a batter popped up a foul to the catcher, and every body howled. They had one out. Then the next batter smacked a hopper down to the shortstop, but just as he hit it I seen Chesty jump on the shortstop, and there they are, rolling over and over, while the ball hopped over them and headed for left-center. Well, them out fielders was so non plussed that they forgot to chase it, and it went for a home run. Well, I ran out to Chesty, who has got most of the shortstops shirt in his hand, and I says, why did you do that? He says, do what? I says, jump on that shortstop. Oh, he says, I thought he had my watch. I says, what made you think he had it? He says, well, I heard something ticking, and he was the closest to me, but he didn't have it, I am sorry.

Well, Bill, the Chuckwalla Lizards have got ten runs and only one man is out. Then here came the mayer, the chief of police and Mr. Greenbaum. Mr. Greenbaum says, I do not know much about baseball, but are you giving Smoke Tree a square deal? I says, Mr. Greenbaum, Chesty and I umpire without feer or faver. We know the rules backwards. The mayer says, yes, and that is the way you call them. You are robbing my club and I protest the game here and now. Shorty McGee says, stick in there, Lefty, they are trying to intimidate you. I am an old timer and I am willing to sware that I have never seen such umpiring. Do not weaken.

Mr. Greenbaum says to Shorty McGee, Mr. McGee, do you feel that the umpiring is all right? Shorty says, Mr. President, it is marvelous. The only trouble is that Hank Duvall does not like these two umpires and is trying to make it hard for them. Mr. Greenbaum says, I believe I understand Mr. Duvall's motive in wanting their release, but I will not be intimidated by anyone. Let the game proceed.

Well, Bill, the next two men went out, and the Smoke Tree Savidges came to bat. I guess they was pretty mad because they started slugging that old onion, and when that inning was over they had twelve runs. The folks were crazy in the stands. I think the team got three hits. Well, it went along from bad to worst, until the ninth inning and the scoare was twenty to eighteen in faver of the Smoke Tree Savidges.

Then that Smoke Tree pitcher got a wild streek and walked three men, after two men was out. Hank Duvall, which was thrown out of the game, came out to me and says, Lefty, he says, your hole future depends on this third out. If we do not win this game, you will never live to call the wrong man safe again. I am a desperate man and I ask you in a fare manner to let your judgment be your guide. That mob in the stand is just waiting to rend your limbs from limb. I says, Mr. Duvall, which is the ex-manager for today, I thank you for the warning. But if the very Hevins fall, I must call them as I see it. And when you go back to the dugout and assume the attitude of prayer, you might remember that but for fate and a crooked axil, we might be in Mesquiteville today.

Did I tell him, Bill? He knew what I meant, too, because he was pale and kept biteing his nales, as he went back. I looked things over, Bill. Chesty was out there near first base, looking down at second. I knew that every thing is under control. Well, that next batter is up at the plate ready to take a cut at the ball, and I'm down behind the catcher, ready to call the pitch.

Everybody is very intents on what will happen. This is what you might call the crushial point in todays contest. The pitcher shows his teeth at me and gets ready to throw a strike or a ball, as the case may be. Bill, I suddenly sees Chesty go running down toward second base. The pitcher whirls around and threw at the bag to get him, but there was no one covering the bag. Well, Bill, it is what in French they call a fox pass. Everybody is running. The center fielder got the ball and heaved it to the plate, and the catcher tried to block the runner off, but he got knocked into me and that ball almost took off my knee cap. I went down on top of the catcher and the runner, and the other runners went right over my back with their spikes.

Bill, I do not know what happened. I heard some Indian war hoops and I remember a gun going off, but the rest of it is like a big fog. I woke up and found myself out there at the home plate. It is almost dark and I am digging in the dirt, when a funny looking person crawled from under the grandstand and came over to me. He says, are you the umpire? I says, come to think of it, I have done a little. He says, come to think of it, I have, too. He says, you look a little like Lefty Simpson. I says, why, I believe I am. I says, who are you, my little man? He says, I am a stranger here, but I used to play for Brooklyn. This isn't Des Moines, is it?

Bill, you will not believe me, but it is Chesty. I asked him how the game came out, and he said he wasn't sure, but he thought Alexander beat Hubbel two to one. Well, we managed to get back to the hotel room. I bought some hoarse liniment in the drug store. The druggist had a black eye and one wrist bandaged. I think he sold us some nitric acid, because it took the skin off. I asked him where we could get some X rays taken, and he said not to bother, because if we umpired here once more we would be so full of holes that we would not need any X rays to see in side us.

Bill, I think I was digging around that home plate to try and find my bridge work (false teeth to you), which cost me twenty-five dollars in Fresno. I do not look bad without them but I whistle when I talk. Maybe they will call me the whistling umpire. I and Chesty are waiting in the room for word from Mr. Greenbaum. I asked Chesty why he ran down toward second, and he said the first baseman told him that the second baseman had his watch. But it was all right, because when I took Chesty's long under ware off the watch fell out. Chesty thought it was a wen on his ankle. Well, Bill, I will finish this after we hear from Mr. Greenbaum. We are both fine and hope you are the same. If we are sold to the majers you will see it in the paper.

Yrs respy

Lefty Mortimer Simpson.

P.S. We heard from Mr. Greenbaum. We will have to get that axil straightened before we try to drive that Maxwell back to Fresno.

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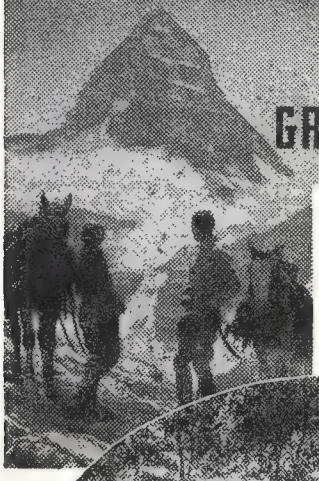

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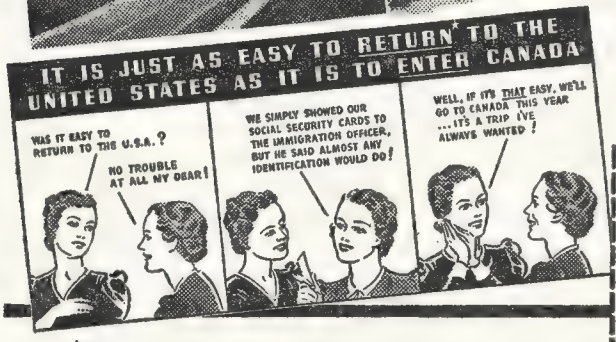
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Samsui took Jim out to look over the ship.

THE COUNTERFEITERS

By HURD BARRETT

THE THING happened back in the summer of 1937 and I'd almost forgotten about it until this morning, when Miss Seeger, the plant librarian, brought the usual weekly aviation news letter over to my drafting table and I saw where they'd cracked up another of their J-36 bombers. The ship, it appeared, had come in to land at its home port after a raid, with one wheel retracted and the opposite flap down—with the unfortunate results that are to be expected under such circumstances. *This is the fifteenth ship of this series that has been lost under similar conditions,* continued the news letter. *The hydraulic system of the model has long been known to be faulty; and we under-*

stand from reliable, though unofficial quarters, that production of the J-36 is to be discontinued . . .

As I finished reading, I looked up and caught Jim Miller's eye. He sits facing me in American Aircraft's engineering department, two rows down. He had been watching me as I read and he was grinning like a zany; but for a moment—until I saw his initials at the top of the news letter and realized that he had read it, too—I couldn't understand the reason for his joy. Then I got it; and grinned back at him. It had taken four years for him and American Aircraft to get square with our old friend, Captain Yonaki, in the matter of what happened to our 6-E transport in that distant land of cherry blossoms and chicanery.

The 6-E was the export model of the American 6-T of which you still see so many on our domestic airlines. She was a low-wing, bi-motored transport, with a cruising speed of 200 miles per hour, comfortable seats for twelve passengers, and cargo and mail capacity of half a ton. She was a sweet ship, and all of us loved her; for she had been the real foundation of American Aircraft's present prosperity. We built over three hundred like her, and during the two years it took to build them American's payroll rose from a little over a thousand men, to better than four thousand. Even today—four years later—there are 6-E's flying in every continent of the world, and they are doing the best of jobs.

In 1931, Jim Miller was American's chief shop liaison engineer, and I was his assistant. Usually, though, Jim was away in some odd corner of the world, teaching Scandinavians, Arabians, Peruvians or some such other gentry, how to assemble and service 6-E's, and I did the routine work. There was a reason for this. Jim is a big, genial, aggressive guy—and a born salesman. I, on the contrary, am rather shy; and have a tendency to avoid strangers whenever I can.

At the time this Captain Yonaki matter came up, Jim was just back from four months in the Argentine, and he didn't want to leave home again. Gertrude, his wife, was expecting a baby in about six weeks—the baby that later turned into Jim, Jr.—and when the boss asked him to go to the Orient to find out what was wrong with the 6-E he didn't want to go. "Send Henry," he told the boss, meaning me.

For a moment I was terrified for fear he would; but then the boss said, "No. It's a job for you, Jim. I can understand that you want to be home when the baby comes. But this Captain Yonaki writes that there's something wrong with the hydraulic system. On the strength of it, he's canceled the balance of the contract, which was, as you know, for twelve ships. That represents something like $800,000 in income to the company, and naturally we're anxious to do everything we can to get the order renewed. Besides, I need Henry here. Frankly, Jim, I'm going to be very disappointed if you refuse to go . . ."

And so Jim went.

HE landed in a seaport which we shall call Yokitama, and Captain Yonaki met him at the boat. Jim said, afterward, that the captain's appearance surprised him. Living, as we do, on the Pacific Coast, we see many of his race and are accustomed to thinking of them as squat, short men with very brown skins. Captain Yonaki was quite tall—almost six feet. He was beautifully proportioned, and—unlike many of them—had what we instinctively call "the appearance of great intelligence." He had a soft voice in which he spoke Oxonian English with a drawl, and with very little of the sibilance one comes to expect from this particular breed of Oriental. And an overwhelming arrogance, that he manifested in the cold and almost brutal way he treated the ship's porters and other servants. They, in turn—even the ship's officers—almost fawned on him.

When he introduced himself to Jim, he did not offer to shake hands; and Jim wondered at the time whether this was merely a manifestation of Orientalism, or because the good captain considered him to be his social inferior. In the captain's country, caste plays an important part—in some cases so important that it is not permissible for a servant directly to address a member of the upper classes.

And, in a way, Jim was a servant, who was being paid to do a job of work. The captain, however, was excessively polite, and very efficient. He had Jim's baggage rounded up without delay, and passed him through the customs and into a large and elegant American automobile. Less than ten minutes after the boat had docked, they were whirling through the crowded streets of Yokitama.

Jim says that the next quarter-hour was among the most interesting he had ever spent in his life—the sort of thing you read about, but never quite believe. Most of the houses of that great city were built of paper; and Jim says they looked like the stage sets repertory opera companies use when they present *Madame Butterfly*. But the streets—at least those through which he passed—were of good macadam, and the traffic in them was not too different from that of an American city. Most of the cars, of course, were of native manufacture; but their lines imitated American cars or, rarely, those of European manufacture. Then there were the skyscrapers—real skyscrapers. And the street cars. And the fireplugs. And the strangely Occidental costumes of the city's inhabitants. It was as though, says Jim—and this, in the light of what followed, seems to be as good an analysis of the national character as we could make—the directing heads of this ancient, this distinct and individualistic civilization, had, within a few years, tried to convert it from feudalism to the crass modernity of an American city. If imitation is indeed the sincerest form of flattery, we should certainly be greatly flattered by the appearance of the city of Yokitama.

The passage through the city itself did not take long. The horn on the automobile was kept sounding continuously, rather in the manner of a siren on an American police car, and the chauffeur drove with a supreme disregard of consequences. Captain Yonaki, meanwhile, did not speak; although Jim noticed that the captain's eyes were on him, and that they held an expression of the utmost interest. . . They were strange eyes, Jim told me. Brown eyes that were rather like those of a Latin-American aristocrat, except for their slanted lids. But somehow they lacked the warmth of a Latin-American's eyes. The captain, Jim decided, was a cold fish. And Jim also gathered the impression that the captain tolerated him only because of a service he would render. He remembered that in that country, the military are the real rulers; and the captain, he felt, was the sort of person who would brook no interference from anyone in anything he wanted done. It was along about then that Jim reached into his breast pocket to touch the square, comforting outlines of his United States passport.

OUTSIDE the city, the macadam ended abruptly. So did the skyscrapers. The road was rough, and rutted after the seasonal rains, but the chauffeur continued to hurl himself forward through the heavy foot traffic at a good fifty miles an hour. On either side were small truck farms that looked as if they had been unchanged for twenty generations. Ahead the road stretched straight and dusty toward the hazy mountains to the south.

The captain spoke. "And what do you think of our country, Mr. Miller?"

Jim laughed. "It isn't at all what I'd expected it to be."

The captain shrugged. "All Americans have the same impression. It is, I think, because it is a strange mixture of old and new. . . . Look off there to your right, for instance."

Jim looked. Amazingly, from out of the paddy-farms rose three enormous airplane hangars. They were white, with corrugated sheet metal walls, and cambered roofs supported by structural steel trussing. The runways were of concrete, and there was an immense control tower set above a white stucco administration building. Altogether, a singular resemblance this airport bore to Amalgamated's, in Burbank, California. "That's the damndest thing I've ever seen!" exclaimed Jim.

The captain looked him full in the eye. "Isn't it?" he agreed.

There was a ship waiting for them on the apron. It was native built; and its

general appearance, Jim says, was not too different from that of the Tern Company's six-place cabin job you used to see on our feeder airlines; although, in place of the radial Tern used, it had an in-line engine that was very similar to the Reitzl model X-1 they were using five or six years ago in the German Air Corps.

"The vibration in that mill, though," says Jim, "was something terrific."

"We are going," the captain told him, "to a town about one hundred miles inland, where our factory is situated."

"But didn't you assemble our ship at the coast?" Jim asked.

The captain shook his head. "No," he said. "We had the packing cases drawn in on carts by coolies."

"A hundred miles?" asked Jim, in astonishment.

The captain shrugged. "It was the easiest way. The cases were too large for our railroad cars, and we wished to assemble the aeroplane inland. The cost of petrol for motor-lorries would have been ten times the hire of the coolies."

"I see," said Jim, reflectively. "I see."

His baggage was loaded into the plane, and they took off. The captain was at the controls. Jim had heard that these men did not make good pilots; but he could find no fault with the captain. He had a deftness of touch that one finds only in a pilot of long experience and a fine natural aptitude. The trip took about forty-five minutes, and Jim never found out the name of the town that was their destination. Undoubtedly, as I see it, because the captain didn't want him to know. Timing the distance by his wrist watch, however, and predicating it upon what he arbitrarily estimated as a cruising speed of one-hundred-fifty miles per hour, Jim afterward placed it on the map as being one of four. He was not, though, completely sure as to the direction they took. From the sun, he estimated that they were flying in a southeasterly direction; but there was no compass in the ship, so he could not be certain. He asked the captain about this lack of navigational instruments. The captain smiled.

"This is a small land," he said. "All of us who fly know every hillock, every peak, and every lake. Compasses, therefore, are unnecessary."

"But," said Jim, curiously, "suppose you cannot see the ground? What do you do then?"

The captain looked at him for a moment. His eyes were luminous and very large. "In fog," he said slowly, "we do not fly. That is one art we have not learned from you yet."

The town where they landed was on a saddle, or plateau, in the foothills between two high mountains. Over to the eastward of it—crawling upward to the plateau along the crests of a series of small slopes—were the twin silver threads of a one-track railroad; and on the slopes of the twin mountains on either side of the town, were layer upon layer of beautifully terraced rice fields, inundated and gleaming like mirrors in the afternoon sun. It was very lovely, Jim said; but it looked, somehow, crowded—as though every square foot of arable land had been utilized. And hence strange to a man who had been born in a country where there was land aplenty. Jim's impression was one of amazement that a nation which manufactured bicycles, and cameras, and textiles, and all the hundred and one other articles that this Oriental country manufactured, and spread over the face of the civilized world, could also contain such a scene as this.

The captain rounded a ridge and came in on a long, straight glide toward the airport that was hidden behind it. The airport, Jim said, was another duplicate of Amalgamated's, in Burbank, and this time it was complete with factory. For, in addition to its three ultra-modern hangars, it had a series of sheet metal, sky-lighted buildings, one story high, set out in a series of V's, that extended for a full half mile along its eastern boundary. The plant looked for all the world like the American plant, even to the radio towers we have at the south end of the field. Every pilot who's flown off Amalgamated Airport has cursed these towers whole-heartedly; and I don't see why they'd gone to great pains to duplicate them over there. But they had. After all, I suppose that if you're copying a civilization, you have to take

some of the bad along with the good.

They'd slipped up on the power lines, though. Instead of them, there was a steam power plant—vintage of 1895—at the end of the field, with a chimney that thrust itself up a good three hundred feet into the blue mountain air. The chimney was evidently used as a landmark, for it was painted red. Captain Yonaki passed it so closely Jim could see the obstacle lights—they resembled our C.A.A. standard and were placed at the regular intervals—fastened to its side.

A pilot turns to the left on approaching Amalgamated. Captain Yonaki turned to the right. Otherwise, it was the same. There was a gradual loss of altitude, and the sound of the clear rush of wind; then the ship settled onto the runway.

"Nice!" thought Jim. "Very nice!"

JIM thinks that his discovery of the J-36 was accidental. I don't think so. I think the captain was too clever a man to have let this happen unintentionally. I think that he fully expected Jim would know what was wrong with the 6-E the moment he saw it; and I am certain that he had previously arranged the apparent stupidity which led Samsui to show Jim the J-36. Certainly, he arranged the other matter—the one which led to Jim's being thrown in jail—with the utmost adroitness.

But we seem to be getting a little ahead of the story. I wouldn't mention it here at all, except that it seems awfully important in the light of Jim's subsequent behavior. I think you'll understand what I mean. Here was a man six thousand miles from home, who had been locked up in a filthy jail for an offense he had not committed—an offense, incidentally, which in our country would carry a penalty of several years imprisonment. His passport had been taken from him. So had all of his identification, his money, and even his clothes. He was in a large cell, together with several dozen naked and shivering coolies. Jim is a fastidious man, and I can believe him when he says that for the first twenty-four hours he did not even sit down, because he was afraid of being contaminated by contact with the filthy floor. All things considered, I know that if I had been in that position, I would have done exactly what Captain Yonaki asked me, the first time he asked me to do it. But that is where Jim is different.

In the matter of the 6-E, though, as I said before, I fully believe that it was part of the captain's plan to let Jim discover, almost at once, that it was not a 6-E at all. Certainly, otherwise, their engineers would also have been clever enough to cover up some of its more glaring discrepancies.

Too, the captain's manner when he showed Jim the ship seems to indicate—to me at least—that he foresaw what was going to happen. The captain didn't even stay with Jim to try to cover things up. He merely took him to the enclosure where it was located, pointed to the ship and said: "You've been told what is wrong with it, of course?"

"Something in the hydraulic system," said Jim.

"Precisely," said the captain, "but I think I can give you even more specific information. The trouble is, almost certainly, in the hydraulic selector valve." He turned and beckoned with an imperious gesture to a small, brown, dark individual dressed in what might be called a fair imitation of one of our floor-mechanic's coats. The man came forward, bowing, and showing his teeth.

"This is our chief test-mechanic, Samsui," said the captain. "Samsui speaks English, Mr. Miller; although I am afraid rather badly. He learned it in California."

Jim felt more at home. After the almost overwhelming aristocracy of Captain Yonaki, this little man—from whom, in California, he might have bought vegetables at a corner market—was a welcome relief. "Hello, Samsui," he said.

Samsui bowed, and hissed; and the captain smiled. "I see," he said, "that you two are going to get along splendidly. I will therefore leave you to your work. When—and if—you find out what is wrong, please send for me."

Jim stared at him. Again, he had the

feeling he had had at the boat, that he had been insulted, ever so subtly. And yet, the captain was still showing him only the greatest politeness. Distant politeness, it is true, but still politeness. He decided that it was merely the captain's way; for at this moment, he had no intimation of the captain's purpose. Or of his methods—which, to say the least, proved to be ingenious. He was still, in that moment, dealing with the captain as he would with any one of American Aircraft's customers who had had trouble with an American ship, and whom he was trying to help. Jim—despite his temper—was noted for his tact.

"Thanks," he said, smiling. "I don't think we'll have much trouble." To the grinning Samsui, he said: "Let's go take a look."

The first thing that Jim noticed wrong with the job was the poor quality of the skin rivets. American does the finest riveting in the world; but, whereas the rivets on this ship might have gotten by with a plant such as Cooper-International—who build their heavy and badly designed equipment solely for the cut-rate export trade, and who have never, to my knowledge had a first-rate domestic contract—any inspector at American would have rejected them on sight. In one place, Jim noted, a workman had allowed his gun to slip off the rivet head, and had driven a gouge deep into the skin plating; and almost none of the rivet heads were free from nasty looking dings.

Jim put his fingernail in the skin-gouge. "Pretty bad, isn't it?" he said to Samsui.

Samsui's face immediately became impassive. "Pretty bad, perhaps," he said. "But O. K., yess?"

"Not for my money," said Jim.

Samsui grinned broadly. "I fix," he said. From the pocket of his imitation jumper jacket, he whipped a tube of acetone cement—the kind they call "liquid solder" that has aluminum powder in it. In this country, housewives use the stuff to patch china ornaments. In that nation, though, Jim discovered that it had another use. Samsui opened the tube and, using his brown finger, spread a generous gob of the stuff on the gouge. Earnestly, he blew on the liquid until it hardened. Then, with his pocket knife, he scraped away the surplus. After which, he smiled and pointed to the result with pride. "See?" he said. "Plenty O. K."

Jim gave him a look of amazement. "Is it?" he asked.

Samsui nodded vigorously.

"Well, if you say so," said Jim, "I guess it is . . . Let's take a look inside."

YOU understand that, even now, Jim had no suspicion of the truth. So far as he still knew, the ship was an American 6-E. The body lines, of course, were perfect; although there was a strangeness about the ship that was biting at him. We licensed some ships to a factory up north about two years ago. They were the same ships we were building. We had made the tools, and furnished the blueprints for their production. Their standards of workmanship were just as high as ours. And yet, any one of us could tell on sight that none of their ships had been built in our plant.

Jim opened the imitation 6-E's main cabin door, and walked up its aisle to the pilot's compartment. It was then he noticed the floor-channels. Instead of going straight across the cabin floor, they curved up and over in an arch, so that you could almost see the contours of a bomb hung beneath them. Suddenly, the whole picture came clear to him.

"Samsui," he said, pointing to the floor-channels, "what's that?"

Samsui's face was still blank. "Make change," he said. "Many change."

"Samsui," he said. "This is not an American Company ship."

Samsui nodded vigorously. "Oh, yess. American Company ship, you bet." Jim looked at him. It was the California fruit market face, just the way it looked when it was trying to sell you some tomatoes that were a little too ripe for a little too much money.

"Let's see the hydraulic selector valve," Jim said.

Samsui was a little sullen, then. He opened a trap in the pilot's compartment. Inside was an exact duplicate of

the central hydraulic control station in a 6-E. By now, you understand, Jim knew that in some miraculous manner these magnificent Orientals had torn the 6-E apart, and copied its various components to build this—Jim called it by an ancient Anglo-Saxon word—from its ruins. And it made Jim mad; for the 6-E was an old friend of his, and he hated to think that even one of her sisters had been treated that way. "Why, everything in their country is a third-rate forgery," he swore. "Look at those airports. Look at that Tern job and the Reitzl power plants!" He remembered, then, the story about the Scottish naval architect. "Even their navy is a forgery."

The story was concerned with members of the Admiralty of the captain's country who had ordered from a well-known naval architect in Glasgow the plans for a light cruiser. The Scotsman was to be paid the sum of fifty thousand pounds for the mere drawing of the plans; but at the last moment, the Admiralty had said that they could pay only ten thousand pounds until they were allowed to see them.

It is suposed to be a true story, and Jim and I had laughed about it many times before.

The Scotsman, of course, was aware of the propensity of this nation for imitation. Properly suspicious, therefore, he begged twenty-four hours, during which time he called in his draftsmen and raised the center of gravity of the vessel by seventeen feet. After which, he turned the blue-prints over to his customers, who made tracings of them; returned the prints, paid the Scotsman ten thousand pounds, and announced that the cruiser was not the craft they wanted.

All of which—so goes the story—had certain unfortunate results. Two years later, the Admiralty of that power launched a light cruiser that was surprisingly similar to the one the Scotsman had designed for them. Amid great rejoicing, untold bunting, cannon salutes and what not, the craft rolled down the ways—and quite unceremoniously turned bottom-side up.

This happened many years ago, but, as the story goes, despite frantic efforts to correct the said center of gravity, the error in top-heaviness still persists—not only in that nation's cruisers, but in several other classes which were based on the Scotsman's design. Don't misunderstand me. The ships work all right—except in battle maneuvers. But an admiral of their fleet who calls for a sudden turn into what they call an "echelon of craft" does not know to this day whether his flagship will capsize or not.

"This plane was built here, wasn't it?" said Jim to Samsui, with an expansive and disarming grin.

Samsui nodded vigorously. "Yess!" he said. "Plenty O. K. This ship come Los Angeles, California," he said. "Los Angeles very nice town."

"My friend," said Jim, "you're one of the most talented prevaricators I've ever met. But you wouldn't understand that, would you now?"

"Yess," said Samsui, still grinning. "Understand, O. K."

Jim looked at the hydraulic selector valve more closely. Cast in one side of it, was an American Aircraft drawing number. "161-282, Series E," it said. The right number. But there was no inspection stamp. And at American, parts do not get by without inspection stamps on them.

"Look," said Jim to Samsui. "Let me see other ships. Bombers, maybe. O.K.?"

Samsui grinned. "O. K.," he said. "Next house." He led the way down the main aisle of the transport's cabin, dodged under the canvas—holding it dutifully aloft so that Jim could follow him—and went out onto the assembly floor.

There were quite a few of them—twelve, to be exact—and at first glance they did not look much different than the 6-E. They had the same low wing, and the distinctive, high vertical-stabilizer. The landing gears were, of course, identical, and so were the engine nacelles—except that, instead of the Wright G-102 power plant, they had the Reitzl in-line engine Jim had seen in the Tern-type job. But this ship had no windows at all in its cabin. Instead, it carried two blister-turrets aft, and one in its nose. Furthermore, there were about

sixteen feet of bomb doors in its belly.

Jim felt cold shivers run up and down his spine, for he recognized—and he swore that, except for the in-line engines, no man could have told the difference between them—a facsimile of what was, at that time, American Aircraft's latest U. S. Army job—the B-216. The B-216, of course, had been adapted from the 6-T transport, in line with the Army's policy of converting all of our commercial ships to defense purposes; but it had never been manufactured in quantity except here.

Jim went nuts; and I don't blame him. I almost think I would have myself. Here, American had sold these people commercial transports—or rather, sold them one transport—and now, a bare three months later, they were building bombers to the transport's specifications. Bombers to use against the almost helpless people with whom they were at war.

Jim whirled on Samsui. "Get Captain Yonaki," he shouted. "I want to talk to him."

Samsui's face was puzzled. "Captain Yonaki?" he asked. "You find out what wrong already?"

"Yes!" said Jim. "I found out what's wrong."

Samsui bowed and hissed. "O. K.," he said. "I get him."

ABOUT five minutes later, Jim saw the captain coming down the aisle. Behind him, marching in perfect alignment, was a squad of infantry, complete with rifles. Jim is not the most patient man in the world, and the idea that he had come a fruitless six thousand miles, when Gertrude was about to have a baby, and he hadn't wanted to leave home at all, infuriated him.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" he shouted at the captain.

"I beg your pardon," said Yonaki with his phoney British accent. His eyebrows were raised.

"That ship," said Jim, "isn't the 6-E we sold you at all. It's a lousy, fourth-rate copy of it."

"You seem to be rather excited," said Captain Yonaki coldly.

"You bet your sweet life I'm excited," said Jim.

"You have an expression in your country," said the captain. "It goes: 'So what? . . .' " Each word followed the other quickly, but there was a clipped separation between them. "We have found that on your ship—the one you sold us and for which we paid—there are defects. We wish to have these defects corrected. You are here to correct them. I will not mince matters. You will stay here, until they are corrected—and it would make things simpler if you would do so without causing us further difficulty. Otherwise, I must use—er—pressure on you."

"Why, you lousy imitation Limey!" swore Jim. "I'm an American citizen."

"Thank you," said the captain. "But you will still do what I say."

"Listen," said Jim. "All I'm going to do is to get on a steamboat tomorrow and sail for Los Angeles where there's a certain percentage of white men."

"So?" said the captain. He was undoubtedly not expecting Jim's straight left to the chin. It was entirely unreasonable—even to me—that Jim should attack him; but the captain could not, of course, be aware of the fury that a similar situation would engender in any person who worked for American Aircraft. As I have said before, we liked the 6-E very much.

The captain fell back about six feet. Then he wiped his lips with his hand—the only human thing Jim ever saw him do, incidentally—and retired to the protection of his men. After which he said, rather shrilly, "Tat sueki!" or something of the sort . . . and a short fifteen minutes later, Jim found himself in jail. The charge, he learned later, was manslaughter.

The jail, as we said before, was filthy; and for a full twenty-four hours, Jim saw no one who spoke English. Moreover, he had nothing to eat, and was given no water. His fellow prisoners were a savage crew who, when they addressed him at all, did so in a high, unintelligible but nevertheless hostile scream. He was even rather badly mauled upon one occasion, when he tried to share the food that was thrust in to them under the

door. Of facilities for washing or sanitation, there were none. Once a day, a guard came into the cell with a bucket of water, and washed it out—much in the manner, Jim told me, that a zoo attendant would sweep out a cage.

Captain Yonaki didn't put in an appearance for two days. That, I suppose, was for psychological reasons. But when he did show up, it was just as well that he didn't enter the cell; for Jim, without any doubt, would have killed him. Frankly, I cannot, myself, conceive of anything more demoralizing than being thrust naked into a bare, barred cell with several dozen other people whom you consider to be little better than animals. Jim, however, still had some fight left in him. "You are, by now, doubtless ready to repair the selector valve?" the captain suggested.

"I'll be damned if I do," said Jim. "I want to see the American consul. And I don't mind telling you, you ring-tailed heathen, that—"

"This is the second time you have insulted me," Captain Yonaki interrupted him. "If you do so again, I will most assuredly have you beaten. You are arrested, as you know, in connection with the death of a gentleman who was run down yesterday by the car I loaned you."

"You lent me no car," said Jim.

The captain smiled. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I did. You were driving it three days ago, when the accident occurred. Furthermore, by the testimony of the constables who apprehended you, you were intoxicated. That, I may add, is a civil offense, and under international law there is nothing the consul can do for you. . . . Now I have a proposition to make. If you will agree to do what I ask, you will be released from jail, given a good room in a nearby hotel, a bath, a shave, and your clothes. You will, of course, be required to sign a document to the effect that you have received nothing but the best of treatment from me. Now, here are the terms. Within one week you are to design for us a hydraulic valve which will function correctly on the bombers you have seen."

"To hell with you," said Jim.

"You are a very stubborn, and foolish man," said the captain. And left him.

"IT may be hard," Jim told me, "for you to believe that such a thing can happen. You've read about this same people stripping Englishmen and women at the barricades around one of their settlements, but you probably never really credited the stories completely. That's because you haven't been around as much as I have.. When I read in a newspaper about what's going on in a concentration camp in Europe, or about what happened at Nanking, I believe it. And thank God that I live in *this* country. I tell you that the two days I spent in that filthy jail did more to make a good American of me than anything else. Here was this thin, uniformed, yellow monkey, who had the power of life and death over me. He could have fixed it, Henry, so I'd never see Gertrude or the kids, again. And that makes you think, fella. It really does. . . ."

Jim had another twenty-four hours for his thinking; and the Scottish naval architect, he says, was one of his staunchest standbys during that time. Sometimes, he would appear as a tall Highlander in kilts, complete with that funny little whiskbroom they wear. Mostly, though, he wore a suit of disheveled blue serge, a sea-going cap, and an unkempt moustache. In either guise, though, he spoke the same phrase, and very firmly.

"Ye wudna gi' in to these monkey people, wud ye?"

But to get back to what happened.

As we said before, the captain left Jim alone for a full twenty-four hours more. When he came back, Jim was sitting gingerly on the cell floor on a piece of rice paper he had managed to wheedle out of one of the guards.

"And now?" said the captain.

"Now," said Jim, "I'll do what you ask me to." His manner was suspiciously civil to anyone who knew him.

"That's better," said the captain. He frowned. "But you understand that everything you do will be closely inspected afterward? You will not be allowed to go until it is approved."

Jim got up from the floor, and bowed, all naked as he was. "I understand," he said.

THE hydraulic selector valve in an airplane is the device through which fluid, under several hundred pounds pressure, is delivered to every part of the hydraulic system. There's a cylinder for each mechanism. To raise a wheel, for instance, you apply hydraulic pressure on top of the left-hand L. G. cylinder, just as you would in a hydraulic elevator. To lower it, you reverse the valve, and apply the fluid at its opposite end. The selector valve, of course, regulates the flow in either direction. Bomb doors are actuated by it, too. So are landing flaps. So are tail-wheel doors and automatic pilots, so you can see that it is a complicated mechanism.

The hydraulic selector valve of the 6-E was a casting perhaps thirteen inches long, and six in diameter. Inside, it was a maze of channels and bearing surfaces. The 6-E, being a transport, had only two hydraulically actuated mechanisms, of course—the landing gear, and the flaps; but despite their talent for imitation, these people had been unable to adapt the 6-E selector valve to the additional task of opening the bomb doors. That was where they'd run into trouble—and correcting that trouble was the price of Jim's freedom.

They put him at a drawing board, in a small room that was made of paper, but which he said was very well guarded, and the captain told him that he expected him to be a week or ten days at the job. Jim, however, was barely twenty-four hours. He knew exactly what he was trying to do; and when the captain came in, he thrust the drawing under his nose.

"O. K.," he said. "Here it is. When can I get the hell out of here?"

The captain looked suspicious. "You seem very anxious to leave."

"I am," said Jim.

"I am sorry," said the captain, "but you will have to stay until one of the ships is flown."

Jim had a very hard time not smiling. By this time, the Scotsman had turned very definitely into the seafaring man with the ragged moustache.

Samsui's glue was—as we have said—an acetate compound which carried as its coloring matter an aluminum powder. Samsui used it to cover up messes. Jim used it, in his selector valve, to pull one of the most beautiful wing-dings I've ever heard of. He had designed a cup in his casting in which a steel ball three-eighths of an inch in diameter could have rested; and he had made it a point to acquire the requisite steel balls. Samsui, perforce, left him alone occasionally; and during one of his absences, Jim seized upon a bearing assembly that was lying on his bench—they always are—took one of Samsui's drift punches, set the bearing in a vise, and tore the races out. Next, he took Samsui's tube of acetone solder, and glued one ball in each of the sockets of the twelve selector valves.

"And that was that," he said.

I got his point. The moment that the hydraulic fluid hit Samsui's glue, the stuff would dissolve. After that, you had a rampant steel ball, sitting in a socket, which, so long as the ship was in a normal flight position—the way a transport would fly—didn't hurt anything. If, however, it went into a dive, over an objective on which, for instance, a pilot might wish to drop bombs, things wouldn't work so well. If the ship went more than ninety degrees off level flight, the little bearing-ball would roll out of its socket and could then take its choice of any four hydraulic lines in which to lodge. After that, anything might happen.

"But I still don't understand," I said. "You wrecked *fifteen* of their ships. But there were only twelve bearings."

Jim shrugged. "You remember the Scotsman?" he asked. "I didn't understand what had happened myself, at first."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"They built more selector valves later, didn't they?"

I nodded. "They must have."

"They're pretty good imitators," said Jim. "The way I figure it, they must have put the same little balls into them. . . . With Samsui's glue."

EXILE

By LUKE SHORT

THE first snow of the year 1863 was rolling in off the Navajo country to the west, driving slantwise into the shallow bowl of barren hills that held Fort Defiance. It was a snow such as only the Navajo country gets, wet and heavy and riding on a persistent wind.

It had a quality so completely personal and vindictive that the sentry at the east gate of the fort was moved to say sourly to his companion, "This'll tie up them sutlers' wagons in adobe mud till they won't get chopped out by next spring."

He was leaning against the door of the the rough sentry box for protection, a scarf tied around his ears. Already, the space in front of the gate was a pool of slush soon to be trampled into mud.

Behind him, the few low buildings of the fort were lighted against the mid-afternoon dusk. The sentry's companion only grunted and hunkered down in the

He brought his leg down in a swift kick at the fire.

sentry box, determined to make the most of his turn at the shelter.

The sentry box faced east, so that they both saw the figure of the rider and his pack horse at the same time. Neither spoke about it, but rather watched the man beat his way to them against the tide of the wind and the snow.

When he approached, they both fell out and barred his way and regarded him as he pulled his horse into the shelter of the sentry box. He was a tall figure, muffled in the thick blue coat of the Union Army issue, but there the military clue was lost. His saddle was a western

rig caked with the soft snow and his broad-brimmed hat was a Stetson, not the cavalry black.

"Hell of a day, boys," he observed in a drawling voice. His laugh was slow, short. "This is a tough depot to find."

"There's a road under the snow if you can see it," the grinning sentry replied. "Where you from?"

"East."

"The war?"

"Some time back, yes."

The sentry walked closer to get a look at his man, who was half turned and tugging at the lead rope of his surly looking pack horse. Afoot, he would be over six feet, the sentry judged, and he had a thin, weather-burnished face that held the good-humored carelessness of a born western man. Moreover, he cursed his horse with a tolerant abusiveness no easterner could have commanded.

The sentry, satisfied, said mournfully, "Wisht we'd see some of that war."

"You're lucky you don't," Tom Curtin replied gently. "Besides, I understand you've got one here."

"Only agin' them Navyhos," the sentry said, grinning. "It ain't a war and it ain't a fight, hardly." He stepped back and said, "Pass on, sir."

Tom Curtin touched the brim of his hat and pushed his horse past the sentries. Beyond, the snow blanketed the rough parade ground flanked by small mounds of debris as yet uncleared after the summer's disastrous fire. At the far end of the grounds, he could see where the new buildings were going up. Orderly rows of tents were stretched out on the south side.

But it was over toward the north and under the cliff that Tom Curtin's gaze finally settled. The snow was not so thick that he could not make out the sorry cluster of canvas tents and brush shelters and makeshift Navajo hogans that lay over that way, and he pulled his horse over to look.

Paused near them, he reined up and observed this camp, his face grave and troubled. He had seen the same thing over back at Fort Wingate, where hundreds upon hundreds of Navajo refugees, starved, beaten, without goods or property, stripped of hope, utterly dependent on the white man's whim, were waiting to go into exile. It was not a pretty sight and he turned away from it now, trying not to look at the silent expectant children and older men who had come out of their crude shelters to observe him. He would come back to them later.

Everywhere around the fort, it seemed, building had been stopped by the snow. There was arising out of the litter of boards and stone some plan of construction which had a military order, but mostly it was turmoil. Work had ceased during the storm and stubbornly the snow was smoothing over the harsh corners of the construction. One row of single-story buildings with an awninged porch running across the front was finished, and it was for this that Tom Curtin headed. A flag, whipping soddenly in the storm, proclaimed that it was headquarters.

HE DISMOUNTED at the building, leading his horses around to the lee side out of wind, and then mounted the porch. A sentry at the door came to attention, and Tom Curtin asked to see the commanding officer, Major Hinstead. He was admitted to a small anteroom holding a desk in one corner. Deal benches lined the wall and overhead a kerosene lamp burned brightly against the gray day outside.

An adjutant in blue took his name and then disappeared through a door in the back partition. Soon, he came out to usher Curtin into the office beyond.

Behind a littered desk in the middle of the room sat a heavy-built, kindly looking man in army blue, his tunic unbuttoned. The room was thick with cigar smoke, warm and comfortable after the weather outside.

Tom Curtin saluted smartly and at a nod from Major Hinstead stepped forward and extended a paper.

The major opened it and glanced at it and then rose and extended his hand. "Pleasure to meet you, Lieutenant Curtin. Sit down." He gestured to a chair and extended a box of cigars to Tom, who took one.

Under this pale light, he was a contrast to the major. His clothes were unmili-

tary, a pair of worn army trousers tucked into half-boots, a gray checked flannel shirt and black neckerchief showing under the army greatcoat which he now took off and laid on a bench. He was a tall man with a lithe, lazy way of moving. His cheeks seemed a little gaunted, his face fatigued, but his gray eyes were keen and almost tranquil as he sized up the room. On a side wall was a large map extensively blue-penciled and showing the battle lines of the Union Armies. A framed picture of Lincoln hung nearby. An American flag, a framed picture of the major's class at West Point and an Apache bow and arrow quiver hung on the opposite wall.

Tom acepted the major's light and they both sat down. Major Hinstead leaned back in his chair and regarded his visitor amiably.

"Not much chance of getting war news from you, Lieutenant, I take it," he said.

"Hospital news only," Tom said, laughing.

The major gestured to the paper. "I notice you've got a six months' leave. Doesn't sound optimistic for the end of the war, does it?"

"That was a gift," Tom said. "I was pretty well stove up when they exchanged me."

"From a Confederate prison?"

Tom nodded. "You'll notice that's sick leave."

Major Hinstead grinned. "So I noticed. You look all right to me and still you've three months more leave."

"It was a special favor," Tom replied. He puffed slowly on his cigar and then said suddenly, "You see, Major, I've got a little job out in this country."

"Official?"

Tom shook his head and leaned forward in his seat. "It depends almost entirely on your generosity, Major."

"How so?"

"I want to join up with your New Mexico volunteers for this Navajo campaign."

Slowly, Major Hinstead puffed on his cigar, his eyes probing. He said finally, "That's queer. I mean, if you want to fight, the Union Army could find more use for you in the south than I could here."

"Let me explain," Tom said. "You see, I'm not green in this Indian fighting. I was born in a fort down in the Apache country."

"So?" Major Hinstead said politely. Tom could sense the curiosity collecting behind the major's polite exterior.

"That's where the story begins," Tom went on. "I spent all my boyhood at Fort Taylor in the Apache country."

"Most of my volunteers have fought Indians of some sort."

Tom leaned back. This was going to be hard to explain, especially to a man who could not help but have the views of Major Hinstead. Tom wracked his brain for a new approach and decided to chance it.

"It was back in St. Louis that I heard about General Carleton's decision to clean up the Navajos," he began. "You see, it was rather a personal matter to me."

HINSTEAD said nothing.

"When I was a kid," Tom went on, "my dad bought a small Navajo boy from the Apaches, who were holding him as a slave. He was just my age. That was back in '52." Tom paused. "He was the best friend I ever had, that Navajo boy."

The major's eyebrows lifted a little.

"When I heard about this campaign against the Navajos, I had my leave. I decided to come out and find out about Johnny Dinah, my Navajo friend."

"Dinah? That's a queer name."

"The Navajos call themselves The Dineh or The People," Tom said. "Little Johnny's name was twisted to Dinah by the soldiers."

"What about him?"

"When I left the war, he went back to his people."

Major Hinstead put down his cigar. "How well do you know the history of this campaign, Lieutenant?" he asked slowly. "I suppose you know that the Navajos have broken seven separate treaties with us. That they've butchered your own people as well as the Mexicans. You must know what they are—a thieving, murdering lot that have got to be wiped out. General Carleton gave them all warning. On last July twentieth,

Colonel Kit Carson set out from here to conquer them. He put out word among them that if they didn't want war, they could come here to Defiance or Wingate and surrender." He shrugged. "If your Johnny Dinah is the man you think he is, he should be at Fort Wingate right now, one of the surrendered Navajos who want peace."

"But he isn't," Tom murmured.

"And he's not here," the major said. "Therefore, he must be one of those braves who want to fight us."

"I don't believe it."

"Facts speak for themselves," the major said bluntly. "When we started withdrawing soldiers from our western posts for the war with the south, the Navajos started raiding. They were warned and offered peace. All who accepted it were pardoned. All who didn't are going to be killed or captured."

"There must be exceptions," Tom said stubbornly.

"Perhaps."

Tom sat up straight. "At any rate, Major, that's the favor I want of you—permission to join Kit Carson's volunteers and to find Johnny Dinah and bring him back with me."

"He's very likely dead now."

"He wouldn't fight a white man."

The major opened his mouth to protest and then closed it again. He looked at Tom shrewdly and for a long while and then sighed. Straightening up, he rummaged through a sheaf of papers on his desk until he found the one he was looking for. He read it and then said, "This came in from Carson's regiment by courier today. It was sent five days ago. He says that in ten days he will be ready to raid the Navajos in their stronghold, the Canyon de Chelly." He looked up at Tom. "If you hurry, you'll very likely get in on that campaign."

"You mean I have your permission, Major?" Tom said quickly.

Major Hinstead rose. "You have. I think it's insane, however. I've never seen one of the murdering Navajo sons yet that was worth more than the powder to kill him. You'll find your friend fighting your country's troops, I'm certain, and the Lord knows what breach of authority I'm committing in letting you try to bring him back." His face softened a little bit. "You're doing this because of a childhood friendship, nothing else?" he asked.

Tom nodded.

"You don't look like a fool, Lieutenant Curtin," the major said gently, "but you sound suspiciously like one. However, you know your own mind. I think"—and here his voice became astringent, amused—"that you've earned the right to die in your own way. I'm at your service."

"Thank you, sir," Tom said.

"Just one word of warning," the major said, as Tom rose. "This isn't a very pretty fight. Our troops are volunteers, Mexicans mostly. They've got a hundred years' grudge against those murdering Navajos. Our scouts are Utes and Zunis and they've fought with Navajos since before the Spaniards arrived. You'll see things you won't like, but try and remember why."

"I've been to war, Major," Tom said.

"I'm trying to remember that," Major Hinstead said drily. "Good day, sir."

CHAPTER II

FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

THE snow stopped at midnight and Lieutenant Tom Curtin set out, armed with a new rifle of army issue, three blankets, a new .44 Colt's revolver which he wore rammed in his belt and a letter of introduction to Colonel Christopher Carson inside which was folded his commission as lieutenant in the New Mexico Volunteers.

His departure was quick and he was almost curt to the stable sergeant who helped him saddle and waved an amiable good-bye. For Tom Curtin had left the mess hall that evening and had gone straight to the temporary hogans of the surrendered Navajos, and what he had heard there disheartened him. His first two hours there, sitting on the sheepskins before two old men, were irritating. He was trying to conjure up out of his youth the almost forgotten Navajo language which Johnny Dinah had taught him. These he pieced out with Apache, which was understood by these men who

were of the *Tshí-ji* clan and distant cousins of the Apaches. All his talk, of course, was directed toward finding Johnny Dinah, the son of Hosteen Tla of the *Loó hak dï-neh' eh* clan. Could they tell him of him? At first they could not. They were people of the south, but there were people of the north here in camp. Get them, said Tom. At last, an old woman and her daughter, half-starved and miserable beyond words, were ushered into the hogan. They took their seats to the right of center, as is custom. Upon questioning, they remembered Johnny Dinah, or Chee, as his Navajo name was. They had left him at Canyon de Chelly, but that was not his home. Far to the north in the Chuska mountains was where he and his wife's people lived. They hated the white man, his wife's people did, and they had promised to fight. They were a rich family, *ricos*. Some of them were already on their way to the Grand Canyon with their sheep, but the others would fight.

Tom listened with heavy heart. To a man who did not understand Navajo customs, it would have seemed fairly simple to go find Johnny Dinah and persuade him to surrender. But to Tom, who understood that a Navajo husband submits to the dictates of his wife's clan, for better or worse, it was not encouraging. It meant that unless he found Johnny Dinah first, he would perish with the foolish people of his wife's clan.

Tom listened for three hours to the complaints of these people, and, like General Carleton and Captain Dodge and Kit Carson before him, he was saddened. Here was a people who had warred all through its history, who made it a point of pride to fight and raid and steal. They could not understand the white man's ways. Most of them were ready to abide by the white man's decision and cease their plundering, but the young hotheads of the Navajos would not hear of it. In their overweening pride they thought they could conquer the white man. And now, a whole nation of people was being punished for the sins of a few. Their sheep were being killed, their crops destroyed, and now, while the white man was hunting them to the very bases of their four sacred mountains, they were starving here. They could not eat the food the army gave them; they did not know how to prepare it. Where were they going? Were they going to be killed?

Tom left without giving them an answer, for he did not know it himself. He did not take leave of Major Hinstead, for the hour was late and besides, he did not want to face him. Hinstead's contempt, polite and obvious, had galled him all through mess. If Hinstead did not already know that the color of a man's skin is no gauge of his heart, then he could not be told.

Outside the fort, Tom headed north and west toward Canyon de Chelly. The sky had cleared and the country was a spotless blanket of white under the moon, with the stunted cedars and pinons, stippling it with black. Far off there to the north and west, waiting in Canyon de Chelly, was smiling Johnny Dinah, tall, gravely courteous, his face probably as impassive as the rock cliffs that hovered over him. He knew the white man and his terrible ways, but he would loyally stay with his wife's people. And soon, maybe, some Mexican sheepherder, conscripted from the rough guerilla wars of the border, would face Johnny with a gun. And Johnny would only have a bow and arrows to defend himself and his people. He would fight and die, this man who had been a gentle, lovable boy and who had loved Tom's mother and father until he had been willing to die for them in his gratitude.

It could not happen!

DAYLIGHT found Tom on a low tilting plateau. The thaw started as soon as high sunup and the snow, so smooth and unrelenting during the night, began to sag and melt. There was no trail to follow, for Kit Carson's volunteers had split up into small raiding bands.

Once, on the third day riding between high fawn-colored mesas in an empty vast country, Tom came across a trail of riders. The snow was patchy now and he could follow the trail. It took him into a box canyon and he followed it out. There he found a sight that

sickened him. What had been a hogan was ashes. Buzzards rose at his approach and lazily wheeled off overhead; the stench was sickening. A herd of a hundred sheep had been killed in the brush corral against the base of the cliff. They lay piled in bloated heaps. Halfway to the hogan there was a small Navajo boy stretched out under a tree where the snow covering him had not yet melted. He had been shot and scalped, and it did not take Tom long to understand who had done it. The Zunis did not scalp and neither did the Mexicans. This was the handiwork of Kit Carson's Ute scouts whom he had brought down with him from the north and armed with rifles.

Once more the next day Tom found the same thing, only this time it was a Navajo herder and his grown son. That day Tom struck a trail heading in the direction he was going. In the night it snowed again.

And early on the morning of the fifth day he came upon the camp of the volunteers. The two companies were breaking camp as Tom rode in. He asked the way to the commanding officer's tent and picked his way through the mass of men knocking down tents and putting out the fires. The snow that had come in the night made the work arduous and the volunteer troops — mostly Spanish-Americans with a scattering of Americans—were bundled up against the sharp cold of this high plateau. Occasionally, in the crowd, he would see some of the Zuni scouts. They also, were armed.

The headquarters tent was in the middle of the camp and four or five men, three of them in army blue, were gathered there outside, directing camp breaking. A stove inside the tent pillared blue cedar smoke up into the clear cold sky.

Captain Albert Pfeiffer was the commanding officer and he received Tom pleasantly. A rough table stood in the middle of the brush-floored tent and packing boxes were the only seats. Pfeiffer was a tall, scholarly looking man and his glance at Tom's credentials was cursory. He looked up from them and said, "That's an unusual commission, Lieutenant Curtin. Of course it's all right with me. You are free to come and go—only I wouldn't advise leaving the camp alone."

"You expect a heavy fight, then?" Tom asked.

By way of answer, Pfeiffer rose and put on his hat and took Tom's arm. Outside, they threaded their way through the confusion till they were at the western outpost of the camp. Pfeiffer was asking questions about the war in the east and Tom was answering. Suddenly, Tom noticed a gap in the plateau directly ahead. Curious, he watched it more closely as they approached. The gap, he could see now was a canyon, but as he went on he could see it getting deeper and deeper.

FINALLY, when they were on the rim, he looked down. The land had fallen away sheer. Far below, six hundred feet, he could see the floor of the canyon. The vastness of it caught at his breath. On a dark night, a stranger might ride unsuspecting into this and walk his horse off into sheer space. The canyon twisted away to the north and the west and was soon lost to sight between gargantuan walls.

"That's where the Indians are holed up," Pfeiffer said calmly. "Does it look like they'll put up a fight?"

When Tom nodded, the captain said, "Personally, I think it's almost suicide to try it. They say the whole Navajo nation is down there. But my volunteers are a tough lot. They want to clean up for good." He pointed off up the canyon and Tom could see a thin line of men going single file down the opposite side of the canyon. Below, in the canyon floor, men with shovels were working in the drifted snow, clearing a trail. "They won't even wait for a thaw," Pfeiffer added. "They're going to dig their way to them."

A bugle sounded behind them and they made their way back to camp. Already, the volunteers were leaving on their way to the canyon floor. Pfeiffer had told Tom that Colonel Carson, with the rest of the troops, had made a long circle west to plug up the mouth of the

canyon. The strategy here was characteristic of Carson, who understood Indians and their way of fighting. He did not so much want to massacre the Navajos as to starve them out. By plugging up both ends of the canyon, the Indians themselves could escape by climbing up the cliff side. But their horses, their many bands of sheep, their winter stores, the prized fruit trees and their homes would all be destroyed. It was swift and the most humane way to bring defeat.

On the canyon floor, several platoons of men were already digging a trail through the high drifts of snow and making it wide enough for horses and the mess wagons, which would follow.

The first skirmish occurred that afternoon two miles down the canyon. The tension among the men was high. The whole Navajo nation, the rumor went, was forted up here to fight to the death. But when they saw ahead of them only a small band of twelve Indians, timidly watching their progress toward them, they laughed. Was this the battle they were walking toward?

When the first platoon of volunteers was within rifle shot, a Zuni interpreter mounted a snowbank and called for the waiting Indians to surrender. His answer was a jeer and a volley of arrows which all fell short. Pfeiffer, more amused than angry, ordered a warning volley, and five seconds after it rang out in the still cold air, the Navajos turned and ran.

Minutes later, when the volunteers had made their way to where the Indians had been, they saw a low-roofed hogan against the cliff. It had been hidden by snowbanks.

"Carefully," a big Mexican cautioned. He gestured to the Zuni interpreter and the two of them, under the eyes of the other volunteers, cautiously approached the hogan. The Zuni was in the lead. He stooped down to enter the low door of the hogan, rifle in hand, when suddenly he dodged out and swung up his rifle.

"Come out!" he called in Navajo, then turned and held up two fingers to the other volunteers. "Come out and surrender!" he called again.

A man's voice from the inside of the hogan answered, "O!"

At this, the big Mexican cursed and swung into the doorway of the hogan. He raised his rifle hip-high and shot. There was a tiny moan. Immediately following, there was a twang of a bow string and the Mexican was slammed back out into the snow. He dropped his rifle, put both hands to his chest, then half turned and fell on his face. The volunteers could see the arrow now. It was buried in his chest almost to the feathers.

FOR one brief instant there was silence, and then five of the Mexican volunteers exploded into action.

But Tom Curtin was already moving. He made the door first and turned to face the Mexicans, gun in hand.

"Get back!" he ordered sharply, his voice cold and savage. The Mexicans stopped, surprise in their faces.

"But *señor,*" one said. "You saw our friend shot!"

"He was a fool," Tom said. "The Zuni told the man inside to surrender and the man answered 'O', which is yes in Navajo. Your friend thought he said no. Now get back and give the men a chance."

For a few seconds, facing them, Tom did not know what would happen. They were in an ugly mood, with a dead friend at their feet, but he stood his ground, looking at each of them.

"But a Navajo, *señor!*" one protested angrily.

"He killed in self-defense!" Tom said angrily. "Now stand back. I will bring him out."

The Mexicans fell back a little. Tom turned and called in Navajo, "Drop your bows and come out. There are many of us."

Almost immediately a tall Navajo stepped out. He was clad in buckskin and was without weapons. His face was proud as he stepped out and surveyed his captors, and then his glance fell to the dead Mexican. A look of contempt filled his eyes, but his face did not change.

"Where is the other?" Tom asked in Navajo.

"Dead."

Tom went into the hogan. When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he saw an old woman sitting against the far wall, her head on her chest. One look at her told him the Mexican's ball had done its work well. He went out again and said to the Navajo, "The woman, who is she?"

"My mother," the Navajo answered quietly.

Tom turned to the waiting Mexicans. "Your friend was twice a fool. It was a woman he killed." He had the advantage now and he intended to keep it. "Colonel Carson will be proud of his soldiers," he said contemptuously. "What kind of men are you who make war on women?" He turned away and raised his voice so the others could hear him. "This man is my prisoner and he is not to be harmed." To the Mexicans he said, "Get about your business. Burn the hogan now and leave the woman in it."

He gestured to the Navajo who followed him. Soon, the work of destruction began. The hogan with the old woman inside was burned. This was the Navajo burial custom, Tom knew. All the grain that could be found was heaped in the hogan and burned also. The band of two hundred sheep in the tiny canyon corral beyond was slaughtered, serving as target practice for the laughing volunteers. Meanwhile, a dozen axemen destroyed the large orchard which crossed the canyon floor.

That night, they camped down canyon below the burned hogan. Several huge fires were built and the men relaxed around them. If this was a sample of Indian fighting, they didn't mind it. The horses and provisions had caught up with them before dark.

Tom and his captive ate roast kid at one of the big fires. When Pfeiffer and his officers had retired to a temporary tent to plan the next day's campaign, Tom beckoned the Navajo aside. They squatted against a huge pile of bedrolls away from the fire.

"What are you called?" Tom asked him in Navajo.

"Hosteen Nez."

"Tall Man. All right, Tall Man. You are my prisoner and my slave."

"Yes."

Tom smoked in silence for a moment. "Are there many of your people in the canyon?"

"Few. They will not come back now. They cannot fight against the firesticks. Against bows and arrows, yes. Against the firestick, no."

TOM did not speak for a while. "The son of Hosteen Tla, Chee—is he in the canyon?"

The Navajo did not answer and Tom spoke sharply, "Answer, Tall Man."

"You will kill him."

"Did I kill you?"

"No. You saved my life. Will you save Chee's life?"

"Have you never heard of the white friend of Chee, the man he lived with in the south country?"

The Navajo started. "Many times. When Asson Tsosie's clan come to get the peaches in the fall, Chee tells us. Are you the white friend?"

"I am."

"Then it is an honor to be captured by such a warrior."

Tom made an impatient gesture. "Where is Chee?"

"He is north, at his wife's home in the Chuska mountains. His wife, Asson Tsosie, the Slim One, is of a powerful clan and they will fight."

"But they cannot."

"I know that. Chee knows that. But the others, they do not. They will fight the white man."

"These Chuska mountains, you know them?"

"I was there once."

"Can you take me to them?"

The Navajo hesitated. "They will kill you," he said. "Even Chee cannot stop them."

"But you, Tall Man, will you take me there?"

The Navajo shrugged. "I am your slave," he said tonelessly. "Whatever you wish."

Tom sat there, letting his pipe go out. Johnny Dinah was safe for a while, but only if Tom got to him before the clan arranged to fight. But the Chuska mountains were far distant. In his talk

with the volunteers that day, Tom had quizzed them. They knew the mountains, but only by sight. They were wild and distant, inhabited by a fighting clan whom the Mexicans were willing to let alone. Only a few whites had ever been there.

Tom looked covertly at Hosteen Nez. He had his guide now but it would be risky. A man on the trail cannot go forever without sleep, and once he was sleeping, what would prevent Hosteen Nez from killing him? It was the warrior's game. The only thing that would save him from Hosteen Nez, Tom knew, was his friendship for Johnny Dinah. These people, like all primitive folk, honored friendship. Suddenly, the solution occurred to him.

He drew his revolver and extended it to Hosteen Nez, who took it, looking at him. "You are not my slave, Tall Man. You are my friend. Chee's friends are my friends. I give you the firestick to show you are equal with me. And tomorrow we will go find Chee and save him from the foolishness of his wife's people. Is it well?"

"It is well," Hosteen Nez said solemnly.

Late that night Tom made his claim to Captain Pfeiffer and told him his plan. "You won't be alive another day," Pfeiffer said shortly, when he had heard.

"Still, I'd like two horses," Tom said stubbornly.

Pfeiffer shrugged. "Help yourself, then."

Before sunup the next morning, Tom and Hosteen Nez set out back of the canyon. At sunrise they climbed up to the plateau and headed north over the long plateau and within two hours Tom knew that Hosteen Nez had kept his word. He was his friend.

CHAPTER III

THE RESCUE

ON the second day they were riding through a long rolling forest of scrub cedar. It was a strange country, like nothing Tom had ever seen before. Off through the trees to the west he could look out over great white plains cut with vast mesas. These were a riot of color, red and purple and fawn and green, like fists thrust up from some great subterranean color pot. The distances he could see were so vast that they were staggering and the clear winter air seemed to magnify them. This was a country, he felt, that was never described by the white man, and never, in a hundred years of exploring it, would it ever be fully known.

They met several Navajos and to each of them Hosteen Nez announced that the white man was his prisoner. It was the safest way. But to all invitations to stop at hogans he turned a deaf ear. Once, he picked up a rumor that the Utes were raiding to the north and that they had firesticks now. The Navajos were all concerned. Could it be that the Utes would now conquer The People? And was it true that the white man to the east was warring on them? Strange stories had come up from Canyon de Chelly. Hosteen Nez did not have the heart to tell them the truth, that within a few weeks' time the white man would be hunting them. He said only that it was unwise to fight the white man, for he was the best of warriors.

On the third day they approached the Chuska mountains. They rose sheer out of a plain of greasewood, and for the first hundred feet of their rise they were of a soft orange rock that was so bright it hurt the eyes. Farther up, the rock gave way to tall timber. It was on the banks of Red Creek, Hosteen Nez had learned, that Asson Tsosie's clan lived. They started the climb up the creek bottom, but soon had to leave it for a trail. Just at dark, on the edge of the deep pine forest, they came to a clearing. Five winter hogans were raised in the center and off toward the creek was the huge sheep and horse corral.

A man stood in the clearing and at sight of them he turned and called to the others. Indians seemed to pour out of the hogans and they approached cautiously. And then, running from one hogan came a tall, lithe Navajo man in buckskin.

"Johnny!" Tom shouted, dismounting.

The Navajo stopped and for one brief second he was immobile, and then he said cautiously, "Tom?"

"It's me, Johnny!"

Johnny Dinah ran then. He and Tom shook hands, and Johnny stroked the sleeve of his coat, his face wreathed in smiles. He was almost Tom's height, straight as one of the native pines, with a thin nose, deepset eyes and a smile that was as warm as friendship could make it. It warmed Tom's heart to see him.

"How did you get here?" Johnny asked in halting English. "Your mother, how is she?"

Johnny had his mouth open to ask a thousand more questions when a heavy, surly-looking Indian seized him by the arm and whirled him around. The other men collected now in a tight circle around them. Hosteen Nez watchfully stood guard at Tom's right hand.

The surly man said in a swift spatter of Navajo, "This is a white man, Chee. Do you not see?"

"I see," Johnny said gravely. "He is my friend."

"He is white!" another Indian said sharply. "Kill him."

Johnny whirled to confront this man. "You will die if you touch him!"

THE swart Indian laughed and seized Tom's arm. Like an explosion, Johnny was on top of him and they fell to the ground. The Navajo does not fight with his fists; he wrestles instead. And this was Johnny's way of fighting for his friend. There was a swift movement between the two on the ground, a grunt, and then Johnny was on his knees. He had the surly man's arm bent back in a hammer lock behind his back. And holding him so, Johnny staggered to his feet, holding the man like a baby in his arms. He raised him head high with a mighty heave, then threw him to the earth. The force of the fall shook the ground. The man gagged for air, half turned over, then rolled over on his back, his eyes unseeing.

Johnny turned swiftly to confront the others. "What now?"

"He is of our clan, Chee!" one man said angrily. It was the signal for them to swarm on Johnny. They pinned his arms behind him and then turned to Tom. Tom lashed out with a left that sent their leader sprawling, and then too late, he thought of his gun. He had it half out when they dived at him. He sprawled back on the snow and then they were all jumping on him. Something rapped his head and he saw a pinwheel of stars in the dusk sky before sight went black and bottomless.

When he came to, he was inside the largest of the hogans propped up against the back wall. Johnny Dinah sat by his side, but he was not bound. The left side of the hogan was filled with grim-faced Navajo warriors, all in buckskin. They wore their long hair gathered and bound in back, a woven cotton ribbon as a head band. Off to the right of the center, the women sat on sheepskins and there were many of them. Some wore buckskin while others were dressed in the crude cotton dress of their own weaving. Even while his head ached viciously, Tom had to admit they were fine looking people. Their faces held a fierce pride that a man could not help but respect.

And then, on the other side of him, Tom noticed Hosteen Nez. His face was bloody and an open cut was on his right cheek. He too had fought, and Tom felt a queer twist of pride and of pity as he looked at him.

"It is bad," Hosteen Nez whispered softly.

Tom turned to Johnny, whose face was sullen, angry and baffled. "What is it, Johnny?"

"They are fools," Johnny said in English. "They want to hear you tell them why you came."

"Shall I?"

"They won't believe you, but tell them," Johnny said bitterly.

One of their captors said, "You say he speaks the language of The People, Chee. We will listen."

At that moment, a girl spoke up from the woman's side and they all turned to listen. She was a slight girl with a coppery skin and deep black eyes that were angry now. Her black hair was faultlessly done, brushed back sleekly to

a knot at the back of her head. She was slim, beautiful even by the white man's standards.

"He cannot speak our language," the girl said contemptuously. "Chee said he could fight too. He cannot. And I do not think he can speak either."

"You are wrong, Asson Tsosie," Tom said quietly. "You are too proud."

The girl looked startled, and Tom knew that he had guessed her identity correctly.

"In my country it is a squaw's fight when many men conquer one man. It is not a warrior's way." His voice was cold, sarcastic.

He had the surly man's arm bent back in a hammer lock behind his back.

Johnny Dinah's wife lifted her lip in a sneer. "You have no warriors."

"Ask Hosteen Nez if we have warriors," Tom said.

They all turned to look at Tall Man.

"It is true," he said quietly. "They captured me and killed my mother. They all have firesticks which you cannot fight. There are many of them at the canyon, more than a whole clan of us. They are burning our hogans and killing our sheep and cutting our trees and destroying our seed. They are powerful, with many horses and many firesticks."

"Yet you bring this man as your slave," Slim One said.

"I am his slave," Hosteen Nez said. "Listen to his words. They are true."

THEY looked at Tom now.

"Tell them the truth," Johnny Dinah murmured. "Make them believe."

"Seven treaties you have made with the white man," Tom began, "and seven times you proved yourselves liars. The White Chief is patient, but not forever. His patience is at an end. He has warriors in your country now and they will destroy you. They will hunt you to the sacred mountain of the north and kill you unless you obey what they say."

"What do they say?" Slim One asked haughtily.

"You are to journey south to the white man's house and surrender yourselves. He will feed you and will give you skins, but he will not let you stay in this land. You will go to another land until you learn that The People cannot lie to the white man."

There was an angry murmuring among the men. The women seemed amused.

"And did the White Chief send you to destroy our clan?" Slim One asked finally. "Are your warriors so great that one of you can conquer us?"

"I came to warn you to surrender. Or you will be killed."

"Why should you warn us?" a man asked.

"Chee, son of Hosteen Tla, is my friend," Tom said quietly. "I came to save him from our warriors."

Slim One looked at the men and then at the women. By silent consent, she seemed to be the spokesman for the clan.

"White man, ever since we came from the Blue House, we have lived here and fought. We have conquered the Utes and the tribes who lived in houses. They are our slaves. We have conquered the people to the south, and they are our slaves. We raid many moons away and come back conquerors. We are The People. The Gods like us and will never let us be conquered. Your tongue is false, just as Chee's tongue is false when your Gods put a spell on him. You are a son of Coyote."

Johnny Dinah said angrily. "Foolish girl! Your clan is blind! What he says is true. I have seen it!"

"A son of Coyote," Slim One repeated. "Your scalp will look well at the Yebitchai when the land is green again."

Johnny Dinah groaned.

"That is all," Slim One said. "We will feed you before we kill you. For The People are rich and can feed the dead."

It was the end of the parley. The women threw sticks on the fire that burned in the middle of the hogan and were soon about the business of preparing mutton and meal.

Tom shut his eyes and leaned his head back against the wall. It was terribly necessary to think and think straight now, but his head ached miserably.

"This girl," he said softly in English. "She is your wife, Johnny?"

"Yes," Johnny answered bitterly. "She is brave, but she is also blind."

"You would not leave her?"

Johnny was silent a moment. "Yes, to get you out of here, Tom. But I would come back to her."

"Perhaps we can take her with us," Tom suggested.

Johnny's face remained calm, for they were being watched, but there was an undertone of excitement in his voice as he asked, "How?"

"Where are the guns?"

"We must not shoot them, Tom. I cannot."

"Not them. But others, once we make our escape good."

"They are in the snow outside where they fell. My people will not touch them."

Tom studied the men in the hogan and then said, "They have no weapons, Johnny."

"They do not think you are a warrior, Tom. It is a sign of contempt."

"And a good one," Tom murmured. "They will unbind me to feed me?"

"Yes."

"I will ask to stretch my legs and rise. Then we will make a rush for the door. You go first and get horses. One for me, one for you, one for Slim One

and one for Hosteen Nez if he fights free."

"But Slim One," Johnny protested. "How will we bring her?"

"You have the horses ready," Tom said grimly. "I'll attend to that."

IT was the measure of Johnny Dinah's belief in Tom that he did not question him further. And Tom only wished he had half the confidence in himself that Johnny Dinah had in him. There was no way of warning Hosteen Nez of the break, since he understood only Navajo, and to speak it would give the scheme away. That meant that single-handed he must make his escape and bring Asson Tsosie with him. To leave her meant that Johnny Dinah would return, and his return would mean death at the hands of his wife's clan. Tom's lean face settled into sleepy repose as he watched the preparation of the meal. The Navajos were conversing softly and gravely among themselves.

Tom began to grow restless. He moved against the wall and lifted himself to a higher position. Suddenly, he asked in Navajo, "Do The People feed their captives before killing them?"

"You will be fed," a man said. "We have said it."

"But how am I to eat with my hands tied?"

There was a whispered conference and then the spokesman said to Hosteen Nez, "Free him."

Hosteen Nez unbound the buckskin thongs around Tom's wrists. He stretched his hands over his head and moved his fingers and then he said contemptuously to the men, "Guard the door. I am getting up to stretch." Without waiting for their permission he rose. He had to bend down a little to clear the ceiling and, indifferently, he looked over at the women, with contempt. The men had accepted his jibe about guarding the low door. They had not done so. The way was clear. Asson Tsosie was sitting in the front row of women, watching him.

Tom raised a leg and kneaded the muscles of his calf with stiff fingers. And then, before anyone suspected him, he

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brought his leg down in a swift kick at the fire. A shower of flaming wood and hot coals sprayed out onto the women, but Asson Tsosie, as Tom had planned, received most of the fire in her lap. There was only half-light left in the hogan as Tom lunged for the low door. But before he could achieve it, Johnny Dinah had streaked past him and out it.

There was a concert of screams from the women. Tom cleared the door, then wheeled to face it, his hands fisted. The second man out was Hosteen Nez, and he had to fight his way. The Indians had tried to stop him, and even now they had hold of his arms. Tom slugged past Hosteen Nez's head and hit a face in the dark. Tall Man came free and fell on the snow.

"Stay and take Slim One!" Tom said swiftly.

There was bedlam in the hogan now. In several places, Tom could see, fire was starting. The first person out was a man. Tom brought his fist down on the man's neck as he stooped low to pass through the door. Hosteen Nez dragged him out and threw him in the snow. Next came a fat squaw whose cotton dress was flaming. Tom let her pass. Then there was turmoil inside and from it and out the door came Slim One, her dress blazing. Tom saw Hosteen Nez grab her and throw her down into the snow, and then there was the sound of a struggle behind him. But he forgot that, for his attention now was centered on the hogan door. The warriors were struggling to get out.

Feet planted far apart for bracing, Tom fought. As soon as a head and shoulders appeared out of the door, he would slug. If they did not disappear immediately, he kicked. It was savage, bloody, brutal, but it had to be done. His fists ached from slugging Navajo skulls, and still they would not give up. A leaden weariness crept up his arms. The Indians were fighting in pure panic now, for the hogan had caught fire.

Then the first man Hosteen Nez had dragged from the doorway rose shakily from the snowbank and, sizing things up, rushed at Tom. Tom saw him and had to turn to face him to protect himself. It was the signal for the Indians to pour out of the hogan like water spilled from a jar.

Tom drove a savage left in the Navajo's face as he tried to wrestle and then turned to confront the Indians boiling toward him. It would be suicide to fight longer.

He turned and raced off towards the corrals, the Indians in pursuit. Halfway there, he saw the horses loom out of the dark. Hosteen Nez held a riderless horse. Johnny Dinah, with Asson Tsosie in front of him, was leading another riderless horse. Tom, without pausing in his stride, jumped on the nearest horse and Johnny Dinah wheeled off toward the north. The others fell in line, galloping out of camp. Behind them, the angry yells of the Navajos rose on the night air.

SOON they were on a narrow trail that followed the creek up the mountains. They rode for perhaps ten minutes when Johnny Dinah pulled up and waited for the others.

"Are you hurt?" he asked Tom.

"No. Did you get the guns?"

"They were gone," Johnny said simply. "They picked them up."

"Then we have no weapons?" Tom asked.

"None. Not even a knife."

There was a long moment of silence, which was broken by Slim One saying, "The People will kill you now, Chee."

"The People will not catch me," Johnny answered. "I drove off the horses."

"They will travel far."

"And so will we," Johnny said. "There is a horse for you. Ride it."

Slim One said calmly, "I will not."

Roughly, Johnny pushed her off his horse to the ground and then dismounted himself, facing her. "Woman," he said quietly, angrily, "you may speak well in council, but you do not act well in war. I have not yet beat you, but if you do not mount your horse and ride between me and the white friend, I will prove to you that woman's words cannot turn a man's blow. Do you hear?"

For one astounded moment Slim One

regarded Johnny, and then she said softly, "Chee. It is not well to speak to a woman so."

"It is not well to die for your pride. Now ride."

In complete submission, Asson Tsosie walked over to her horse. In the dark, Tom smiled. The Navajos, apparently, let their women rule them only so long as they chose. But soon, his thoughts turned to what Johnny had told him. Without weapons of any sort, they would have to cross a hundred miles of Navajo country. Perhaps they could bluff it, but the thought of their helplessness angered him.

Apparently, Johnny had been thinking of the same thing, for he called them together and talked in Navajo, consulting with Hosteen Nez.

"We are helpless," he announced. "The safest way is over these mountains, following north to the white man's land and the Utes'. Perhaps then, we can dodge The People after Asson Tsosie's clan set them against us."

This course was decided upon, then. They rode all through the long night, Johnny guiding them up the mountain trail, trying to put many miles between them and the five hogans on Red Creek. Johnny had said no word of thanks to Tom yet for risking his life to save him, but Tom understood the reticence. It was one he would have practiced himself.

Just before daybreak, they made camp in order to allow Johnny and Hosteen Nez to set buckskin rabbit snares. There was a little moonlight, but they decided to risk a fire. By daylight, it would have died to coals so the rabbits could be cooked and still not leave a sign of smoke in the air. Their luck held. By the time Johnny had set the fifth snare, there was a rabbit in the first. And when full daylight came, they had eaten well and were on the trail again. It wound up through the timber, huge pines making the forest gloomy and secretive. The snow was not so heavy in the thick timber, and the only tracks they encountered were those of the animals.

All that day they rode steadily and Asson Tsosie was quiet as death. To her, Johnny's actions were a betrayal of The People and it hurt her pride. Toward nightfall, they were approaching the top of the pass. This was as far as Asson Tsosie or Johnny had been, and, like all primitive people, they were a little awed at the thought of what they might see on the other side of the mountains. The approach, therefore, to the ridge was slow, cautious.

Johnny Dinah dismounted just before they reached the top, a point of rock swept bare of snow with only the darkening sky beyond. He climbed up to it cautiously and when he achieved the ridge, he stopped. Then he dropped on all fours and rolled down the ridge, stopping just in front of Tom.

"Utes," he said simply, pointing over the ridge.

CHAPTER IV

INTO EXILE

THERE were six of them, a Ute scouting party undoubtedly. They were camped on the very lip of a cliff with wickiups thrown up against the wind. On the edge of the cliff, in front of the fire, six rifles were stacked, after the fashion of the soldiers they had seen in the forts of their reservation. The picture was eloquent, telling Tom many things. In the first place, the Utes were so confident that they had camped in the most exposed place they could find. In the second place, it meant that they were on the warpath in behalf of the white man. Tom knew enough, by hearsay, of the Utes to be sure their chance of escaping were nil if they walked down into that camp and gave themselves up. As long as the Utes were under the leadership of whites, they were sullenly docile. But to find one white and three Navajos alone and unarmed in this mountain fastness would be a stroke of fortune they would not question. Scalps were prized, and white ones more highly than their traditional Navajo ones since the white man had subjected them. In such a situation, the Ute would revert back to the ways of twenty years past. The white men be damned! Be-

sides, who would ever know what had happened in these wild mountains?

The same thoughts were running through Johnny Dinah's head as, along with Hosteen Nez, the three of them watched the Ute camp from a screening scrub oak thicket.

Tom beckoned them down the ridge and they went back down the trail and into the forest where Asson Tsosie had been ordered to take the horses. A whicker from one of them would be disastrous. Squatting in the shelter of a windfall, Johnny told his wife what they had seen. Then he looked over at Tom.

"Tomorrow," Tom said in Navajo, "they will pick up our trail and follow it. They will kill us."

Johnny nodded. "Then they will go down our backtrail to kill The People. The men of Asson Tsosie's clan cannot fight firesticks."

Tom nodded. He and Johnny were thinking along the same unpleasant lines, he could see, but Johnny was reluctant to speak. For Johnny already knew that the Utes were the allies of the whites in this war against the Navajos. Could he ask Tom to kill his own allies?

Tom settled the question for him. "They must not be allowed to go on," he said quietly. He had solved the problem in his own mind. Johnny Dinah was his friend, and Johnny's people would be at the mercy of these murdering Utes who had no idea of justice, only murder and plunder. Better six dead Utes than forty Navajos whom they would kill in a bitterly unfair fight.

Hosteen Nez said, "But they have firesticks."

"We will surprise them," Tom said. He caught Asson Tsosie looking at him strangely, as if she could not believe her ears. Her expression said, "Is the white friend going to fight for The People?" Tom looked at Johnny.

"When they are fed and slow of thought," he said in Navajo, "we will surprise their camp." He went on to detail the plan. Johnny and Hosteen Nez listened gravely, and at the end Hosteen Nez said, "It is bad. We will die."

Tom turned to Asson Tsosie and said mockingly, "Can you give this man of The People courage?"

Asson Tsosie flushed. "He said that it was bad. He did not say that he was afraid."

"Maybe the ears of the white man are too sharp," Tom said sardonically, looking at Hosteen Nez.

Tall Man lowered his eyes. "If you say it, I shall fight."

"I say it," Tom said bluntly.

IT was cruel, Tom knew, but he needed Hosteen Nez. He also knew that Hosteen Nez was not so much afraid as he was chary of a new thing. He had never fought these Utes before, and now he was called upon to fight them when they had guns. But pity did not enter into Tom's talk. He wanted to goad Hosteen Nez into a fight which would be desperate. Johnny Dinah understood this and he turned away to hide a sad smile.

At full dark, the three of them set out. They first determined the direction of the wind, then made a wide circle that would bring them close to the camp in screening timber. The Ute horses had been staked down the slope a ways. Tom chose the most dangerous role for himself, since he wanted to set an example. He was to crawl up behind the wickiup. Hosteen Nez and Johnny were to approach from downslope, the only vantage point feasible. Once Tom was ready, he was to wait long enough to make certain that the other two were ready, then they would rush the camp.

They parted in the dark and Tom gave them time to swing down the slope and come up again. Then he set out.

As a child, he had been schooled well enough in Indian ways to understand the tricks of their stealth. There was none better than the Apache school. Soon, he could see the fire, but he did not get down on all fours. He mastered his impatience, knowing that an Indian would sometimes work all night to sneak up on a camp like this.

An hour passed and he was closer, almost behind the brush wickiup. He

could hear the guttural conversation of the Utes. They were smoking; occasionally, one of them would rise and throw logs on the fire. Only an Indian made a fool by his own confidence would have acted so openly in hostile country.

Tom waited a long time there, perfectly motionless, until his feet were almost numb with cold. When he judged that Johnny and Tall Man were in their positions, he waited until the fire had died again and was replenished. When it was burning brightly, he gathered himself for the rush.

His run past the wickiup was as noiseless as he could make it, and he headed straight beyond the fire for the stacked rifles. He did not hear a sound until he reached the rifles and whirled. The six Utes were on their feet staring.

He determined to give them a chance. "I am taking your guns," he said calmly in English, hoping they would understand. "Sit down."

For answer, the nearest Ute raised his tomahawk and threw it with a sidearm motion that was as swift as it was wicked. Tom tried to dodge, but it slammed against his shoulder with an impact that staggered him and seemed to crush his arm.

He had been a fool! With a yell, the Utes swarmed toward him. Johnny Dinah's whoop filled the night and he and Hosteen Nez jumped into the firelight. They each had a heavy club and Tom saw Johnny snatch a tomahawk from the Ute's belt before he realized that two of the Utes were rushing him. He tried to grab for a rifle, but his right arm was numb. Desperately then, he kicked the stacked rifles over the cliff edge, stooped and grasped the handle of the thrown tomahawk in his left hand just as the Utes were upon him.

AWKWARDLY, he parried a vicious downsweep of the second Ute's tomahawk and then jabbed his own in the Indian's midriff stopping his rush. The first Ute had a knife raised and Tom struck savagely at it. He saw it arc off in a glitter of steel just as the Ute screamed. The second Indian was up now, facing him, slashing expertly with the sharp end of the tomahawk. Slowly, using his own weapon as clumsy shield, Tom backed off. The feeling was slowly coming into his right arm again. But under his feet, he felt the cliff edge, and he knew that if he were to save himself, he must act now. The second Ute was searching in the snow for his knife.

Tom parried a blow of the Ute tomahawk with the haft of his own and then kicked out viciously. He caught the Indian in the stomach and he jack-

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knifed forward. With a short sweep of his weapon, Tom brought his weapon down on the Ute's skull. And then, before he knew it, the second Ute had dived into him, arm raised, knife flashing in the firelight.

He felt himself lose his balance. He raised his tomahawk over his head, the haft of it against the knife arm of the Ute, and with his right arm he grabbed the buckskin shirt of the Indian. Slowly, almost majestically, locked in each other's arms, they teetered over the edge.

What Tom had thought was a cliff was only a steep snow-covered slope of rocks. As he felt himself going, he twisted his body so that the Ute was under him. The Indian lit in the snow on his back and in a tangle of arms and legs and a cloud of snow they plummeted down the slope. Tom remembered to hold the tomahawk over his head, barring the knife from striking, but he could not do it for long. He felt both the arms of the Ute around him, and guessed that in the panic the Ute had dropped his knife also. Snow filled his mouth. His head rapped against a rock but he clung desperately to the Indian.

When he felt their slide slacking, he started to fight again. Holding the Indian's head in the crook of his arm, he smashed blow after blow at the face, his arms pumping savagely. The Ute's hand crawled up his face, fingers searching for his eyes. Tom bit the hand and felt warm blood in his mouth, heard the Ute's sharp cry. And now they were stopped, buried deep in a snowbank. With a sharp twist of his body, he was on top of the kicking Indian. He knew now that the Ute's knife was gone, One hand choking the Indian, then, he slugged blow after blow at the Ute's face. At the fifth one, he felt the body slack under him. But he kept on, striking with both hands now. When he was tired, he ceased, dragging in great sobs of breath. The Indian was under him, still as stone. And then Tom realized that the Ute had been pinned down to bare and jagged rock. His skull would be crushed by now.

He staggered to his feet, looking up the slope. He could hear the sound of fighting up there. Up the slope ten feet was one of the rifles. Frantically, Tom worked his way to it, got it, and continued up, his lungs almost burst with the panting.

Almost at the top now, he fought savagely for wind. As his head rose over the edge, he took the scene in with one swift glance. Hosteen Nez was on his back, doing his mightiest to stay the arm of a huge Ute with knife in hand. Tom leveled the rifle and shot, and the Ute rolled over. Johnny Dinah, with a bloody stick of heavy firewood in his hand, was matching battle with the single Ute left standing, who was wielding a tomahawk like a wild flail. And Asson Tsosie, a stick of firewood in her hand, was harrying the Ute from behind.

Tom shot again and the Ute, as if glad to die, simply folded into the snow. The camp was not a pretty sight now. One of the Utes, a knife in his chest, lay across the fire. Another had his head laid open and was lying on his face. The two that were shot lay peacefully on their backs. The fifth lay half over the edge of the cliff. The sixth, below, Tom was glad no one could see.

Johnny Dinah grinned weakly at sight of Tom. His bloody shirt was ribboned with knife cuts which he ignored. He reached out for Asson Tsosie and pulled her to him.

"Our women can fight," he told Tom in English. "She killed one Ute, Tom."

Hosteen Nez had a shattered hand where he had tried to stop the blow of a tomahawk. But none of them was hurt badly. None of the knife wounds were deep and with the Ute's own herbs, which she found in a buckskin sack, Asson Tsosie bandaged their wounds.

When she came to Tom, she smiled up into his eyes. "I believe you now," she said simply. "The white friend is a true warrior."

IT was at noon next day that they sighted the band of Carson's volunteers which had set out from Defiance ahead of Tom. The snow on the flats was not

deep now, only a slush. Tom and the other three were sighted almost as soon as they pulled out of the timber and the volunteers stopped to wait for them.

Approaching, Tom could see they were mostly Mexicans, about seventy of them. Their captain was an American, a trapper from the Ute country.

He greeted Tom with warmth and then looked at the others.

"Fight, huh?" he observed.

And Tom, who had fought what his own people would have called a friendly ally, looked over at Johnny Dinah and his wife and at Hosteen Nez. Blind and proud and fierce as the Navajo people were, if they could produce three such as this, they were worth saving. He turned to the officer and lied. He did it blandly, with feeling, knowing he was right.

"Yes," he said calmly. "These are friendly Navajos on their way to surrender. Their clan wouldn't let them go. We had a mighty tough fight to get away."

"Looks it," the trapper said, nodding his head sympathetically. "Did you see anything of my Ute scouts when you were up that way?"

"Nothing," Tom lied. "But if they're headed over the mountains, they're as good as dead."

"They've got guns," the trapper said, surprise in his voice.

"So have the Navajos," Tom said again. "There are two hundred of them there in the mountains. Unless you want to commit suicide, I wouldn't take the men up."

The trapper shook his head immediately. "Don't worry," he said quietly. "This murderin' sticks in my craw. I'll sashay to the south, cover a piece of country, kill a few sheep and wait for 'em to starve out. I've got a bellyfull of murderin' people I like."

Tom got food from them and then the four of them set out for the south. Next day, in the middle of a vast brown plain, Tom pulled up and pointed to far distant mountains to the east. "Over there in Santa Fe, Johnny. That's my way." He pointed south. "That is your way."

Johnny nodded gravely and spoke in Navajo. "What will happen to our people, Tom? What will happen to us?"

Tom only shook his head. "Whatever it is, Johnny, see it through. Over east, our people are at war and I must help them. Later, when it is over, I will come back and help you."

Asson Tsosie pulled her horse up beside Tom's. "Chee's white friend is my white friend," she said simply. "If we must be punished for our pride, let it be."

And that was the parting, Hosteen Nez and Johnny Dinah and Asson Tsosie heading toward the white man's fort and exile, and Tom heading back for the war. But if, Tom thought soberly as he watched them ride off, in the midst of all this killing those three were to come through, all was not so bad.

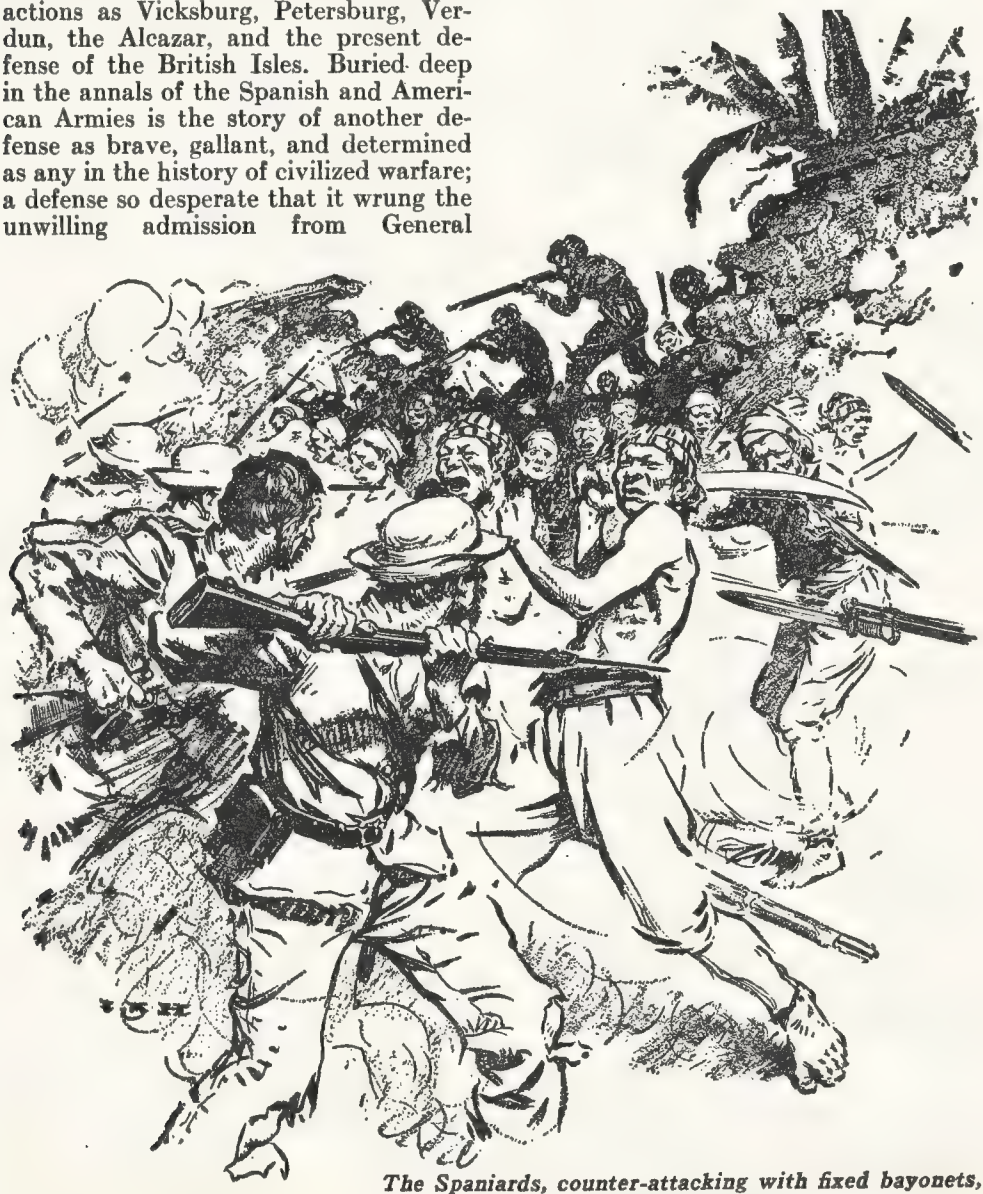
He pulled his horse around and headed east.

THE DEFENSE OF BALER CHURCH

By FRANK W. EBEY

A FACT STORY

SILHOUETTED in heroic stature against the grim skyline of military history are such gallant defensive actions as Vicksburg, Petersburg, Verdun, the Alcazar, and the present defense of the British Isles. Buried deep in the annals of the Spanish and American Armies is the story of another defense as brave, gallant, and determined as any in the history of civilized warfare; a defense so desperate that it wrung the unwilling admission from General



The Spaniards, counter-attacking with fixed bayonets, stopped the charge.

Aguinaldo, Filipino Insurgent leader, that it ranked, "by its valor and constant heroism worthy of universal admiration, only with the legendary valor of the sons of the Cid and Pelayo."

I refer to the defense of Baler Church at Baler, Luzon, Philippines, by a handful of Spanish troops who for three hundred and forty days fought off forces that varied from six to twelve times their number. From June 27, 1898 to June 2, 1899, four officers and fifty men, trapped in a small enclosure and with no hope of succor, withstood Insurgent bullets, tropical disease, hunger, thirst, heat, fatigue, and famine to become the last outpost in Spain's crumbled world empire. Their flag, improvised from the red gown of an acolyte and a piece of yellow mosquito netting, was the last to fly in Spain's 377-year occupation of the Philippine Islands.

Baler is a hundred and forty miles northeast of Manila. It fronts upon the Pacific Ocean. In 1898 it was almost cut off from land communication with Manila by the mountains at its back and the jungle beyond them. There was no fort in Baler and the small Spanish garrison, stationed for police purposes only, was quartered in the town.

The soldiers were restless in the late spring of 1898. Little amusement was to be found in the village with its native population of less than two thousand. Emilio Aguinaldo had been exiled by the treaty of December, 1897 and the troops were anxious to get back to Manila and sail for Spain now that the insurrectos had been crushed. Things were boring and very quiet in Baler.

Too quiet for comfort, Captain Las Morenas, Infantry, senior officer present and acting governor of Principe Province, thought. Accordingly he had instructed his subalterns, Lieutenants Zayas and Martin and his medical officer, Surgeon Vigil, to report immediately any unusual happenings.

Just before reveille on June 27, Lieutenant Martin, Officer of the Day, woke Captain Las Morenas.

"The natives have been leaving town since four A.M.," he reported.

News of this abandonment meant but one thing to Captain Las Morenas—impending trouble. He ordered guards posted and the troops with all available supplies moved inside Baler Church.

A sentinel was posted in the church belfry, outguards were thrown out, and a small detail was set to work fortifying the church under the personal supervision of Captain Las Morenas. The remaining details moved supplies into the church. About 14,000 rounds of ball ammunition, two months' rations, and seventy bushels of native rice were stowed before the sharp crack of Insurgent Mausers drove the last soldier into the church. In the withdrawal a corporal was wounded, the only casualty of the day.

The church, like many other Catholic churches in the Philippines, was constructed of stone. It was joined by another stone building, the *convento*, or priests' quarters. A thick stone wall, eight feet high, surrounded the small churchyard and joined the buildings at both ends. The walls were fairly thick and extremely well constructed.

Captain Las Morenas was a calm man. He assembled his garrison, now reinforced by Fray Carreño, the parish priest, and explained to them the gravity of the situation as he saw it. He warned them to be vigilant at all times, to make careful use of cover, and never to expose themselves needlessly. He had already arranged loopholes so as to cover any approach to the church with the fire of at least three rifles. He assigned positions to every soldier and divided them into two reliefs.

THERE was little visible activity on the part of the Insurgents during the 28th and 29th. Despite this, Captain Las Morenas refused to relax his vigilance. He realized that his regulars were pitted not against green troops, but guerillas armed with Mausers, seasoned by many actions during the insurrection.

At dusk on June 30th a detail of nine men and a corporal, covered by fire from the church, went to a village well to draw water. Insurgent snipers stationed in houses near the church fired on them and two men were wounded.

Las Morenas assembled his officers and warned them that they were now completely surrounded.

"We will resist to the last man," he informed them.

Surgeon Vigil suggested that the certainty of heavy casualties in the procurement of water would hasten the end of the siege. He did not suggest surrender.

"There is no chance to fight our way out," Las Morenas replied. "We will be completely surrounded by dawn. We will sink a well in the churchyard at once."

The lieutenants roused the relief off post and set the men to work sinking the well. When they paused to rest, sounds of digging came to them from all directions across the still night. A corporal said later that these sounds intensified the effort expended by the determined well diggers.

At dawn the church was completely surrounded by trenches. Houses near the church masked the movements of the Insurgents. Scattered rifle fire from the houses and trenches was directed against the church all day. The men at the loopholes heeded Captain Las Morenas' stern orders as to the conservation of ammunition and fired only when Insurgent heads were exposed. This watchful sniping more or less pinned the Filipinos to the ground and greatly decreased the accuracy of their fire.

On this first day of active siege an eager private climbed to the top of the wall to get a better view of the Insurgents. A bullet through the shoulder knocked him from his perch and into the surgeon's care. Angry, Las Morenas punished him as an example to the other men and again warned them against needless exposure.

At noon on July 1st, two Insurgent captains approached under a flag of truce. They requested admission to the church. Captain Las Morenas did not want them to see his defensive layout and refused their request. He instructed them to say what they had to say and to say it quickly.

"I have three companies with me," one of the Insurgent captains said in pompous, broken Spanish. "You must surrender. This time the insurrectos are successful. Every other Spanish garrison has laid down their arms. You must do the same!"

"I allow you five minutes to retire to your trenches," Las Morenas replied.

The well was finished later the same day. Water, fresh but muddy, was reached, and the walls of the well were reinforced.

July wore on and the garrison sweltered in the damp, tropical heat. The danger from without and the constant whine of Mauser bullets failed to allay the boredom of the men, confined in their small fortress. Rations were running lower, some of them had spoiled, and the daily issue of food had been cut sharply.

Las Morenas never wavered. He had been a soldier all his life and the defense of this church for the King, however unpleasant, was his duty. He impressed this sense of duty and his fierce spirit of resistance upon his lieutenants. The officers circulated among the men, praised them for their vigilance and bravery, reminded them that they were regular troops, and promised that aid would come shortly by sea.

On July 19th an Insurgent officer, Villacorta, presented himself before the church and demanded to speak with Captain Las Morenas. This request was allowed and Villacorta announced that he had arrived with three additional companies, making six in all. He promised to spare all lives and to accord the garrison full military honors if they would surrender. This demand was haughtily refused by Las Morenas.

The small arms fire of the Insurgents increased and several men were wounded by ricochets within the courtyard and the church itself. Las Morenas laid out routes of travel close to the walls and again ordered that all safety precautions be strictly observed.

ON July 31st the sentry in the belfry called for Las Morenas. The captain climbed the belfry and the sentry pointed out the movement of field pieces in the distance. Las Morenas examined these through

his field glasses and identified them as seven obsolete smooth-bore cannon and one modern, rifled field piece. He left the belfry hastily and assembled the garrison.

He reminded them that under their oaths as soldiers of the King they could do nothing but what they were already doing. He reviewed for them the glorious tradition of Spanish arms and compared a defensive action to an assault. An assault, he pointed out earnestly, was brave and gallant, but unless in the form of a counter-attack or a desperate sortie, was a short action and taken when the troops were riding the crest of victory. A defensive action, especially one of long duration, called for greater courage and endurance. He praised them for their courage and devotion to duty and assured them of the gratitude of King and country.

He then told them that a bombardment could be expected soon, probably at night, and that an attempt would be made to broach the walls. He spoke scornfully of the Insurgent gunnery and predicted no great damage. Snipers would pick off any gunners attempting to fire at short range in the daytime. At night or at longer ranges the percentage of hits should be negligible.

Captain Las Morenas was right on all counts. On that very night the Insurgent artillery opened up. Snipers fired at the gun flashes and seemed to upset the gun crews in their service of the pieces. However one of the church gates was smashed and a shell exploded at a church window. Repair parties worked all night to replace the gate. Morning revealed no great damage done and no severe casualties.

Early in August a fate harder to bear than artillery fire confronted the men. The red wine, a component of the Spanish ration, was exhausted along with the stock of tobacco. The men appeared to suffer from deprivation of wine and tobacco more than from the small quantity and poor quality of their food.

A few nights later the long expected and, by now, eagerly awaited attack at close action began. In pitch blackness the sentry near the main gate in the churchyard heard faint sounds of suppressed breathing. He shoved his bayonet into the darkness and it squished through flesh. The sentry fired his piece in an effort to remove his bayonet and called for help.

All the vigilance instilled by Captain Las Morenas was repaid in those few minutes following that shot. Men inside the church and *convento* threw blazing brands into the churchyard. The flickering light revealed about fifteen Insurgents crouched in the yard's north end. Fire from the church killed and wounded several and the rest escaped over the fence. More brands were thrown outside the walls and another fusillade of shots cleared that area of all living Insurgents.

This action redoubled the watchfulness of the defenders, but the insurrectos had learned a bloody lesson and they settled down to earnest siege work.

Two Spanish friars approached the church on August 20th with further demands from the Insurgents to surrender. Captain Las Morenas persuaded them to enter the church and remain. He impressed them for duty as soldiers of Spain.

WITH the advent of September the garrison was confronted with two enemies more vicious than the Insurgents outside. Tropical dysentery and beriberi, the latter probably caused by the large stock of polished rice now made a ration component, made their appearance and struck at all ranks. All day and most of the night Surgeon Vigil was busy attending sick and emaciated soldiers.

A howling typhoon struck on the night of September 24th. The wind bowed trees almost to the ground, ruined many of the houses in the vicinity of the church, and blew solid sheets of water through the gaping windows of the church and *convento*. The chill and dampness further weakened the sick and wounded. The next morning the parish priest died of dysentery. Two soldiers followed him before evening.

Sickness, exposure, and discomfort, aided by the driving spirit of Captain Las Morenas and his officers, acted as

a spur to the esprit of the defenders. Spirits became lighter and the cry went up: "We've stayed this long. We will stay forever!"

Emaciated sentries who could scarcely hold themselves erect staggered to their posts and joked with one another about their probable fate, referring to those most seriously ill as "The roster for the expedition to the next town."

Provisions were running lower and attempts were made to rush from the gates and gather sprouts and herbs in the near vicinity of the church. On October 16 a soldier on this mission was wounded in the leg. Lieutenant Martin and Surgeon Vigil braved a heavy fire to rush out and drag him to safety. Martin was wounded in both arms and Surgeon Vigil suffered a chest wound that almost proved fatal.

These wounds placed a severe strain upon the garrison. Two of the officers were sick and Martin was wounded. The surgeon could not move. The two friars and a sergeant nursed the sick and wounded as best they could.

Two days later Lieutenant Zayas died of beri-beri. A little over a month later, November 22nd, Captain Las Morenas died of the same disease.

"Resist to the end," this gallant soldier ordered Lieutenant Martin with his last breath. "In you I infuse the spirit of resistance to the end. Long live Spain!"

Upon young Martin, suffering with an infection in one of his arm wounds, devolved the terrific responsibility of command. From that day on he slept only in cat-naps. Night and day he supervised the issue of ammunition and food, nursed the sick, inspected the sentries and strengthened the defenses with the limited materials at hand.

Just at daybreak on December 14th, Martin was inspecting the surrounding terrain from the belfry. He noticed that the great number of Insurgent troops had withdrawn some distance back of the trenches for a feast of some sort.

He gathered twenty men and charged the first line of trenches supported by fire from within the church. The surprised Insurgents in the trenches offered small resistance. Eight were killed and several wounded. Martin's men set fire to every house near the church and withdrew with two casualties, both wounded. Snipers kept returning Insurgents away from the houses until they burned to the ground.

From any military standpoint Martin was justified in the risk he took in making this sortie with his sick and starving men. This burning of houses forced the Insurgents to retire farther from the church and offered a clearer field of fire to the defenders. From that day on, small parties could dash out a short distance at night to gather herbs and leaves. Any growing thing was now a delicacy. Rats and tropical reptiles that were caught were promptly cooked and eaten.

On January 14th Captain Olmedo, an emissary from the Spanish General Rios who had remained in Manila after the American occupation to supervise repatriation of Spanish soldiers, arrived in front of the church under a flag of truce.

Martin halted him a hundred yards from the church and inquired his business.

"I am here under a passport from the American Army that is honored by the insurrectos. I have a personal communication for your acting governor, Captain Las Morenas."

Lieutenant Martin consulted the surgeon and several non-commissioned officers. All decided that Olmedo's appearance was merely another Insurgent ruse to lure them from the church and that Olmedo was a renegade Spaniard.

"You may not enter the church," Martin finally called. "However I will consult with Captain Las Morenas and give you his answer."

Lieutenant Martin played out his bluff to perfection. For an hour he remained out of sight, feigning a conference with the captain who had died two months before. He had no intention of revealing to any outsider the desperate condition of his starving garrison.

Finally he reappeared.

"Captain Las Morenas will not see you," he informed Olmedo. "Have the kindness to send your papers forward."

Tragically enough, the papers were not in correct military form and were

incorrectly addressed. Convinced of a ruse, Martin threw them to the ground.

"You have five minutes to retire," he informed Olmedo.

Olmedo turned and started the long trek back to Manila. Figuratively he carried with him the lives of many Spanish soldiers as well as the lives of four sailors of the U. S. Navy.

JANUARY and February dragged on as the Insurgent lines tightened and the Mauser fire became more intense. The pangs of hunger were biting into bellies now. Men staggered and sickened and only the fierce will of Lieutenant Martin to resist, by now a religion with him, kept the few able-bodied men at their posts.

Late in February three privates were reported for talking of desertion and of attempting to incite others to do likewise. Martin tried them by drum-head court-martial, sentenced them to death and confined them in the baptistry which he now turned into a guard-room.

A week later fortune smiled on the garrison when three water buffalos (carabaos) wandered near the gates. They were shot by sentries and after dark their carcasses were dragged inside the yard. Fresh meat, however tough, added to the spirit of the garrison. Many of the men were convinced that God had sent the carabaos and that it was His will that they resist to the utmost. Martin saw to it that enough meat was served to bring strength back into weakened bodies. Some of the meat he salted and "jerked" in the sun.

Uniforms were in shreds by now and the last shoe leather had worn out. Some men grumbled about the uncomfortable nakedness that exposed them to broiling sun and chilling rain while on post. Martin laughed at them. He devised a method of making needles from bits of tin cans. He shredded hospital bandages to obtain thread and issued more for patching. He set the men to shaping pieces of wood from the furniture in the *convento* and smoothing it down for use as sandals. At this time he replaced the Spanish flag, shredded and torn beyond recognition, with a flag from the red gown of an acolyte and a piece of yellow mosquito netting.

Not for an instant since Martin's sortie in December had the Insurgents relaxed their siege. Random fire and aimed shots from the trenches into apertures in the church continued during the entire twenty-four hours. Despite the desperate need for conservation of ammunition, Martin caused shots to be fired at irregular intervals from all parts of the church. Working parties repaired all breaches made by artillery fire at night. The wounded and sick who were able to stand were now forced to take short turns at guard.

On April 12 the U. S. Navy gunboat *Yorktown* sailed up the coast and anchored off Baler. Due to the masking of any view of the harbor from the belfry by ipil-ipil trees, the garrison was not aware of her entry until she fired several shots. Even then they were convinced that she was a Spanish ship sent to their rescue. Actually the *Yorktown* had been sent to Baler to aid in the garrison's rescue due to the pleas of the Bishop of Manila.

The men cheered as they heard the shots. All night they huddled eagerly waiting for their countrymen to appear. Early the next morning they heard sharp firing for a few minutes and then silence.

Actually the firing had been between Insurgents and a party of American sailors under the command of Lieutenant Gillmore, USN. Four sailors were killed and the rest captured by the Insurgents after an ambush and a sharp fight. The captives were released shortly afterwards.

The *Yorktown* commenced firing again in the afternoon. Lieutenant Martin ordered three volleys fired to attract the attention of the ship. That night he caused a beacon to be burned in the belfry to attract the ship's attention. Apparently the *Yorktown* never saw the beacon or heard the volley. At four o'clock in the morning the frantic watchers in the belfry saw her searchlights sweep the sky, blink out, and flash briefly again as she put to sea and sailed away.

Lieutenant Martin choked down the broken-hearted disappointment he must

have felt, to assure his wavering men that the Spanish warship had steamed away for additional help.

On the night of May 8th the Insurgents commenced firing shrapnel into the church. Sentries hugged the yard walls and snipers from the embrasures of the church kept a harassing fire on the gun flashes. One shrapnel exploded in the baptistry where the convicted deserters were confined. All were wounded. While the breach caused by the shrapnel was being repaired the prisoners were taken to the makeshift infirmary. One escaped during the night.

Shortly thereafter, Martin issued the last particle of food in the commissary, decaying sardines in leaky cans. Now the garrison was entirely dependent for food upon rats, reptiles, and the leaves and herbs which foragers could obtain on dark nights. The soldiers shouted weakly that they were regular troops of Spain. For the benefit of their besiegers they cheered as loudly as they could.

ON the night of May 27th with the garrison at its weakest and only fourteen men able to stand for duty, the Insurgent artillery opened a huge breach in the churchyard wall. However, they remembered their previous experiences and did not attempt entry in force.

Martin at once set five men to digging a trench opposite the breach while others poured intermittent fire in the general direction of the opening. At daylight it was seen that the Insurgents had placed men in trenches so as to deliver direct fire through the breach in the wall, on any man attempting to reach the well.

Volunteers crept along the wall and commenced throwing stones from the crumbled part of the wall into the breach opening while their comrades fired from the trench in an effort to pin the attackers to the ground.

For the first time the Insurgents discovered the weak and emaciated condition of the Spaniards. A company charged the breach. A desperate, frenzied, but accurate fire from the Spaniards, aided now by every invalid who could crawl to an embrasure opening, stopped the charge and rolled it back as the men in the inside trench counter-attacked with fixed bayonets. Many Insurgents fell dead inside the breach itself. The leader of that charge, one Tecson, later admitted seventeen dead so near the walls that it was impossible to remove their bodies.

The next day the defenders, resting on their arms after the exhausting work of firmly closing the breach, were hailed by an officer who represented himself as Colonel Aguilar, another emissary from General Rios. He had credentials from the U. S. Army to pass him through Insurgent lines. But again, tragically, his papers were not in order and he had no credentials to prove that he was a Spanish officer. Nothing could persuade Martin to allow him to enter. However, Aguilar thoughtfully threw a bundle of newspapers over the wall before he departed.

On the morning of June 1st, Martin and Surgeon Vigil concluded that no man in the church would be able to carry himself in another week unless food was obtained. At this time Martin decided to gamble the lives of all in a desperate sortie that night in an effort to break through the Insurgent lines and fight their way to the next Spanish post. In almost a year of isolation he was ignorant of the fact that his was the last Spanish post which remained unconquered in the Philippines.

The two convicted deserters were brought out and shot that afternoon and preparations were made to leave at dusk. However, a bright moon caused Martin to delay the departure until the next night.

The next morning, June 2, he glanced over the newspapers Colonel Aguilar had thrown over the wall. One of them was a two-months-old Barcelona paper which he realized could not have been faked by the Insurgents. From it he learned that the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba, along with Spain's other Pacific possessions, had long since been lost by Spain.

The horrible realization dawned upon him that his was the last Spanish garrison in all the Philippines.

He caused another flag to be impro-

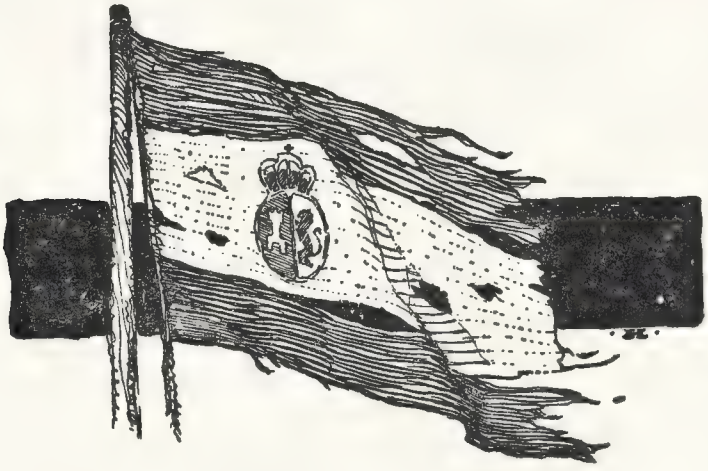
vised from the red gown of an acolyte and another piece of yellow mosquito netting. After he had pulled it up the flagpole he assembled the men and explained the situation to them.

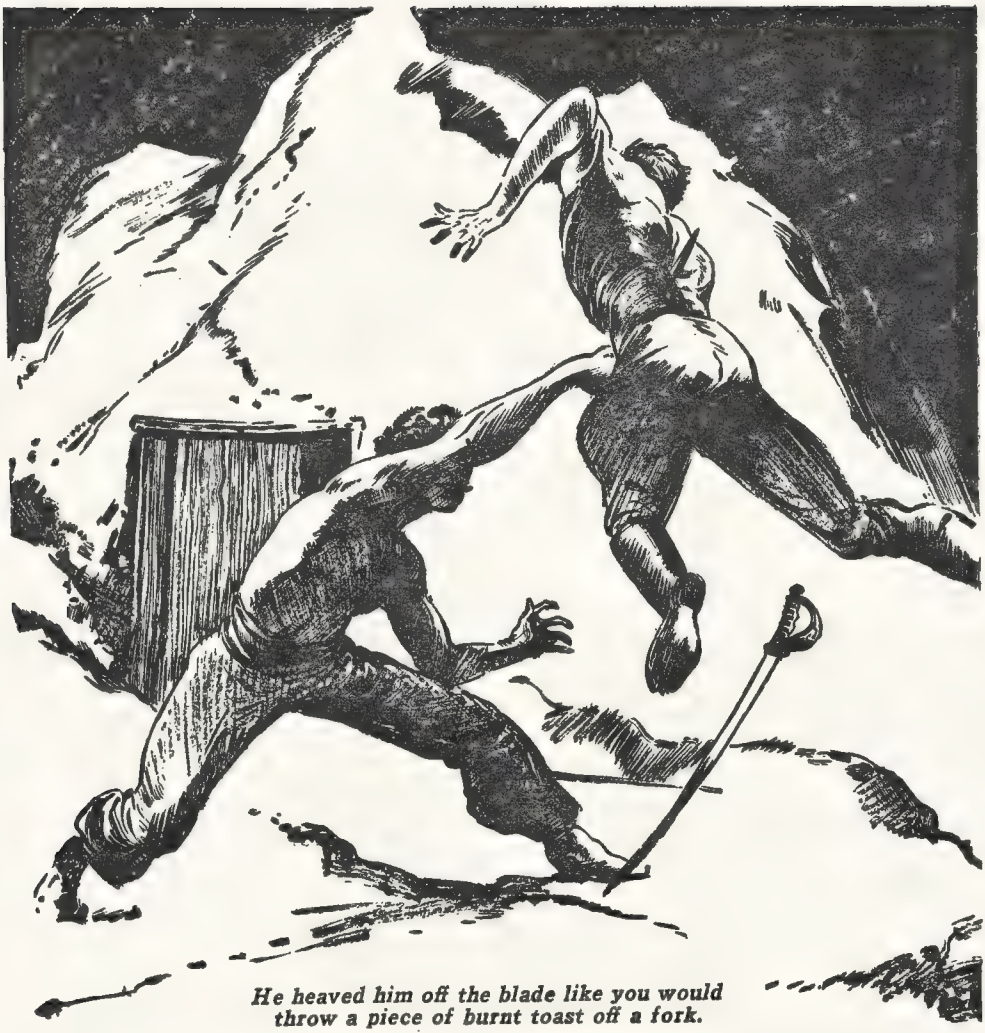
An hour later he arranged a truce with the Insurgents. Two officers and thirty-one men staggered from the improvised fortress they had defended so long and valiantly.

COUNTING the wounded at the time of the truce, three deserters and the two men executed, 38 men had been killed, wounded or missing, a total casualty list of 70 per cent. By the same calculations, the defenders of Petersburg and Verdun suffered only 45 per cent casualties, Gallipoli 53 per cent, and Port Arthur 65 per cent. All of them were better supplied to the end than the isolated fortress of Baler Church. I can think of no other case in military history where the indomitable will of the commander carried a garrison through a terrible siege with such a high casualty rate. The energy and determination of Captain Las Morenas, Lieutenants Martin and Zayas and Surgeon Vigil again proved the assertion that *no artificial works, however strong, can take the place of determined defenders.* In view of the fate of a Maginot Line that *wasn't* defended with such determination, and the present situation of the British Isles which *are,* that assertion is a comforting thought.

Every Baler survivor was returned to Spain to receive the thanks of the Queen Regent and be presented with the Cross of Maria Christina. Lieutenant Martin, Surgeon Vigil and many of the enlisted men were presented with the additional decoration of the Cross of San Fernando. Lieutenant Martin was promoted and placed high on the list of the captains of the Regular Army.

I nominate for a place alongside the leaders who have been great in defeat and tenacious while losing, Lieutenant Martin, Infantry, Spanish Army.





He heaved him off the blade like you would throw a piece of burnt toast off a fork.

EAST of the WILLIWAW

A STORY OF THE LAND OF FIRE

By
LESLIE T. WHITE

STRANDED at the bottom of the world in Punta Arenas—or Magalhães, as the natives call it—I, JEFFREY WYNN, American, had no way to get across the Straits of Magellan to Tierra del Fuego—and La Querancia, the vast island ranch of my uncle, MIKE REYNOLDS, and his partner, CAPTAIN NELS LUNDSTROM. I could find no one who knew the twisting channels to the estancia. Mike's business agent, a Straits Pilot, had left a brief note saying my uncle's body had been found in the sea by fishermen, and that Lundstrom sailed from the ranch with a load of beef but never arrived.

Finally, a German sportsman, KURT FABER, offered to fly me in his private plane across to the ranch. When we landed there—after running into a wil-

liwaw, a sea-going tornado peculiar to the region—we were welcomed by HENRY HIGGINS, major domo of the estancia, DAME SARAH MONTAGU, the housekeeper, and SHIRLEY, Lundstrom's lovely daughter. I told them of Mike Reynolds' death and learned Lundstrom was still missing.

MATÉ COCIDO, a devil-may-care gaucho, and his band of "gulfers"—fugitives from the Fuegian penal colony—galloped up to the ranch. They brought a wounded man, LIEUTENANT CROMWELL of His Majesty's Royal Navy, who had escaped from imprisonment aboard the Nazi pocket battleship, *Admiral Schneider,* which was hiding somewhere in the Straits. Cromwell told us Shirley's father was safe, a prisoner on the sea-raider, after a fight in which the war vessel had confiscated his load of beef, then blown up his ship. Cromwell was anxious to get word to the British squadron stationed at the Falklands so it could attack the Nazi vessel. Shirley, fearful for her father's safety, tried vainly to dissuade him.

Kurt Faber offered to fly Cromwell to Punta Arenas, but the officer was too weak to make the trip. Faber and I went instead. Flying above the channel the German proved himself a Nazi spy when he spoke to a German tanker by radio, and gave her the position of the ranch. I forced him to fly back to La Querancia at the point of a revolver, but the damage was done. We put Faber under guard and prepared for attack.

That evening two boats from the tanker attempted to land. They had machine guns protected by metal shields. PEPE, one of our men, tossed a home-made dynamite bomb into one of the boats and we made a dash for the house. The Germans from the other boat spread out and came on.

Suddenly Maté Cocido and his band rode out of the hills. They bore down on the Nazis and put them to rout. When I tried to thank the big gaucho, he laughed and walked away.

A heavy fog had settled down. When it lifted, the Germans would be back. A crazy scheme took shape in my head. If we could set the tanker adrift in the fog, the swift currents might put her on the rocks. Higgins and Cromwell agreed and Maté Cocido insisted on coming along. We took Shirley's little sloop. Somehow, Higgins found the tanker in the fog. We boarded her, Maté Cocido disposing of the sentry, and Higgins went below to loose the chain while the gaucho and I stood guard. The Nazis discovered us and we barely escaped with our lives as the last of the chain went over the side.

Back at La Querancia, we learned that Faber had killed his guard and escaped. The German spy had removed the radio from his crippled plane and disappeared into the hills. He could now

contact the Nazi *Admiral Schneider.*

Higgins and I determined to try a long shot. If we could reach Punta Arenas in the sloop and bring back a Chilean gunboat, the pocket battleship would not dare create an international incident by attacking us. Leaving Maté Cocido to guard the estancia, we set sail.

Some hours later, the hatch opened and Shirley put her head out! She had bullied Higgins into letting her come aboard. We came to the inlet where the tanker lay, apparently disabled. She let go a shell which fell dangerously close, and the Nazis took after us in a small boat. We outdistanced them.

Soon after, we started around a bend in the channel and saw steaming toward us—the *Admiral Schneider!*

CHAPTER XIV

ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION

FOR a moment we were too startled to speak. There was no mistaking her; I had seen too many photographs of her twins, the *Graf Spee* and *Admiral Scheer,* to be wrong. Her straight stem, the two eleven-inch guns in her forward turret, the armored bridge, her single mast and lone funnel identified her. Despite her dirty, leaden color, that was not unlike the dull, wind-swept gray of the rocks around her, she was strangely graceful. She was long, and lean, and deadly.

Shirley caught my shoulder. I felt her fingers bite through the heavy clothing. There was something so inexorable, so terribly final about the way the pocket battleship surged through the water. She was a good two miles away, yet every detail seemed to stand out, for we were low in the water.

I tore my eyes away from the ship and looked at Higgins. He was staring at the Nazi craft the way a bird might stare at a cobra.

"Come out of it," I said. "This is no place for us."

Shirley whimpered and turned around. I knew what she was looking for. The tanker's lifeboat was not yet in sight. But it couldn't be very far behind. Perhaps four or five miles at the most.

"Duck!" Higgins called abruptly, and jibed. The boom lashed above our heads as the sloop heeled sharply on the other tack.

We dodged back around the point, but they must have seen us. She couldn't help seeing us. There was still no sign of the tanker's lifeboat. Yet we couldn't go back.

"Is there another channel?" I asked Higgins. "Some passage we can slip through?"

He wagged his head. "We're trapped, damn their eyes!"

I remembered what Cromwell had said about Mike Reynolds. Mike had been trapped, too. And then, without point or reason—just for the sake of bull-headed courage—he had tossed a shell at the pocket-battleship.

It must have been like an ant tossing a grain of sand at an elephant; making no impression on the enemy but reaching the hearts of his own kind of men. I remembered the rusted fore-half of a Swede freighter clinging to the rocks of Hate Reef, where old square-headed Lundstrom had planted her rather than surrender to a German raider. I remembered a line my uncle had written in his diary about his partner: *He will not be bluffed or intimidated!*

Mike had died rather than quit.

"The hell we're trapped!" I shouted. "Put her into one of these inlets! We'll take to the hills, if we have to."

Higgins hesitated, glanced at the girl. She nodded. "Drive her onto the rocks," she said. "But don't let them take her, Higgins!"

She wasn't whimpering now. She picked up one of the rifles and slung it across her shoulder.

I saw old Higgins smile. It was like ice cracking; cold, hard and very bright. He sent the sloop scudding across the channel to get us on the north shore.

"You said there was a trail back to the estancia from here?" I asked Shirley.

She nodded. "I followed it on my pony once, years ago. Dad and Uncle Mike were furious because it's a trail the gulfers use."

I remembered that Maté Cocido had

said he used to watch the German ships come through these passes. Apparently the *Dresden* had made a survey during the summer she had spent in these fiords back during World War I; a survey she had not shared with the other nations.

"It's well over thirty miles by trail to La Querancia," Shirley said. "I know it's almost twenty from the estancia to Whale-trap."

"Are there any other bands of gulfers?"

She shook her head. "Not now. Years ago there was another gang, but Maté Cocido wiped them out." She shuddered. "One of the bodies drifted into our lagoon. I shan't forget it."

We were close to shore now. How Higgins ever found the opening, I'll never know. I was staring straight at the cliff. It looked like a solid wall. But he held his course hard on, and as I set myself for a crash, he jibed again and we shot through a narrow opening barely as wide as the sloop was long.

The inlet was hardly more than a crevice in the sheer rock walls with a pebbly beach at the far end. Above the beach was a slender waterfall, a few scraggly trees lining its path.

The wind was completely shut off. The sails hung limp as we drited through the dead stillness.

"Shirley," I said, "I hate to suggest it. But I think we'd better scuttle her. They'll know we must be somewhere in these waters, and they won't quit searching until they find us."

She said, "I'll get a few instruments and things," and ducked into the cabin. Higgins dragged out a couple of ponderous paddles and we worked her close to the shore, where the water was deep. By that time, Shirley came out with a large duffle bag.

"Maybe I can hide this under a rock," she suggested. As she stepped ashore, she said: "I'll get rid of these things while you . . ." She turned and scrambled up the bank.

Higgins swore softly and brought up a heavy line. We put lines fore and aft and secured them with heavy rocks, covering the lines with pebbles. Then Higgins disappeared below. I heard him pounding, and when he reappeared, there was water dripping from his oilskins.

He pushed the little ship clear of the rocks and stood looking at her a moment longer.

"H'it's like shootin' a faithful old 'ound," he grumbled, turning away.

"Maybe we can raise her later," I said.

"Maybe," he said, and we plodded up the slope.

We found Shirley waiting for us out of sight of the sloop. I paused to look back. The sloop was settling slowly. She looked terribly alone. I put my back to her and followed the others.

The climb was steep and we had other use for our wind than conversation.

Higgins took the rifle and slung it over his own broad shoulders. It took us over an hour to reach the top of the cliffs, and then we ran into rain. I walked to the edge and looked down into the inlet. The sloop had vanished.

FOR a while the wind was against us, and then it crept around to the south. The trail swung north and with the wind back of us, the going was easier. We had little trouble keeping in the track, for the land was open and bare. The wind was cruel. It crept around the edges of our oilskins and penetrated the layer of sweaters.

I was amazed at the girl's endurance. With her tiny legs, she took two steps to my one, but she refused to rest when it was suggested. When she suspected that old Higgins was soldiering to baby her, she took the lead herself.

It took us over three hours to reach Whale-trap Cove. Higgins was in favor of hurrying on to the estancia, but I wanted to see what the Nazis were doing. There was, Shirley assured me, no path leading up from the cove, so we were comparatively safe. Keeping well away from the edge, we worked out to the high cliff overlooking the entrance to the fiord. Then we dropped to our bellies and crawled to the ledge.

It was a view breath-taking in its grandeur. From our perch as high as

the old Woolworth Tower in New York, we looked down into the almost landlocked fiord. The tanker was still on the rocks where we had set her, hard by the shore. Her list had increased, and we could see lines strung out from her —stem and stern; she looked like a thin beetle caught in a spider's web. But it wasn't the tanker that held our attention.

Almost directly below us, the *Admiral Schneider* moved majestically through the narrow opening. From our vantage, she looked small and exquisite, like a priceless miniature in some museum. She seemed too perfect to be real.

The pass was so narrow she was forced to move with infinite caution, holding straight down the exact center of the channel. Across from us, the glacier formed the other portal. The rain ceased, and the sun peeked furtively around a cloud. Like a chameleon, the glacier turned a delicate beryl-like blue. Fifty or sixty feet from its edge a crooked crevice ran across the glittering surface, like a scar.

"Do you think she can get close enough to the tanker to refuel?" I asked.

Higgins lay with his chin on his arms. "H'I'm afeerd she can," he grunted. "There ain't too much water in the pass, but wunst she gets h'inside there's a plenty. She can lie right alongside the bloody tanker." He sighed. "But she'll 'ave 'er cut h'out, don't you fear."

I saw the powerful motor tenders swung amidships the *Admiral Schneider*. It wasn't hard to conjure the scene that would take place when a couple of those armed and armored boats arrived at La Querancia. I drew back from the ledge.

"Come on. We might as well go back and face it."

We didn't talk much after that. I felt a blister forming on the ball of my left foot, but I was afraid to limp for fear the others would slow the pace. The wind had gone with the rain. I felt uncomfortably hot in the oilskins. I unbuttoned the coat and slung my hat through my belt.

About five o'clock we stumbled down into a small, protected pass, and found a fresh stream. We stretched on the ground a few moments. I pushed my face into the icy water. The chill shocked me awake, and when I sat up I felt as through I had taken a good nap. Shirley dug a crushed package of cigarettes from under her jacket and passed them around. Grinning, Higgins produced the bottle of rum Aunt Sarah had given me.

He held the bottle up to the light. "Nelson's blood!" he chuckled. "That's wot we used to call the blessed stuff in 'Is Majesty's Royal N'yvy. They tell us 'ow when Lord Nelson was kilt at Trafalgar, 'is f'ythful orficers dumped 'is carcass in a keg of good rum. 'E was in nigh as good shape w'en they fished 'im out weeks lyter as when they dumped 'im in."

He knocked off the neck of the bottle against a rock and offered the jagged-edged receptacle to Shirley. She hesitated, then accepted a sip. I took a good swallow. It was powerful stuff. Two drinks of it and I'd have gone back and thrown rocks at the *Admiral Schneider*. Higgins drank it like so much cool water. We lay back and smoked our cigarettes.

THE rest, the cool water and the fiery rum had cleared the fog out of my head. It had also started an idea. An idea so crazy that I hesitated to broach it to my companions. Yet if it worked . . .

Higgins sat bolt upright. "Listen!" he said.

I sat up, listened, then bent my ear to the ground. Shirley did likewise. She looked at me.

"Horses!" I said, and she nodded.

We kicked the empty bottle into the stream, grabbed our rifles and scrambled up the hills to a clump of rocks. There, for the moment, we were protected from whoever came down the trail. We crouched together without speaking. We could hear the horses for several minutes before the first one hove in sight.

It was a small, wiry bay. The rider gave him his head and the horse craned his neck down to explore the precarious footing of the creek bed. The man in the saddle was lean and sinewy and very

dark. Through a crevice in the rocks, I could see his eyes, bright and hard, like polished agate. He had his sash wrapped around his head and fastened in a huge knot beneath his chin, like immigrant women used to do. He wore a coat made from calf-skin, khaki colored bombachas and worn, scuffed black boots. He had a knife thrust in his belt, a revolver on his left side and a rifle in a scabbard on his saddle.

His horse slipped off a rock into the creek, floundered around in the water. The rider jerked up the horse's head, cursed in Spanish and put the spurs to the sweating flanks. The horse gave a tremendous leap that brought him clear to the opposite bank. Then the rider swung around to await his four companions.

"They're Maté Cocido's men!" Shirley whispered in my ear.

"You sure?"

She nodded. "I have seen them before. That first man is one of his lieutenants. I heard Maté Cocido call him Gregorio."

"Well, I hope you're right." I stood up behind the rocks. "Hola!" I shouted.

The horseman swerved his bay around as though I had shot him. His revolver seemed to leap into his hand. But he did not fire.

"Válgame Dios!" he swore and let go a volley of Spanish.

Shirley climbed onto the rocks beside me. *"Alto ahí!"* she cried.

The rider grinned and patted his horse on the neck. *"Jesus!"* he said in surprise.

Shirley scrambled down off the rocks and spoke rapidly to Gregorio. The other riders drew around her. Higgins and I followed. As we came up, Shirley turned.

"Maté Cocido had sent them out to see what the tanker was doing," she explained to me. "Everything is all right back at the estancia, except they cannot find Lieutenant Cromwell."

"How far are we from La Querancia?"

"About fifteen miles," she told me. "We've come about five or six since we left Whale-trap Cove."

My idea began to take form. "Tell this Gregorio I want three of his horses. Tell him if he wants to help us, he and his men must go back to Whale-trap and watch the Germans carefully. But they must not be seen. It is very important that they are not seen. Tell them that much."

She translated my message. Gregorio nodded vigorously and flung himself out of the saddle.

"Gregorio says we can have all four horses," she told me. "He and his men will do what you ask."

"Tell him to keep the fastest horse for himself," I said. "They must watch the Germans and if the battleship sends out any of her big tenders, Gregorio must ride as fast as possible to La Querancia and warn us. Do you understand what I'm driving at, Shirley?"

"Naturally." She translated my orders to the gulfers. They grinned, nodded their heads and reached for their rifles.

That worried me a little. "Make them understand," I told the girl, "that the Germans must not know they are there. Tell them not to take pot shots at the cruiser for their own amusement. I have a very important plan which must not be disrupted by any playful tricks."

She impressed them with the seriousness of the situation. Gregorio retained his horse, and we mounted the others. The three gulfers waved cheerfully and we started up the trail, which led eventually to a broad plateau.

"H'its bloody strynge to me," grumbled Higgins, "'ow those bloody pirates 'ave become so h'agreeable of lyte."

"Not so strange," I said. "After all, our ranch was their private poaching ground. They just don't want to share it with the Germans, I suppose. That Maté Cocido is a queer duck."

Higgins twitched his neck. "'E's got flat h'eyes, like a snyke. I cawn't 'ate the ruddy bugger arfter wot 'e's done fer us. But I'd not like to 'ave 'im start after me with 'is *facón*."

"Facón? Is that the long knife I see some of them wearing?"

"Yus, that's h'it. A beastly h'unpleasant weapon to 'ave agin your midriff, Mister Jeffrey. It's strictly a gaucho tool, a sort of cross betwixt a sword an' a dagger, an' h'ideal fer disembowelling a h'antagonist, w'ich is the gaucho's fa-

vorite trick. Them bloody gauchos feel h'it's unmanly to shoot a man h'if they can slit 'is bloody belly h'open."

WE rode a while without speaking. I was trying to get my plan in shape to discuss it. The very consequences of it almost frightened me. But it was the chance of a lifetime. I began to grin. It would make history.

Shirley said suddenly, "What are you thinking about, Jeff? You seem pretty self-satisfied about something."

"I've got an idea."

"What about?"

I laughed. "I think I know how to capture the *Admiral Schneider.*"

She looked provoked. "How much of that rum did you absorb? This is hardly the time for joking."

"I'm not joking. I laughed because it is such a simple idea."

"It must be," she said. She was getting sore.

"Look—I wouldn't joke about—"

Higgins reined his horse in. "Fer the love of 'Eaven!" he snorted. " 'Oo's that?"

I jerked my horse around just in time to glimpse the figure of a man running towards the point of the hill. Then he was out of sight.

Shirley cried, "Maybe it's Faber!" but I had already kicked my horse into a gallop.

The hill was less than a quarter of a mile away, but it was open ground the whole distance. *If Faber has brought along his rifle,* I thought, *it's going to be just too bad.* I remembered how the gulfers had ridden flat on their horses their bodies hidden behind the horses' necks, when they had charged the tanker crew. I rode like that now.

As the horse pounded around the edge of the hill, I unholstered my revolver. If it was Faber, I wasn't going to fool around.

It wasn't Faber. It was Lieutenant Cromwell!

He had the radio from the plane set up on a rock and he was connecting a battery to it. Before I could recover from my surprise, he drew a revolver and stood me off.

"Don't interfere, Wynn!" he warned me.

I flung myself out of the saddle. "So—that's why you wouldn't accompany us to Punta Arenas, eh?" I growled. "It was you who stole the radio from the plane."

Shirley and Higgins rode up. Higgins dismounted and marched over, leading his horse. Cromwell included him in the arc of his gun.

"Stand back!" he said bitterly. "God knows I don't want to hurt any of you. But I'm going to wireless the Falkland Squadron to come and blow that damn German out of the water."

My emotions were vaguely confused. I was glad that Faber had not recovered his radio, but I also knew what it would mean if the English came. I knew, too, that the Germans would intercept the message. I tried to argue with him.

"This is war," Cromwell grunted. "I'm sorry if they take it out on you people, but my first duty . . . . Hey, look out!"

He fell backwards as Shirley spurred her horse into the air and brought his forefeet crashing down on the small radio. Cromwell raised his revolver as though he meant to shoot the girl, then the gun fell limp from his hand.

"You pathetic little fool!" he groaned.

The set was completely ruined, so he made no protest when Shirley leapt to the ground and kicked the twisted metal box over the edge of the cliff. We heard it strike the rocks a few hundred feet below.

"You ruined your only chance when you did that," he said bitterly.

卐 I FELT sorry for Cromwell. He was more than willing to sacrifice his own life that his country might profit by the disposal of the German raider. Our lives were of little consequence.

"You shouldn't have done that!" I snapped at the girl.

"My father is aboard that warship!" she reminded me.

Cromwell sat on the ground and dropped his head into his hands. "It was our last chance," he mumbled through his fingers. "Now, we are whipped."

"No," I said, "we're not whipped. Look here . . . ." I hunkered down beside him and drew a rough sketch of the Whale-trap fiord in the dirt. Higgins leaned over my shoulder and watched. I marked the position of the tanker, the probable position of the *Admiral Schneider* when she lay alongside, the cliff from where we had watched the scene, and the glacier on the other side of the narrow entrance.

"Isn't that pretty accurate?" I asked Higgins.

The cockney nodded. "Yus," he admitted. "That's h'about h'it."

"O. K., then. Now watch carefully! Suppose we push over the front of this glacier into the pass . . . . ." I prodded the stick with which I had been sketching into the crevice in the imaginary glacier. "We'd completely seal up the only exit to Whale-trap. Isn't that correct?"

Cromwell took his hands away from his face and stared at the sketch for a long while. Then he gave me a quizzical glance.

"Are you crazy?"

"No," I said. "I'm not crazy. There's a crevice about forty or fifty feet back from the face of that glacier. In time, it would topple off by itself."

"H'in another 'undred years or so," offered Higgins cynically.

"That may be," I argued. "But that crack must go down into the ice for a hundred feet or so. If we could tip her over, it would block the mouth of the fiord for another hundred years."

Higgins favored me with a worried look. "But, Mister Jeffrey," he said soothingly, "that chunk of glacier would weigh a million tons, more or less. You cawn't jus' waltz up to a glacier an' push the ruddy thing over, man!"

"How much dynamite have we got at the ranch?"

Higgins scratched his head. "But, Mister Jeff . . . ." he began, but Shirley cut him off.

"There's nearly a ton, Jeff," she said. "But suppose you did blow it up wouldn't the Germans kill . . . . ."

"The Germans won't kill anybody," I told them. "Look now—suppose we blast that entrance so that no ship can enter or leave Whale-trap. The *Admiral Schneider* is automatically and forever interned in Chilean territory. She can't get out, and the English can't get in. She has only two courses possible—she can either surrender herself and her men to the Chilean authorities for internment, or she can wait until a British cruiser comes within range and drops enough shells over the hills to put her at the bottom where she belongs. But she can't escape—don't you see that?"

Lieutenant Cromwell was crouched over the radio from the plane.

"H'it sounds ridiculous!" stammered Higgins, blinking at the drawing. "Damned if h'it don't, sir!"

"But my father . . . . ." protested Shirley.

"The Germans won't dare molest him," I argued. "The whole situation will be reversed. Your father will be the master, the Germans the prisoners."

Cromwell studied the sketch carefully. "It's fantastic, Wynn! Absolutely unprecedented! But, by God—it might work!"

"I'm no powder man," I said. "But a ton of dynamite should be enough to blow Tierra del Fuego off the map. Higgins, how long do you estimate that crevice to be?"

Higgins still hadn't got over his surprise. "She runs across the top, sir. H'I'd s'y mybe two 'undred feet. She looked to be about five or six feet wide."

Cromwell's eyes started to sparkle. "Those glaciers usually break off rather easily," he said, as though talking to himself. "We've met plenty of them broken off and floating through the Patagonian Archipelago. Bloody nuisance to navigation." He looked at me. "You've been thinking about it, I see. What's the plan?"

I made ten punches on the drawing of the crevice. "Suppose we lower ten boxes, each containing fifty pounds of dynamite, in a series twenty feet apart into the crevice. We're guessing to be sure, but chances are more than even the crack goes all the way through. We'll rig it with wires to the detonator and let them go together. All she needs is a push, and five hundred pounds of dynamite will give her some push."

"Bless me!" gasped Higgins. "That chunk of ice never would get out of the ruddy narrows!"

"So much the better. What do you say?"

Cromwell jumped to his feet. "I think you're crazy!" he shouted. "But if we can do it . . . . ."

Shirley came close to me. "But, Jeff—the Germans! They'll kill you before you get a chance to pack all that dynamite. Think of the chances!"

"I'm thinking of the chances if it doesn't work," I told her. "That's the thing to think about. This is the one chance of getting your father out of this alive, kid. Don't forget that."

"I'm not forgetting it," she whispered.

"Good girl!" I said. "Cromwell—you want in on this?"

The Englishman grinned. "You name it, friend."

"Thanks. You'd better drag this battery back to the trail and wait for us. We'll need all the power we can get to wire up a charge as big as that. Meanwhile, we'll go back to the estancia and pack the dynamite on horses. Have you had any news of Faber?"

Cromwell shook his head. "Not up to the time I left the house. I wish we had a line on him. He's a dangerous rat."

I swung back into the saddle. "He should have been shot."

Higgins groaned. "I 'opes 'e doesn't blow h'up the bloody powder-'ouse. 'E knows w'ere it is. 'E arsked me about it w'en I got the sticks for the w'arf."

That sent chills up my spine. "Why in hell didn't you tell me that before?" I snapped. "This is a fine time to think of it."

Shirley swung her horse. "Don't lose your temper," she pleaded. "We've got a lot of work ahead of us."

"Then let's get at it."

As we turned our horses, Cromwell called out: "I say, don't forget a horse for me!"

CHAPTER XV

SABERS IN THE TORCHLIGHT

THE sun was going down fast behind us when we hit the trail. The path was stony and in places it wound around the very faces of the cliffs. The twilight was all too brief, and dyed a subtle purple. Hopes of a starry night were dashed when a screen of fog rode the wind out of the east. Fortunately the horses knew the trail, so we gave them their heads and hoped for the best. None of us spoke. Higgins rode stolidly in the lead, a queer fat figure of a man. Neither bombachas nor saddle could take from him the look of the sea. He was a sailor born and built.

Shirley followed him, keeping enough distance so that if the trail fell away to the rocks far below, only one of us would

go. She must have been very tired, but she offered no complaint.

I was worn thin. My nerves were raw, and I blamed myself for Faber's escape. He should have been better guarded. I was worried, too, about the powder supply. Suppose Faber in desperation touched it off . . . . .

Darkness came down like a swift-drawn curtain and when at last we rode across the plateau to the ledge, La Querancia lay below us half hidden in fog. Yet lights shone in the windows of the big house and behind the dark mounds I knew to be the sheds, flamed the fires of the gulfers. My confidence began to flow again. This was my home. It looked cheerful and warm and peaceful, like an old plantation scene. I felt a queer swelling in my throat. It looked almost too peaceful. We started down.

The house was in a turmoil of excitement when we rode up to the wide veranda. Tonita met us with a hurricane lantern in her fat hands, and when she saw it was us, she waddled screaming into the house. I threw the reins to one of the hands who came up, and ran up the steps. I met Sarah Montagu coming down the hall. She had her cane in one hand and a revolver in the other.

"Thank God you're back!" she said.

Shirley darted pass me and put her arms around the old woman. "Oh, Aunt Sarah! What's happened?"

Aunt Sarah kissed her, and then jerked away. Her wig slipped a little towards her left eye.

"It's that damn Faber!" she snapped crisply. "At least I suppose it is. We heard shots up on the hill by the powder-cave. I sent Pepe to learn what the trouble was. The *villano* did not return. Just now I was upstairs at a window. There are a lot of fires up there!"

"Oh, Lord!" wailed Shirley. "The powder . . . ."

I was already headed for the door. "You stay here with Aunt Sarah," I told her. "Higgins—lead the way to the powder-cave. Move, you big ape!"

The cockney moved. He shot through the door and into his saddle without touching the ground. I was right behind him.

We rounded the sheds at a full gallop.

Maté Cocido

The gates were open. We swung passed the campfires of the gulfers. There wasn't a man in sight. We thundered through the fields and as we rounded the edge of the hill, I could see a ring of fire on a ledge, half a mile up the valley.

The horses were doing their best, but it seemed an hour before we finally reached the scene. As I flung myself out of the saddle, I heard the first clear ring of steel on steel.

Higgins gasped in a weird, awed voice. I suppose, like myself he couldn't quite believe what he was looking at.

The ledge was roughly square-shaped, and about thirty-five feet across. In the face of the hill was a heavy, rough-planked door. In front of the door lay a dead man—one of our own hands. He was rolled up against the hill to be out of the way.

About thirty gulfers and hands formed a great circle in front of the

powder-cave. Most of them carried torches of oil-soaked rags wound around sticks that gave off a nervous yellow light. Somehow they reminded me of candles flaming around a huge birthday cake, for the ground in the circle was strangely white, like frosting. And from the torches rose coils of black, sooty smoke.

In the circle Faber and Maté Cocido were fighting with sabers.

The German looked tall and deadly. He was stripped to the waist. He still wore his full-cut riding breeches, but his belted boots were covered with mud. In the dancing, uncertain light, his sweating body looked almost yellow. As he lunged and parried, the muscles rippled under the pale skin. He fought smoothly, in perfect form. His legs were bent like a pair of calipers, his left fist rested on his hip. There was blood on his right cheek.

MATÉ COCIDO was laughing, but it was a mirthless laugh. Like Faber, he was bare above his sash, but his body was very dark and covered with hair. His chest was enormous. When he turned his back to me, the muscles of his shoulders played under the skin, like wings trying to break through.

His stance was more pliable than the German's. He crouched lower, and quicker. There was an almost playful dash about him, but as he slowly circled I saw into his eyes. There was nothing playful about them.

He was bleeding from several gashes about the body, and one ear was badly sliced. But he was laughing. He had kicked off his spurs, and they lay glinting in the torchlight, not far from the dead man. His *facón* was still thrust in his belt behind him.

"Come my leetle Nazi peeg!" he jeered and made a swooping lunge. Faber parried coldly and made a cutover to the head. My heart skipped a beat, but Maté Cocido turned it aside and lunged again. Faber gave ground slowly.

As I recovered from my surprise, I started forward to interfere, but Higgins stopped me.

"Don't butt in!" he pleaded. "They'll all turn on you, Mister Jeffrey. There hain't nothin' we kin do, sir. Lor' blimey, that crazy bandit can 'andle a saber, no less."

That was true, all of it. There was nothing we could do. It was an unforgettable sight. This cold, nerveless Nazi officer fighting a finish dog-fight by by torchlight in the wilderness of Tierra del Fuego with a gaucho bandit. And Maté Cocido knew his blade.

Much of the skill and technique was lost to me. Many strokes were so swift that the eye could barely follow them. Once a gash appeared on Faber's pale shoulder. I saw the blood seep out and run down the line of his arm. Yet I had not seen Maté's blade touch him.

The circle of men screamed with delight every time blood was drawn. It seemed to make little difference to them whose blood it was. Finally, Faber took the aggressive and worked the gaucho back towards the hill with a series of lightning lunges and ripostes. Maté gave ground, grinning. He seemed superbly confident, and in no hurry to end the game.

I did not guess Faber's plan until it was too late. Then I was afraid to cry out for fear of distracting the gaucho. Faber relentlessly worked his man back until Maté's retreating foot stepped on one of his spurs. The ankle turned. As the gaucho fell off-balance, Faber made a long lunge for his middle.

How Maté Cocido saved himself, I will never know. He was falling sideways, completely helpless for the instant. Yet as Faber thrust forward with his saber, the gaucho seemed to draw in his stomach and twist in the air. Like a falling cat. The blade passed through his side, and Faber had to yank it back at once to keep it from being jerked out of his hand.

The men screamed: *"Al asesino! Aijuna!"*

I thought Maté Cocido was done for, but he hit the ground and bounced off it before Faber could lunge again. The blood spilled out of his wound.

"La pucha!" he sneered between his teeth. "So, you are a cheating peeg and a coward, si?" He hurled his saber away from him. It struck the timbers of the

cave door point foremost with a dull *chunk*, and hung there, quivering. Maté Cocido reached back and whipped out his long *facón*.

"For soldiers the saber," he jeered at the Nazi. "For peegs we slit 'em weeth a knife." He sprang to the edge of the circle, jerked a poncho from one of his men. He draped it over his left arm, and swung back to face the German.

I don't know what Faber must have thought. His face was blank and cold as ever. Certainly the *facón* was much shorter than the saber. Perhaps he was too sure of his stilted, faultless technique. In any event, he moved swiftly in to finish the duel.

But with the *facón* in his hand, Maté Cocido was a different man. He dashed the heavy poncho against Faber's blade, turning it aside. Then he leapt in close and slashed the Nazi across the face with the flat of his *facón*.

The men squealed with pleasure. Faber turned pale. I saw the sparks blaze in his eyes. He made a vicious overcut and lunged.

It happened almost too quickly to follow with the eye. I saw Faber's blade whistle downward. Then Maté jumped right into him. The short straight blade of the *facón* went up to its S-shaped hilt in Faber's abdomen. Maté set himself, bent his legs. I saw his shoulder muscles bulge as he lifted Faber, still impaled on the *facón*, clear of the ground. Then he heaved him off the blade, like you would throw a piece of burnt toast off a fork. Faber was flung against the cave door. He put both his hands against his stomach. The blood ran through his fingers. He slowly turned his face to the timbers. I saw his legs jerk a couple of times. Then he lay still.

MATÉ COCIDO wiped his blade on the ground and stuck it back in his sash. I did not think he was aware of our presence, until he picked up the two sabers, came over and handed them to Higgins.

"That peeg he want to fight," he laughed shortly. "I borrow these from thee house." He turned to me. "You lak that fight, señor?"

I grimaced. "Let me take a look at that side of yours."

"*Por Dios, señor!* It is nothing. I 'ave too much blood anyhow."

I asked how he had cornered Faber. He grinningly told me. He had sat down and figured out what he would do if he were Herr Faber. When he decided that he would probably blow up the powder supply, he had gone into the big house under pretext of talking to the old lady, stolen the sabers when her back was turned and gone up the hill to wait. He did not even confide in his men. He was hiding behind a rock when Faber sneaked up and murdered the man on guard. Then as Faber was trying to open the cave door, Maté Cocido had surprised him.

He could have shot Faber in cold blood. But he chose to make a game of it. Faber had challenged him to a duel. So he had sent for his men, ordered torches, and just before our arrival the fight had started.

"It's a wonder he was willing to fight," I commented.

The gaucho grinned. "I promeese heem he go free eef he keel me. I tell all my men the ver' same thing."

"And would you have kept your word?"

Maté Cocido nodded. "I always keep my word," he said.

Before I could say anything, Gregorio galloped up, his horse lathered with sweat. He babbled excitedly to Maté Cocido. Maté turned to me.

"Gregorio, he say wan beeg boat with many men and guns leave thee warship. You understan'?"

I called Higgins over. "This is it," I told him. "The Germans are on their way here. It will take them some little time in this fog. If we can get away from here with the dynamite, they won't be able to take after us until daylight."

"H'it's close work," Higgins sighed.

"I know it is." I turned back to Maté Cocido, who was wiping away the excess blood which had congealed around his wound. I explained to him our plan to blast the face of the glacier. I explained it slowly, watching his face. Unless he agreed to help, we couldn't do it alone. We didn't have the men.

"Well, that's the general idea," I concluded. "It's risky. We may all be blown to hell. What about it?"

His dark face twisted into a thoughtful scowl. Then suddenly it split into a wide, toothy smile.

"*Válgame, Dios!* To be sure, señor!"

I met Higgins' anxious stare. "If we've got enough horses," I said. "Pack fifty pounds to the horse. Bring plenty of rope and wire. It may be a long drop into that crevice. And you'll need a lot of juice for that detonator, Higgins."

"We're equipped for quarryin', sir," Higgins assured me.

"Get started then. Maté—you'd better come down to the house and get that hole in your side taped up."

Maté Cocido ordered his men to help Higgins, and we left them bringing up the pack animals, and rode down to the big house. He was strangely quiet during the ride down, but once we dismounted he swaggered up the steps to the veranda with his old, familiar air of bravado.

I told the women what had happened. Sarah Montagu chased the fat Tonita after hot water and bandages and then took us into the big room. I couldn't help but glance at the wall where the sabers had been hanging. They would have a new significance when, and if, they were ever replaced.

Shirley wanted to help, but the old woman brushed her away. She washed out the wound and doused it with antiseptic until the gaucho squealed that she was tickling him to death. But despite his laughter, his teeth were tight set and sweat glistened on his face.

I told Sarah Montagu about our plan. I also told her the Germans were already on the way.

"You may as well ride back into the hills until we return," I suggested.

Sarah Montagu gave her head a decisive shake. "No, Jeffrey, I'm staying right here. I've withstood gulfers and williwaws and your Uncle Mike's disposition for close to twenty-five years. A few German sailors are not going to frighten me."

"They may take you as hostage," I argued.

She frowned at me. "That will be their misfortune indeed," she snapped.

Argument could not shake her resolve. Shirley agreed to stay with her. Of that I was glad. Trekking through twenty miles of mountain pass in the dead of night with a few hundred pounds of dynamite was no jaunt for a girl.

"Tell the Germans you don't know where we are," I advised. "They can't possibly follow us at night and . . . . ."

Sarah Montagu stopped me. "Go along with you!" she cried, waving her stick angrily. "Don't try to tell me what to say to men. I was lying to them before you were born. Get out—both of you! *Vamos!*"

Maté Cocido and I backed hastily out of the house. "I could love that old wan," he laughed, when we were out of hearing. "She has w'at you call plentee of fire. *Chica!*"

"You'd never tame her, man."

He laughed and slapped my shoulder. "Pair'aps no. But w'at fon to try, señor! W'at fon to try! *Non?*" He looked at me sharply. "'Ow you lak the leetle chicken, eh? *Mui bonita! Si?*"

"I've had one or two other problems on my mind," I reminded him.

I was relieved when Higgins rode up, leading an extra horse for Cromwell and two fresh horses for us.

Maté Cocido stopped smiling as he looked at the long line of horses strung out behind.

"I weel tak the lead," he said curtly. "Señor, will you please ride behind me. Si?"

I forked my saddle. "*Si, si,*" I said.

Higgins reached over and shook my hand. "H'I'll bring up the bloody flank," he said. "Good luck, sir!"

"Good luck," I said.

As the horses wound slowly up the hill, I looked back. Shirley and Aunt Sarah were silhouetted in the doorway.

CHAPTER XVI

RATS IN A TRAP

IN opaque darkness we wound through the trees until we came out above the timber line. I had slung a carbine across my shoulder and by the time we

reached the plateau it was beginning to chafe. Yet there was no scabbard in the saddle and I wanted the rifle along. In the right pocket of my coat I had a box of fifty bullets for the rifle; in the left, a box for the revolver.

Maté Cocido rode ahead in silence. When we left the trees it lightened a bit, and I could see him, slumped in his saddle. Perhaps he was asleep.

Well, Jeff, I thought, *you're learning to fight for your heritage. Who said the age of adventure is dead? Funny, but you don't seem to be afraid of death any more. Is that the way soldiers feel? Or are you just too weary to care? Wake up, man! You're not starting out on a picnic. That train of pack-horses are not carrying sandwiches! You're toting enough dynamite to blow a glacier out of place—you hope. You're going to attempt something the British Navy hasn't been able to do. You're going to capture a battleship . . . . . .*

I must have fallen asleep in the saddle. Someone touched my leg and I looked up suddenly and saw Higgins, Maté Cocido and Cromwell all grouped around me.

Higgins said: "Well, sir. We're almost there."

The three gulfers who had given us their horses while they walked on to the glacier were now talking to Maté Cocido. He translated their report.

"Everyt'ing ees ver' good," Maté assured us. "Thee Nazi wans air busy putting beeg pipe from wan sheep to the odder."

"They're refueling," I said, "but it won't do them any good. Look, Maté—can you station your men to cover a flank attack? Give us a couple of hours, and we'll be finished."

He nodded. "No wan weel bother you, señor."

I shook the sleep out of my head and took bearings. We had traveled over a dozen miles, through hills and around cliffs, while I had slept. My horse blew violently through his nostrils and shook himself. The saddle rattled, slipped a little. Higgins tightened the cinch for me.

"If you know the way," I told Higgins, "take the lead. But move slowly. Perhaps it would be well to bind the horses muzzles so they won't cry out if they stumble."

"I'll be careful," he promised. "I know the way."

I waved him on, and lighted a cigarette. Then I stood beside Maté Cocido as the long caravan went by. He smelled of sweat and leather—and of blood. I offered him a cigarette and watched him light it. He cupped the match in his hand, lighting his high cheek bones and his eyes, and giving his face a slightly sinister cast.

The horses went by, like the sheep you count at night. First a horse with a rider on it, then a connecting line, and a horse with boxes tied to his saddle. Another rider, and another horse. Five, ten, fifteen pairs went past me. Then Cromwell said: "That's all, Wynn. Let's go."

The fog was moist, like fine rain, and most of the men wore ponchos. I followed the last pack horse. After we topped the rise, I could see the glacier stretched out, cold and dead. The magnitude of my idea hit me. It was crazy, mad. But it was too late to stop now.

I fished out my watch. It was after three o'clock. Another hour would bring daylight. If the Germans followed us, Maté Cocido would have his work cut out. They would be well armed and disciplined. It wouldn't be like scaring off the merchant crew of a tanker.

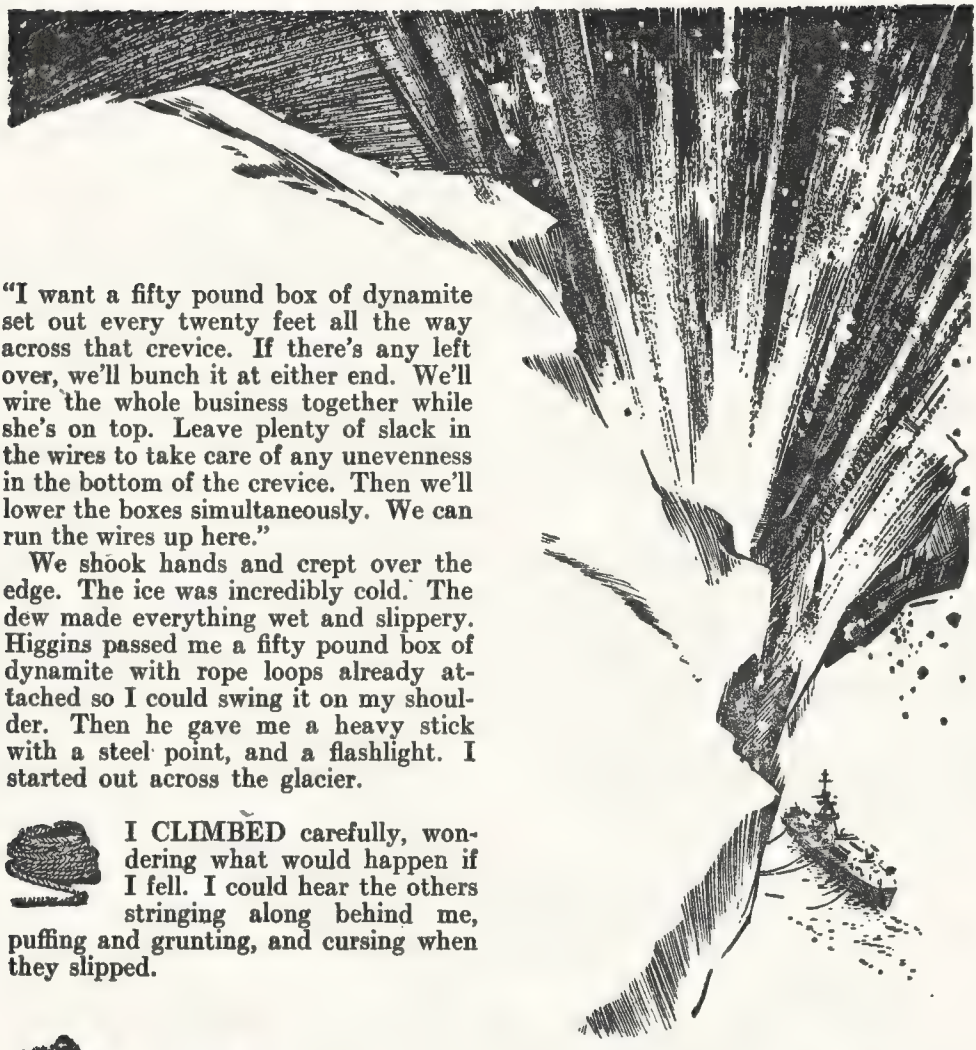
We ran the horses out on the point of land that followed the edge of the glacier, like a canal tow-path, until we were abreast the crevice. From the lofty perch on the cliff across the narrows, the glacier had looked like smooth ice, the crevice like a neat, precise crack in the ice. But now that we were close beside it, the glacier was rough and irregular, and the crevice like a jagged gorge.

The men got off and held their horses in a circle. Higgins rode over and dismounted.

"We can't take the horses out onto that stuff," I told him. "I hope you've brought enough wire for that detonator."

Higgins nodded. "We've got h'everything, sir."

"Let's go over it again," I suggested.



"I want a fifty pound box of dynamite set out every twenty feet all the way across that crevice. If there's any left over, we'll bunch it at either end. We'll wire the whole business together while she's on top. Leave plenty of slack in the wires to take care of any unevenness in the bottom of the crevice. Then we'll lower the boxes simultaneously. We can run the wires up here."

We shook hands and crept over the edge. The ice was incredibly cold. The dew made everything wet and slippery. Higgins passed me a fifty pound box of dynamite with rope loops already attached so I could swing it on my shoulder. Then he gave me a heavy stick with a steel point, and a flashlight. I started out across the glacier.

I CLIMBED carefully, wondering what would happen if I fell. I could hear the others stringing along behind me, puffing and grunting, and cursing when they slipped.

"Give her hell!" I yelled and rammed the plunger down.

It won't always be like this, I told myself. *Someday this will all be over and you'll be able to sit around and enjoy your ranch. And don't forget you have a partner.*

Thinking passed the time and suddenly the glacier ended and I was against the opposite wall. I gingerly twisted out one of the boxes and laid it on the ground. Higgins helped me place it close to the edge of the crevice. While he held my coat tail, I leaned over and shot the beam of my light down into the crack. It seemed bottomless. I backed away. I looked at the box. It seemed incredible that a tiny package like that could move this mountain of ice.

It took us over an hour to place and rig the boxes. Finally, it was done. Long lariats were uncoiled and joined for length, then securely tied to the boxes. Higgins and I went down the line, checking each box. If one broke loose, the circuit would be broken. That would mean failure.

Finally everything was ready. Very slowly we inched the boxes over the edge and as each man paid out his line, he spoke to the man next to him, so that all the boxes would go down together. It was slow and agonizing and before the last box was placed, I was lathered in sweat, like one of the horses.

Higgins came over. He was sweating and breathing hard. "H'it's all set, sir."

"The detonator rigged?"

"All rigged."

"Then wait a moment," I said.

I scrambled across the ice and climbed the opposite wall. I lay on my stomach and looked down. As my eyes adjusted themselves, I could make out the lines of the *Admiral Schneider*.

"You've got a long, cold wait, old girl!" I whispered, and crawled back to the others.

"O. K.," I told Higgins. "Let's go."

We scrambled up on the bank and walked over to the detonator. I waved the others away. Cromwell and Higgins both shook my hand, then turned and walked quickly away. When the last of the horses had been led out of danger, I spat on my palms and grabbed the plunger.

"Give her hell!" I yelled, and rammed the plunger down.

I threw myself flat on the hard ground and wrapped my arms about my head. The whole ground heaved up to meet me and my head swelled as if it would burst as the thunder rolled out of the ground and above and about me. As I lay hugging the earth, it kept moving and rumbling. Then there came a ripping, tearing, rending sound that was like another explosion, only slower and steadier. After that a tremendous roar, louder and heavier than the others. The ground gave a spasmodic jump. Then everything went quiet. So quiet I could hear waves slapping in the fiord below.

I got up dizzily and crawled to the edge. The front section of the glacier was gone. As I lay peering over the edge, still shaken from the force of the explosion, the *Admiral Schneider* swung her powerful searchlight on the narrows. Then I knew we had succeeded. The narrows were completely blocked. The white light glinted on a small corner of the iceberg that jutted out of the water in the middle of the pass. I got to my feet and began to run . . . . .

Cromwell, when I joined the others, was crying like a baby, and old Higgins was alternately guffawing and snivelling in turn. Maté Cocido was all smiles.

IT was well after daylight when we pulled up on the plateau above the valley. The warm sun had pushed the fog aside and the valley lay green and lush and friendly. The only jarring note was the naval tender riding off the wharf.

I turned to the others. "There is no use inviting trouble," I said. "Cromwell —you stay here with the men. Higgins, Maté and I will go down."

We rode down through the timber and as we cut through the gate back of the house we were challenged by German sailors with rifles. They forced us to dismount and walked us up to the house. In the big living-room we found a young German officer in command. Aunt Sarah and Shirley were also there.

The officer was courteous and formal. His name, he said, was Lieutenant von Klieber. He spoke faultless English. He had served at the German embassy in Washington. He had heard the explosion and he was a little worried.

"Where have you been?" he demanded crisply of me.

Maté Cocido laughed insolently. Higgins was glaring. Aunt Sarah was watching me with a quizzical expression on her seamed old face. I knew she had told von Klieber nothing.

"In the first place," I said, "might I inquire what business it is of yours? In the second—what are you doing in this house?"

The young Nazi smiled tolerantly. "Must I remind you that you are all my prisoners. It would be advantageous for you to bear that in mind."

The big gaucho chuckled again. He found the stilted manner of the Germans highly amusing.

Before I could answer, we all heard the roar of heavy guns. Von Klieber sprang to his feet and listened. I counted seventeen tremendous blasts. Then silence.

The lieutenant glared at me. "What was that?" he snapped.

"That," I said, "was the *Admiral Schneider* trying to use her eleven inch guns to blast an iceberg out of the channel."

Von Klieber blinked. "An iceberg!"

"Wan ver' beeg iceberg!" offered Maté Cocido.

The German reached for his revolver. "If you are responsible I will . . . . . ." he began, but I cut him short.

"You won't do a damn thing, my friend. Not a thing, except surrender at once. The *Admiral Schneider* is completely and permanently sealed in Whale-trap Fiord. You have just one of two things you can do; you can free your prisoners at once and give yourselves up to the Chilean authorities for internment, or you can twiddle your thumbs until the British cruisers arrive and sink you, like a rat in a trap."

While the German was absorbing this, Higgins told his brilliant lie. I've a hunch it turned the tide for us when he said: "An' h'I bloody well 'opes you elect to twiddle," he snarled at the officer. "'Cause we already wirelessed for the Falkland Squadron to 'urry 'over 'ere an' give you w'at you deserve."

"I should kill you for this," von Klieber said, but it lacked conviction.

"You will have to face the consequences if you do," I reminded him. "This is Chilean territory. I might further point out that you have no way of getting away from the island, save in your tender. You can't transport a thousand sailors in a boat like that."

Von Klieber clicked his heels and bowed. "May I congratulate you, sir. Have you any way of communicating with the Chilean authorities before the British arrive?"

"You'll have to use your own radio."

He bowed again. "I shall return to confer with my *kapitaen*. If matters are as you state them to be, I shall return with some of the prisoners, especially," he bowed to Shirley, "the ones you are most interested in."

Von Klieber nodded to his men and stalked out. We watched him go down the slope and climb into the tender. As it backed away from the pier, Shirley threw herself into my arms.

"Oh, Jeff, Jeff! It's wonderful!" she sobbed. "Dad'll be home soon!"

SARAH MONTAGU banged her stick on the floor and did a clumsy tap dance. Old Higgins cheered lustily. Maté Cocido howled like a wolf. Then to everyone's amazement, he lifted Aunt Sarah off the floor, kissed her noisily on the mouth. Then he dropped her onto the couch, picked up his hat and ran out of the door.

Higgins' mouth sagged. "Why the rotten bounder!" he shouted. "I'll . . . ."

Aunt Sarah fingered her lips with her old hands. There was a hint of a smile playing around the corner of her mouth, but she sounded as querulous as ever when she turned on Higgins.

"You'll mind your own damn business, Henry Higgins!" she screamed at him, shaking her stick. "If that scoundrel wants to assault me just a little, that's *my* business." Her eyes twinkled. "Funny thing—it feels just as good at seventy as it did at seventeen!"

Somehow I still had my arm around Shirley when Cromwell hurried in a few minutes later. He was quite upset.

"I've got some bad news for you, Wynn," he said grimly. "Maté Cocido and his men have gone back into the hills."

"Good riddance, h'I s'y," growled Henry Higgins.

"But that's not the point," Cromwell added. "The damned bandit made off with a herd of cows!"

I turned to look at Sarah Montagu. I don't know if she even heard what Cromwell had said. She sat with two fingers touching her lips and a beatific expression on her face.

"The impudent scalawag!" she muttered softly.

THE END

THE CAMP-FIRE

Where readers, writers and adventurers meet

H. BEDFORD-JONES, who writes just as well about the craft of writing as he does when he's telling a story, has, we think, some mighty intelligent remarks to make about the dialogue in his new serial—and in "westerns" in general. He says—

> Anent the story "Wagons Away!" The chief comment, perhaps, should concern the dialect used, if there be any dialect. Strange to say, people of 1850 talked like you and me . . . they really did.
>
> Aside from words unknown then and forgotten now, their language differed little from its present usage. Writers of that period, however, followed their own notions in picturing language. In time, fiction of border life came to have a certain queerly spelled vocabulary like nothing on earth. Later, writers of plains and mountain stories stuck to a schedule of stock spellings and idioms. Still later, writers of "westerns" marked their stories by dialect written for the eye, not for the ear. So we're heirs to a misbegotten tradition.
>
> In the far west of 1850, a plainsman with or without proper schooling spoke in terms of Indian and mountain and prairie life, but he did not speak a senseless jargon of mispronunciation. English or Eastern writers, trying to put his speech on paper, wrote "waal" for *well*, "sartin" for *certain*, "yore" for *your*, and so forth; they made a wretched job of it, and still do.
>
> Dialect should entail the use of distinctive words and phrases, not misspellings. Mountain men, trappers, plainsmen, had their own figures of speech gained from their way of life, not from the way they pronounced words. Our Southern Negro dialect was largely taken by the black slaves from the lips of their English masters; believe it or not, our best "nigger talk" is traced to the English provinces.
>
> I've tried to make the language in this story as real as the yarn itself. It is human to err. If you don't like it, shoot at it; each of us is entitled to his own notion. At least, it helps me to visualize the people and how they acted, much better than would a lot of drugstore cowboy gibberish in line with the traditional "dialect" of the period.

We're inclined to agree with the above a hundred per cent. One of the worst banes of our editorial existence is having to wade through a so-called "western" manuscript in which whatever story-germ the author may have had when he started to write, quickly becomes lost in a wilderness of unhappily conventionalized misspellings and perversions of speech that characterize the dialect of

no cowhand or plains-country peace marshal ever known to God or man.

HURD BARRETT makes his initial appearance in *Adventure* with "The Counterfeiters" in this issue of our magazine. About himself and the story he says—

Born in New York City, where my father was a physician, 31 years ago. Lived there and in California, Georgia, Texas and points north and south, till I was ten; when my father died my mother took me to Tahiti, French Oceania, to live with her and my French step-father. Sent to Europe at thirteen to attend schools in France and Switzerland. Could hardly speak English when I returned to this country in 1926. School in San Francisco for two years, then the University of Arizona. Quit school because of interest in flying, learned to fly and tried to make a living as a pilot. No go, so by 1932 I quit flying and went to work in an airplane factory. Have been in turn blacksmith's apprentice, aircraft salesman, newspaper reporter, editor of a weekly shopping news, airplane mechanic, advertising copy-writer, free-lance photographer, in Mexico and Central America, vacuum cleaner salesman and innumerable other things I don't remember offhand. Sold some pictures I took on my Central American trips, found I could make more if I furnished articles to go with them, and so drifted into writing. Been at it ever since and my present dream is to save enough from it to buy a light plane and take my wife on a flying jaunt to Yucatan.

The incident on which "The Counterfeiters" is based is supposed to be true. At least, it's been floating around the industry for several years. The ship I had in mind was a Douglas DC-2; and for the records, there is a positive rash of ships—bi-motored, low winged monoplanes—that look almost identical to it. The French had one that was a dead ringer. So did the Italians. And the conversion of such a ship to a bomber is not difficult. I mean using the basic design, and making a military variation of it. The old B-18 is a job that came into being that way; and I have no doubt that one nation or another has made its own similar conversion of its own similar bi-motored low-wing transport. The Fiat BR-20, the Bristol-Blenheim, and others all have a marked resemblance to each other, and to the B-18, which—now obsolete—was the first conversion of a basic commercial design to military use that I know of. Yes, the old DC-2 did more to influence aircraft design in the thirties than any other crate built. And pilots loved her!

FRANK W. EBEY, who gives us the stirring history of the defense of Baler Church, is also an ex-flyer and a new addition to our Writers' Brigade. To introduce himself, he says—

I was born some 32½ years ago in Pratt, Kansas. And that's about all I know about Kansas. My dad, a railroader, left there before I was able to get around and meet any of the folks. By inheritance and inclination I'm a Texan, notwithstanding that fact that I consider Hamlet, North Carolina, Hub of the Seaboard Railroad, to be the finest town in the world.

After an undistinguished scholastic career I entered West Point with the Class of 1932 and managed to graduate with the same fine class, very near the bottom. While a cadet I tried to play baseball and did manage to become Humor Editor of the *Pointer*. Since that time the *Pointer* has ceased to be a humor magazine and is greatly improved since I was a cadet.

I have since served in Arizona, Texas, Wyoming, the Philippines, New York, Virginia, and Hawaii. I was with the Air Corps for what I am pleased to call a "short course." I was washed out for the big reason the Air Corps has to wash people out; *ie*, I just couldn't fly. Anyway, I was washed out of the finest Air Corps in the world. Now I'm in the Coast Artillery striving to bring planes down. And despite those who laugh at it, Anti-Aircraft is good and getting better.

While in Arizona I picked up a beautiful and capable wife and while in Hawaii I have acquired a son, Jack Ebey, 8 months, who is my hobby.

For years now I have been gathering material by notes and in my head from tales, manuscripts, regimental histories etc. about the Army in the old West—the so-called "Old Army." Despite the cowmen who sneered at them they did a wonderful job in the West. Remember, it wasn't their fight. The landseekers forced it on them. They were always yelling for troops and then panning them when they arrived.

I am fond of railroads, (Captain Ebey has had published elsewhere articles on military railroads. Ed.) baseball, gunnery, Battery "B" of the 55th CA, Ari-

zona, Texas, and photography. I root for the Giants in the National League and the field against the Yankees in the American. That's one great thing about Hawaii. You get the scores at noon.

And speaking of Hawaii, we're wondering if the material we printed last month from Mrs. Elliott, and from John Snell, our *Ask Adventure* expert on T. H., lured any reader of this magazine to the Pacific on a job quest. Keep us posted—anyone who sails—for we'd like to know how you made out.

WE KNEW it! Just as soon as we spotted that expression *Hobson's choice* in Commander Ellsberg's whaling story which we ran in the June issue, we were certain a flood of letters would descend on us calling attention to the "anachronism" and pointing out that "a Nantucket whaler of the Eighteenth Century couldn't possibly use a phrase that didn't originate till the Spanish-American War."

How did we know it? Because that's what we thought ourselves—until we checked! The torrent has begun to pour in. Witness: W. J. Steele of Toledo, Ohio writes—

"There She Blows!" is certainly a good story, however, the narrator was supposed to be living in John Paul Jones' time, so how could he have used the expression *Hobson's choice* which didn't originate till after the sinking of the collier *Merrimac* by R. P. Hobson in Santiago during the Spanish war? Please have Commander Ellsberg explain. . . .

and from C. W. Holmquist of McKeesport, Pennsylvania—

I found an historical improbability on page 12 of the Ellsberg story. It is told in the first person by an individual somewhere past 16 in approximately 1776 who mentions *Hobson's choice,* an event of the Spanish-American War. He might have lived to 1900 to tell the story or more than 140 years, but it doesn't seem likely. Tell the Commander. . . .

and several more in like vein.

We were, as we said, a bit dubious about the expression when we read the manuscript, but we didn't "tell the Commander" or "have him explain." We looked it up—guess where?—in the dictionary. To wit—

Hobson's choice. A choice without an alternative; the thing offered or nothing;—so called in allusion to the practice of *Thomas Hobson (d. 1631), at Cambridge, England* (Italics ours), who let horses and required every customer to take the horse which stood nearest the door.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac,* (b. 1870-d. 1937) went into politics after leaving the Navy in 1903 and on a prohibition platform was elected to Congress. A handsome seadog, immensely popular with the ladies, he made a triumphant campaign tour noteworthy chiefly for the multitudes of females who insisted on kissing him at his rallies. It was an osculatory field day for the giddy young things of the era and so far as we know R. P. Hobson had no choice whatever, being forced to kiss and be kissed indiscriminately by all comers. He was made a rear-admiral by an act of Congress in 1934, almost forty years after his stirring exploit with the *Merrimac.*

Just a couple of other guys!

GORDON MacCREAGH, like so many members of our Writers' Brigade, reads *Adventure* just as enthusiastically as he writes for it. He lives, as you know, in Florida, so was particularly interested in Oliver Hazard Perry's account of the massacre of Major Dade's column in the Everglades which appeared in the May issue. In the article Mr. Perry mentions "the wolf pits of Fort Brooke on Tampa Bay" and speaks of "wolves smelling the bones of dead soldiers." Mr. MacCreagh, never having encountered a wolf in the Florida swamp country, which he knows well, queried Mr. Perry on his natural history. The author of the article replies—

I myself had never considered wolves as likely Florida residents, but apparently they were there in the Eighteen Thirties. The only accounts I could find of the Dade massacre were written by men who were soldiering in Florida at

the time. Every reminiscent writer I read mentions wolves in Florida. About the wolf pits I mentioned—these were a part of the defenses at Fort Brooke. They were pits with sharpened stakes at the bottom such as are actually used as wolf traps. However, these were designed to impale possible enemies rather than animals. It's not likely any attacking Seminoles would have been so trapped, but they might account for any attacking European troops.

Anybody ever remember seeing a wolf in Florida? Or have they gone the way of the Michigan wolverine?

CIRCULATION NOTES: Captain Charles Sweeny, Royal Air Force, writes, "Many years ago, in January 1915 if my memory serves, I 'captured' a copy of your magazine in a German trench during a trench raid. This seemed so extraordinary to me that I wrote your then Editor relating the incident. I do not know whether any mention of it was ever made in your columns but almost a year afterwards while in the American Ambulance in Paris, I picked up an old copy of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in which an editorial comment was devoted to it." Does any reader recall the incident? Our *Camp-Fire* has never been effectively indexed, but we're checking the old files carefully, and will try to check in *Cosmopolitan,* also. We'd like to see that editorial comment.

K. Moffatt writes on Royal Canadian Air Force stationery from #2 Bombing and Gunnery School, Mossbank, Sask., "We are thirty miles from the nearest town and as I have the only copy of *Adventure* in the barracks, it's promised for weeks to come. . . ."

Tommy Lempertz writes from Mexico to say ". . . . a friend in the Luftwaffe (we suppose it's conceivable that people *do* have friends in the Luftwaffe) says to tell you guys on the *Adventure* staff that he can no longer get the magazine in Hamburg."

And an enterprising gentleman named Simjian writes from Khas Street, Teheran, Iran, that he'd like to have sole rights for distribution of *Adventure* in his country.

We do get around—or don't, as the case may be!

A WELL known photographer, an acquaintance of a member of our staff, who is on a photographic jaunt in Chile, writes:

"We spent a very swell two weeks on a trip down to a marvelous region below the inhabited section of Chile and just above that southernmost city in the world, Magallanes. It's a region which is largely marked "unexplored" on the maps. And the little boat on which we traveled, proceeded almost entirely by an empirical process of navigation to carry us 400 miles through a wonderful country of islands and inland passages and infinite snow-capped mountains, to the foot of a great glacier four miles across its front and 250 feet high. A force of six engineers, a small and unpredictable wood burning locomotive trailing a few dump cars, and seventy workmen equipped with shovels and an indifferent will, are attempting to cut a canal through a wild and difficult neck of land. For three years they have been at it and, unless they get some mechanical help, in another thirty-three years, they may be finished.

"However, the engineers were tickled stiff to have us ask to stay with them for a week. It was the first time that any tourists had evidenced such an interest. And for me it was the first time since arriving in Chile that I found an atmosphere in which I could relax and enjoy myself. It was primitive in a sense, but it was clean and we were so graciously received and so well treated that we are never likely to forget the place or the people. We were given rooms with little wood-burning stoves whch were serviced by a remarkably efficient, small barefoot boy. There was a toilet made in the U.S.A., and a bath tub which had standing by it a large, sinister-looking contrivance which turned out to be a boiler. If you wanted a bath the small boy fired it up and in a little while you could enjoy your bath while also enjoying the snapping, crackling wood-burning fire. The food was utterly simple and sometimes the meat was indescribably tough, but occasionally there was something pretty swell, like the time we had fish weighing five or six pounds apiece, spread upon bamboo frames and broiled over an open fire.

"While it rains almost continuously in that area, we were blessed with God's

special attention and four of our seven days were wonderfully clear, crisp and sparkling. We made trips over the ten mile lake to the glacier, the sight of which is an experience difficult to describe. It's just too big and awful for words. Maybe the photographs will prove something, but I doubt it. When chunks break off the front of it, the sound seven or eight miles away is like thunder, and if a small boat gets too close at such a time, it will surely be swamped by the tremendous waves set going by the falling ice, or crushed by the ice itself. The colors of the ice range all the way from royal purple to aquamarine. And the size of the glacier itself is so tremendous that your only reaction is one of nervous excitement. Up from whence the glacier originates is a great ice sheet, bearing the imposing title of the "Continental" ice, and extending for a thousand miles, more or less, down to the Straits of Magellan. From one 12,000-foot high, perpetually snow-capped peak, four huge glaciers poured downward, all within sight of us at the camp."

We were delighted to have this additional material from the "bottom of the world," just in time to print along with the final installment of "East of the Williwaw" which includes the startling glacier sequence in the Straits of Magellan. The above gives another traveler's impressions of a truly fabulous corner of the world and it's interesting to note how closely they coincide with those of Leslie T. White, who visited the same region about a year ago.

L. T. W., incidentally, is back from the Mato Grosso, stuffed with material for future fiction and full of enthusiasm for the Brazilian cattle country. He writes from California, where he's ensconced for a while, to ask if we noticed the paragraph in *Time*, issue of May 26, about Mate Cosido, the Argentinian Robin Hood, whose forays from the Chaco jungle have netted some 90,000 pesos in seven different hold-ups, the loot from which he has distributed to needy farmers.

We *had* seen the item and *Time's* footnote re the spelling of Segundo David Peralta's nickname. Peralta, living prototype of White's gaucho char-

Speaking of Thrills . . . Don't Miss

THE PUZZLE OF THE TERRIFIED DUMMY

In which MERLE CONSTINER mixes murder, mystery, and mannequins in a new novelette of the Dean—that astonishing authority on everything from Assyrian lithoglyphs to the workings of a killer's mind. A sculptor assembles some "shooks" while his bibulous spouse digs ditches, and two imported punks run rampant—in a case that's battier than the Carlsbad Caverns!

T. T. FLYNN brings back Mr. Maddox in *Post-Mortem at Pimlico*, a murder-a-furlong novelette, in which the lucky dollar bet of an ancient flower-selling crone puts the bland Buddha of the bangtails behind the eight-ball, with his nemesis Cassidy itching to make a pinch.

HUGH B. CAVE'S thirsty dick, Peter Kane, returns to unscramble the riddle of *Ding Dong Belle*. Why was Dolores Anderton playing ping-pong, clad only in a white bathing suit, on that wintry night when she was murdered?

Plus short stories by JAN DANA, C. P. DONNEL, Jr., and others. All in the AUGUST issue on sale Now!

DIME DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

acter in "East of the Williwaw," seems to be one of those legendary-though-still-living individuals whose very name is already in question. "Spelled Mate Cocido," *Time* says, deleting the accent from above the *e*, (We have used the preferred Maté form throughout the serial.) "it means brewed yerba mate, a native tea, on which the bandit lived during a prison term. Spelled Cosido, it refers to a wound Peralta got in a brush with police, means, in slang, Sutured Conk."

BOOK NOTES: Leslie T. White's "The River of No Return," which was running serially in *Country Gentleman* coincidentally with EOTW in *Adventure* is also about South America, and a good story, too. Macrae-Smith are the publishers. . . . We've just received from Dodd, Mead & Co. our copy of "Captain Paul," Commander Ellsberg's new novel, from which "There She Blows!" was taken. The Literary Guild edition—it's the Guild selection for June—will be going to subscribers shortly . . . . . C. Blackburn Miller, our *Ask Adventure* expert on salt-water fishing, is the author of "Hudson Valley Squire," a volume of delightful reminiscence covering fifty years residence near Newburgh, N. Y. The publishers are the Frederick A. Stokes Co. . . . . Robert Ormond Case's serial, "Freeze and Be Damned!" which concluded in *Adventure* in the May issue, has been published by Doubleday, Doran under the title "West of Barter River" . . . . . The Peter Dickoe stories by R. W. Daly and the "Lefty" and "Chesty" baseball yarns by W. C. Tuttle are both due to appear in book form and there's a collection of S. Omar Barker's ballads on the way. We'll keep you posted as to publishers and dates of appearance . . . . Frank Gruber's "Outlaw" will be published in book form in September by Farrar & Rinehart.

AND speaking of books, a copy of "The Sea Letter" of the American Merchant Marine Library Association came in the mail the other day. It contains the following which we are glad to print here in *Camp-Fire*. Many *Adventure* readers, we are sure, will be interested to know of the need expressed below and anxious to share their books with the men who go down to the sea in ships.

One hundred thousand good books are urgently needed for the men of the American merchant marine. Unlike the soldiers and sailors in the defense training camps, American merchant seamen do not have a library service provided for by official appropriation. The American Merchant Marine Library Association which, for twenty years has served as "The Public Library of the High Seas" has increased its service to American merchant ships by 40 per cent during the past year and this increase has resulted in a terrific strain on the library's book stock.

The building of five hundred modern merchant ships, the re-conditioning of many others, and the training of officers and seamen to man the new merchant marine is one of the most vital parts of the National Defense program. The American Merchant Marine Library Association has laid its course to follow this program closely. Each new ship placed in service is equipped with a library before it sails. Books of modern biography, current history, mathematics, science and language are placed in each library, as well as a wide assortment of current magazines.

In the year which has just closed the Association delivered 5,265 libraries containing 201,437 books and 368,550 magazines to the merchant fleet, to the Lighthouse Service and the United States Coast Guard. In addition 11,372 books were taken by seamen on individual loan; 2,478 of these were technical books on Seamanship, Navigation, Marine Engineering, Radio, Nautical Cookery.

Libraries have been established at Coast Guard base at New London, Connecticut, at the training stations of the U. S. Maritime Service at Hoffman Island in New York and at Gallup's Island in Boston. Libraries have been supplied to the training ships Joseph Conrad, Tusitala and American Seaman, and plans for 1941 call for the establishment of a library at the training station at St. Petersburg, Florida, New Orleans, Louisiana, and at Government Island, San Francisco. The latest technical books have been loaned to instructors and students at these training stations, and many seamen borrow and return technical books by mail.

Books help to maintain the morale of our Merchant Marine which, in the last analysis, is as important to the National Defense as our Army and Navy.

In order that our efforts to send out sea-going libraries that seamen will want to read will be more effective, the library has made an analysis of the subject matter of the 18,600 books borrowed on individual loan by 3,166 seamen during the two years, 1939-1940.

Of the 18,600 books borrowed, 4,869 or 26.1 per cent were technical books, another 4,150 or 22.5 per cent were non-fiction, and 9,571 or 51.4 per cent were fiction. It scarcely need be pointed out that where the borrowing of technical and non-fiction books is 48.6 per cent of the total, the indication is toward a serious reading interest on the part of the seamen.

For the purpose of this study, the field of reading was divided into 29 subject headings. Fiction was grouped into four classes: General, mystery, western, and sea stories. Do seamen like to read sea stories? The answer is that every tenth book of fiction borrowed by a seaman was a sea story. Subject headings covering all of the maritime technical books were used, and it is significant, in view of our National Defense program, that every fourth book borrowed was a technical book.

Since the Association circulated, on ships and by individual loan, a total of 212,809 books during 1940 as against a total of 171,628 in 1939, it is apparent that new books are more urgently required this year than ever before.

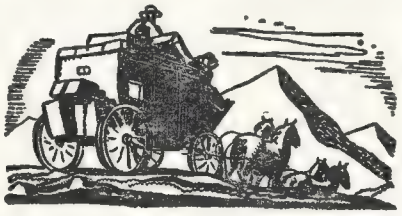
Throughout some 7,000 miles of lonely coastline that extends from Maine to Texas, from California to Washington and along the Great Lakes from Superior to upper New York, the United States Coast Guard stands ready to protect the lives and ships of the American people.

On rocky points along the coast of Maine and sandy bays off the Florida coast, lonely lighthouses stand on guard, flashing their welcome lights to ships at sea.

At these distant stations the books and magazines of the American Merchant Marine Library Association help to brighten the lives of the men—and sometimes women and children, who make up the personnel of these lighthouses and coast guard stations. During 1940, the Association sent 332 libraries to 124 lighthouses, 20 lightships, 60 Coast Guard stations and 16 Coast Guard cutters.

Forty-five Broadway, New York City, N. Y. is the address of the Association and books sent there will quickly find their way aboard ship.

"RILEY GRANNAN'S LAST ADVENTURE"



It is available again. With requests coming in almost every week, although it has not been advertised for years, and with our own supply down to a single copy, ADVENTURE has ordered a large reprint of this famous booklet. The price is ten cents.

This is the classic of funeral sermons—the sermon delivered in a burlesque theater in Rawhide, Nevada, by Herman W. Knickerbocker, the busted preacher-prospector, over the body of Riley Grannan, the dead-broke gambler.

Adventure
205 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

Please send me.....copies of "Riley Grannan's Last Adventure."
I am enclosing.....cents. (10c in stamps or coins for each copy desired.)

.....
Name

.....
Street Address

.....
City or Town State

ASK ADVENTURE

Information you can't get elsewhere

ON THE care and feeding of frogs.

Request:—I wonder if you could give me some information on breeding frogs. I am from the Rio Grande Valley of Texas and will be back there again this fall to stay. During my spare time I do lots of frog hunting. The only kind we have out there are the small variety taking about ten pair of legs to weigh a pound. It seems that the large bull frogs of the Louisiana type don't breed there. Do you think by fencing a pond and stocking it with hundreds of these frogs which I can catch they would breed? How about males and females? Is there any way to tell the difference? Also about the feeding—could they provide for themselves or would I have to feed them? If so, what could be used for food? Maybe I'm asking too much of you or this isn't in your line. But any hints or suggestions you have regarding this matter will be greatly appreciated.

—W. T. Adams
806 E. Buffalo Ave.
Tampa, Fla.

Reply by Raymond S. Spears:—I have no direct information to give you about frogs, but can set you on the way to get the information you need. A good many pamphlets and handbooks have been printed on the subject, and by getting these you'll have more than forty letters could tell.

Ask for documents about edible, domestic and wild frogs.

U. S. Fisheries Commission, Washington, D. C.

U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Supt. Public Documents, Washington, D. C. (Ask him for a list of documents about Frogs which he has for sale.)

In these you'll find pictures showing males, females, species.

Go to Second Hand and Auction Stores, in Tampa — book stores — and look over their stock. They may have books, reports, about frogs. In New Orleans they have a lot of such pamphlets. Also Conservation Commission, New Orleans, La., prints several reports on frogs—articles—and look up these, second hand books stores, if the Commission can't let you have copies.

You can feed frogs by hanging a tight, bright lantern over the water at night. The insects on which frogs feed fall from lantern into the water, where frogs catch them—two or three lanterns over lily pad clusters, or water plants where frogs lie will feed a lot of them.

Your best bet would be to start with a few pairs in a small area. Fence in and make sure the water changes, keeps pure. You'll find quite a lot to learn about handling the bulls but a season or two will give you a good start. The Jumbo

species pay best, and you can find markets for them and where you can buy domestic lines, too, I believe, from U. S. Fisheries Commission, above. You can, of course, catch wild frogs and take them to your own locale.

I've been on the Rio Grande above the Big Bend, through El Paso into the big irrigated bottoms below Elephant Butte. They raise these frogs in California—no reason why shouldn't in Rio Grande. They have to be protected from mink, foxes, snakes, but so do most domestic small stock. I'm sure about lower Rio Grande—a good spring and a marsh would fit you out. I read that an artificial pond, running water, and shallow water, with lily pads, other water plants, small floats and landings give the frogs cover and room. You need specialty info' regarding breeding and caring for the pollywog-stages. But this advice is in the Government Documents—

Your Congressman could put you on the mailing list for whatever is to be had about raising frogs for market—probably be glad to do it, as this is one of the lines of farming that helps take care of a lot of people, and has large possibilities in new country.

ONE hit—no run—big error.

Request:—Recently, during a sandlot game, a peculiar situation arose on which we all were in doubt. Here it is:

A runner on first, one or no outs, the batter hits a drive which should go for extra bases, but he missed second base, which naturally makes him out and only gives him credit for a single base. But on the hit the runner who had been on first base scored. As the batter had only gotten a single on the play, the umpire made the runner go back to third base. Some claim he should have gone back to second base instead, for the batter had only got credit for one base. Now others said he should be allowed to make all he can on the play, even score if possible. What is your opinion of this play?

—Anthony Sinkeus
730 W. 19 Place
Chicago, Ill.

Reply by Frederick Lieb:—In the play you describe, umpire erred, and the runner should have been permitted to score.

There is nothing in the rules that would hold this base-runner to only one base, merely because the batter had failed to touch second base. On the hit and run play, fast base-runners, getting off to good leads, frequently can score from first on a single.

Even if there had been two out, run would have counted if that runner had scored before the man who had cut second had been put out by being tagged with the ball before he could retrace his steps and touch second. A runner is not automatically out by failure to touch a base. The ball must be put on his person, and the umpire's attention called to it. If the umpire then has noticed the oversight, he will call him out. In the case of cutting first base, it then only is necessary to throw the ball to first, and the batter then is out, the same as though he were thrown out at that bag. Hope that straightens you out.

100 yds.+2 fins—10″=faster swimming.

Request:—Will you be so kind as to give me any information you can in regard to the new artificial fins, which I understand are attached to the feet to quicken swimming speed.

Can you tell me what they are like: how they are fastened to the feet; whether they require much effort; if they are really effective; where they can be bought; what they cost; and how they are used, the movements resorted to.

—George Hitchcock
Glendive, Mont.

Reply by L. de B. Handley:—Undoubtedly the fins you refer to are the "swimfins" invented by Owen Churchill, of Los Angeles. They may be described as the two halves of a fishtail of flexible rubber, a bit more than one foot in length.

They are worn like shoes, a circular opening serving to insert the feet into hollow spaces within. The openings, elastic, fit snugly around the ankles. Swimmers say they require little effort.

Of their effectiveness there can be no question. Recent trials indicate that the average crawl swimmer will increase his 100-yard pace by at least ten seconds in wearing them for the first time. The swimmer merely executes the movements of the crawl leg drive in his usual manner.

I believe the fins can be obtained at leading sporting goods stores in large cities throughout the country. The cost is $6.75 per pair, with a reduction for purchases in larger quantities. The New York agent is Edward Kennedy, coach of swimming at Columbia University, Amsterdam Avenue and 119th Street.

FISHERMAN'S heaven!

Request:—I take this opportunity to avail myself of some authentic advice on salt water fishing. The island of Guam is located in the tropical Pacific, and we have many fine species of game fish in our local water, but expert salt water fishermen seldom visit the island, and we have but little opportunity to learn how to make the most of this excellent sport here. The lack of good books on the subject is amazing. Please give me some good methods, both still fishing (or, as some call it, bottom fishing) and trolling, for the following fishes: Yellowfin tuna, wahoo, bonito, jack crevalle, dolphin, oceanic skipjack, barracuda, red snapper, marlin and sailfish. We have many other kinds of game fish here, but those mentioned are the principal ones. It may be of interest to you to know that only five marlin, all of the black species, have been taken in Guam waters, although we know they are plentiful. Our knowledge of fishing is so limited that we need to learn how to take them.

We believe Guam is a fisherman's heaven, and this fine sport will be enjoyed to a much greater extent when we learn more about the proper tackle and methods. Anything you can tell us will be appreciated.

You will note that we do not have any surf casting possibilities here, as the island is surrounded by coral reefs, but there is plenty of deep water which we can reach in fishing boats.

Gratefully and very truly yours,

—Foster D. Bruton
Agana, Guam

Reply by C. Blackburn Miller:—Your inquiry of February 14th relative to suggested methods of fishing at Guam received. The most efficient method of taking the varieties of fish which you mention such as marlin, sailfish, tuna, wahoo, bonito, crevalle, dolphin, barracuda and skip-jack is by trolling.

Inasmuch as there is considerable variance in size and weight of the different species of fish which you mention I would suggest the following table for tackle specification.

Variety	Wt. of tip	Length of tip	Butt	Line	Size of reel
Marlin	24 ounces	5 feet	21 inches	36 thread	16-0
Sailfish	9 ounces	5 feet	19 inches	15 thread	9-0
Tuna	(If large same specifications as Marlin rig)				
Tuna	(If small same specifications as Sailfish rig)				
Wahoo	9 ounces	5 feet	19 inches	15 thread	9-0
Dolphin	6 ounces	5 feet	19 inches	12 thread	4-0
Crevalle	6 ounces	5 feet	19 inches	12 thread	4-0
Barracuda	6 ounces	5 feet	19 inches	12 thread	4-0
Bonito	6 ounces	5 feet	19 inches	12 thread	4-0
Skip-jack	6 ounces	5 feet	19 inches	12 thread	4-0

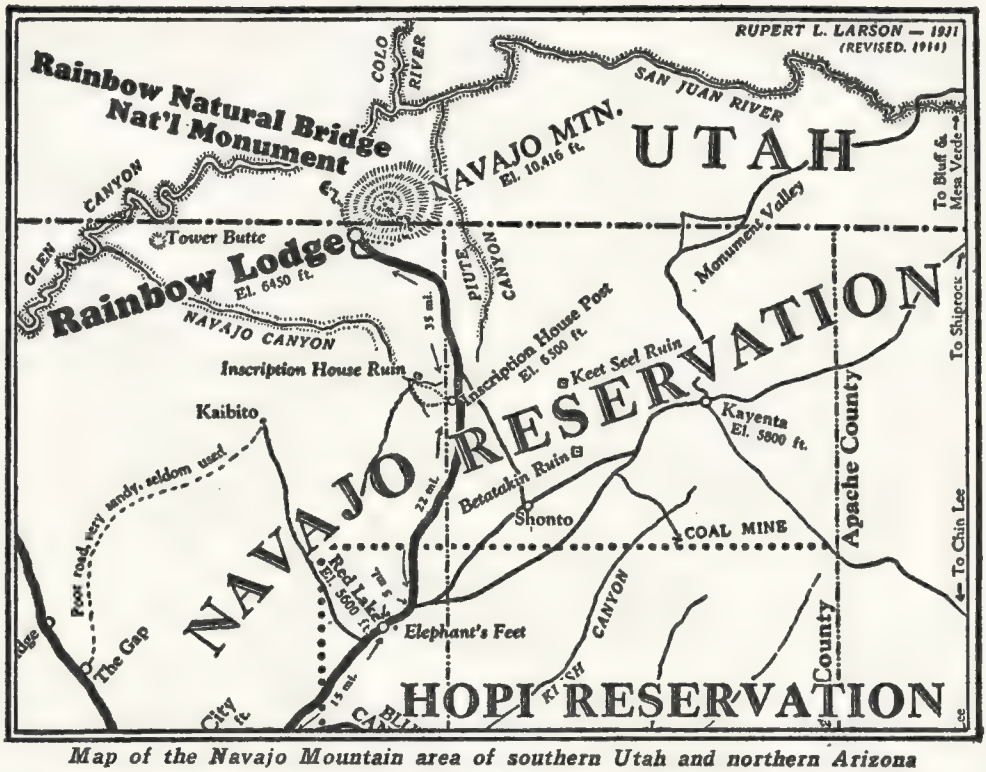
Either Wilson Trolling spoons or feather jigs are efficacious for catching all of the above varieties of fish with the exception of Marlin or Sailfish. For the former I would recommend the trolling of an entire fish with the point of the hook protruding from the belly. The lips of the fish must be sewed and firmly adjusted to the wire leader so that it will not spin. A strip cut from the side of a mullet is excellent sailfish bait or a whole "bally-hoo" placed on the hook provided that such a species of bait fish is found in the waters of Guam. If strip-bait is used, care must be exercised that the side of the fish used is cut clean with a sharp knife so that there are not shreds of flesh hanging to it.

The Pacific squid is also found to be excellent bait for Marlin. This has been tried with great success off the coast of Chile S. A.

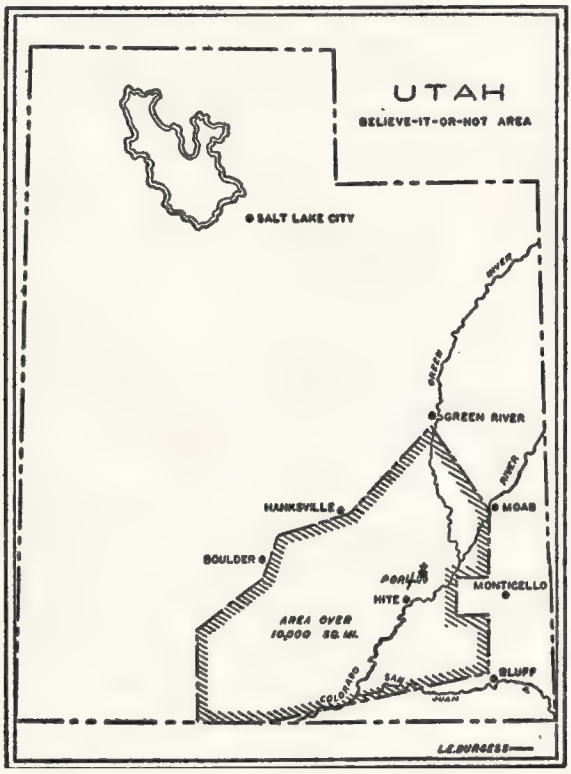
Inasmuch as it is impossible to give you all the information that you require in a letter I suggest that you send for "Salt Water Fishing Tackle" a book written by Harlan Major, the best of its kind ever written, and by following his instructions you will be able to meet every requirement.

ON THE opposite page are reproduced two maps which we hope will give *Adventure* readers a somewhat clearer picture of the fabulous Navajo Mountain area of southern Utah, subject of the controversy which has been adding fuel to *Camp-Fire* for several issues now. The map at the top of the page we print by permission of Mr. Rupert L. Larson of Los Angeles, who prepared the illustrated booklet on Rainbow Bridge in which the map originally appeared. The smaller map of Utah is reproduced through courtesy of the Utah Writers' Project, W.P.A. and was prepared by the project draftsman for use in a *History of Grazing in Utah*.

Mr. Larson's extremely interesting letter, which follows is in reference to one from Mr. Gladwell Richardson, Secretary of the Winslow, Arizona, Chamber of Commerce, who took exception to various statements characterizing the



Map of the Navajo Mountain area of southern Utah and northern Arizona



The area in southern Utah, outlined in the map of that state on the left has only four permanent inhabitants! In this section of over 10,000 square miles there are less than a hundred miles of unimproved dirt roads. There are only seventy-five miles of wagon roads. Only about 30% of the area is surveyed land.

NO
TOWN
STORE
SCHOOL
CHURCH
GAS STATION
TELEPHONE
ELECTRIC LIGHT
BATHROOM
NOR
OTHER
ITEMS
SO FAMILIAR
AND ESSENTIAL
TO OUR
EVERY DAY
MODERN
LIFE

region which had been made by C. C. Anderson, our *Ask Adventure* expert on Utah and the desert country. We printed the Richardson letter in the May issue, together with Mr. Anderson's scholarly and well documented reiteration of his point of view.

Kindly permit me, as a long-time reader of *Adventure*, to bring out a number of facts (and some opinions) in regard to the Navajo Mountain area which has been favored and ill-favored with such widely divergent opinions in your May issue, just to hand.

In the first place, it is well to remember that Gladwell (Toney) Richardson is looking at the area *from the south*, while C. C. Anderson is looking at it *from the north*.

Mr. Anderson is, so to speak, seeing a man with his back turned, while Mr. Richardson sees him with outstretched hand and friendly smile.

Thus Mr. Anderson sees, essentially, what is described in "The Navajo Country" (United State Geological Survey Water-Supply Paper 380, by Herbert E. Gregory, 1916) under the heading of "Rainbow Plateau" as: " . . . an area of bare red rock forming narrow divides between innumerable canyons 200 to 2,000 feet deep, which lead directly or by way of Navajo, Piute, and San Juan Canyons into Colorado River. . . . The deep canyon trenches are practically impassable and the buttresses flanking the cathedral spires are so narrow, smooth, and rounded that passage from one to another and access to the capping mesas have so far (1916) not been attained."

But under the heading "Navajo Mountain," Mr. Gregory, in the same Water-Supply Paper, says: "In marked contrast to the Rainbow Plateau, Navajo Mountain is covered with vegetation. Above an elevation of 7,000 feet there is an open stand of yellow pine, with trees ranging in diameter from 6 inches to 2 feet, averaging perhaps 10 inches, and attaining a height of 50 or 60 feet. Piñon and juniper form a belt surrounding the mountain at an elevation below 7,000 feet.

The yellow pine covers the mountain, in general, and is particularly well developed on the eastward and northward facing slopes and in open swales below 9,000 feet. This forest could furnish a timber supply if needed. . . . Red fir is found in a few localities, and Rocky Mountain fir was noted on some of the higher slopes, and trees of this species 1 inch to 10 inches in diameter occur even on the extreme top. Willows are found in the wetter valley basins. Wild roses, manzanita, a primrose of unusual beauty, flax, the Indian paintbrush, sage, and clematis indicate that this is but an island in the sea of vegetation characteristic of the Southwest, and the ground juniper gives a suggestion of the flora of New England."

Continuing, Mr. Gregory wrote: "War God Spring, on a bench facing the southeast at an elevation of 8,600 feet, is an excellent water supply. Its source is in deep talus at the head of a broad, flat valley. The water is clear, has a temperature of 47 degrees, and flows in sufficient abundance to supply a small stream, which, however, continues but a short distance down the mountain flank. The spring with its small stream furnishes an ideal camping spot."

In the same Water-Supply Paper, under the heading of "Forests," appears the following (from the notes of G. A. Gutches, "supervisor of forests"):

"The area of spruce on Navajo Mountain is 4,500 acres, and will cut approximately 12,000,000 feet. The inaccessibility of this timber renders it of little value. 'Merchantable yellow pine' occupies 235,500 acres, 80 per cent of which is covered by a good stand of mature timber averaging 21 inches in diameter breast high, and 80 feet in height, and will cut about 850,000,000 board feet of lumber. *Roads for logging may be cheaply constructed.*" (The italics are mine.)

Now let us move over to Segi Mesas (just east of the mountain) and see what Mr. Gregory (an authority if there ever was one) says:

"The descendants of the cliff dwellers no longer occupy this country. In their place are groups of Navajos who use the excellent forage of the mesas to support thousands of sheep."

If Mr. Anderson will take the trouble to look over the Water-Supply Paper in question, and study the maps, he will find that the Navajo Mountain country, including that part of the Rainbow Plateau immediately to the north and to the south of the mountain, is rather well watered, with numerous springs. Also, he will find a part of the Segi Mesas section surprisingly well watered.

Indeed, under "Rainbow Plateau," Mr. Gregory specifically states that: "Water is plentiful in the streams flowing north from Navajo Mountain, and springs occur at long intervals about the mountain's base. Water may be found also in Piute

and Navajo canyons and about the ancient ruins between the heads of these canyons. Elsewhere water, when present, is hidden away in almost inaccessible spots, and the experience of my party indicates that exploration in this canyoned land may be accompanied by hardships. Probably 40 per cent of the Rainbow Plateau is practically without vegetation, but between the ledges grass grows luxuriantly, except near the springs at the southwest base of the mountain."

Well, so much for the Water-Supply Paper. And now for some personal observations.

I visited Rainbow Natural Bridge in 1925 and again in 1927; Navajo Mountain (to the top via War God Spring and out onto Lookout Ridge for the big look-see) in 1925; Inscription House Ruin in 1927 and again in 1929; other parts of the Navajo country on numerous occasions from 1922 to 1939, and particularly so during the years 1925 to 1930, inclusive; the Hopi Reservation, with its snake dances, etc., etc., a number of times; have been on dinosaur track expeditions (yes, we found a new batch); hunted for remains of the labyrinthodont along the Little Colorado; driven a car to the forks of the Colorado and Little Colorado (cliff top, opposite Cape Solitude), etc., etc. In fact, the map on the back page of the folder I am enclosing herewith practically covers my travel routes in the area—not every litte side trip, of course, but in the main.

And I can well understand why Mr. Richardson feels "there is no more peaceful, well put together spot on earth than the Navajo Mountain country." I rather feel that way myself.

I have seen numerous flocks of sheep grazing at the southeastern base of Navajo Mountain. Indeed, there were scattered flocks as far as the eye could see. And some of the canyons on the north side of the mountain afford wonderful pasturage—regular little Edens—but are, of course, remote. And so far as Navajo Canyon is concerned, I well remember "Mr. Jones" (an old Navajo) and his peach orchard. Indeed, if Mr. Anderson will look on the map accompanying the 1916 Water-Supply Paper he will find the notation "Piute Farms" along the San Juan north of Organ Rock.

Speaking of Organ Rock reminds me that the Zahn brothers of Los Angeles took the first automobile into the area. That was back around 1911 (maybe 1910, maybe 1912). A look at the 1916 map will show you "Zahns Camp" on the San Juan across from the mouth of Nokai Creek. And if Dr. L. Paul Zahn still has it, I might show you a picture of the 1908 or 1909 model Franklin they used, with Organ Rock in the background. Incidentally, the Zahn brothers took an automobile through country that John Wetherill was taking, and for years continued to take, pack train parties through.

As to the writings of Mr. Bernheimer (and I have read the articles as well as the book), all I can say is that some of the cowboys of Northern Arizona, curious about what lay over the next ridge, in the next canyon, and so on, did pretty well in getting around the mountain, up the mountain, down the canyons and over the ridges. Homer Arnn, for example. What Mr. Bernheimer did, and for which Northern Arizonians are no doubt deeply grateful, was to publicize the area, as well as to do some excellent trail blasting at difficult spots, making it easier for the ordinary sightseer to get in and have a look-see, too, right on the heels of the "explorers."

As to Irvin Cobb's article in "Arizona Highways," I read it and enjoyed it. But, of course, I took it as Mr. Cobb very evidently intended it to be, with a humorous "gilding" of "breakneck and breathtaking" situations. It was a darned good, entertaining article. Not a factual road report.

In an article pubished in June, 1925, relating to my first trip to Rainbow Bridge and Navajo Mountain, I find the following: "At Cameron the scout car took on another passenger, Hubert Richardson, for many years an Indian trader in the Navajo, who with S. K. Borum maintains a trading post at Cameron, one at Leupp, and another at Kaibito. In addition, with his brother, S. I. Richardson, he has opened up the Navajo Mountain country to motor travel, constructing sixty miles of road through what has hitherto been regarded by all as absolutely impassable country except for pack trains. And the expense of this road was borne by the brothers.

"Leaving Cameron after lunch, with Hubert Richardson as host for the next few days, we drove on through Tuba City, 23 miles out (headquarters of the Western Navajo Indian Reservation), and 49 miles out reached Red Lake (Tonalea), a trading post. Five miles out of Red Lake, on the Kayenta route, the road built by the Richardsons heads almost due north over extremely rough and cut-up country, but so well informed

were the Indians employed to pick a route that, though of necessity there are many short, steep grades, the road has none heavy enough to deter any make of car in fair running condition. The fact that one-ton trucks, usually heavily overloaded, run regularly over this road should indicate its passability, and no motorist willing to go into the lower gears before he strikes a soft spot or starts up a short pitch is likely to have the slightest difficulty in traversing the road."

Remember, that was the condition of the road shortly after it was opened and I was doing my best to give motorists to follow an accurate picture of its condition, leaning neither to overstatement nor understatement. Two years later the road truly seemed like a boulevard in contrast to its condition in the spring of 1925. However, Walter Lewis, the full-blood Hopi who ran the truck line, did charge 3c per pound for hauling supplies from Flagstaff to Rainbow Lodge in 1925. So figure what it cost the Richardsons to lay down the lumber and cement and other supplies at the Lodge. Later, of course, as the road got better the rates came down.

Further along in the article, regarding the trail from Rainbow Lodge to the bridge, I find that I wrote: "A great part of this trail was built by the guides last year, effecting a considerable saving in distance over the Bernheimer trail of 1923, not to mention a saving of strength and good humor, for the old (Bernheimer) trail was a terror on grades, though the new trail is steep enough to make the motorist shove down on the stirrups in lieu of the footbrake."

I am surprised about Mr. Anderson's statement regarding the "tough" Boy Scouts of 1938, who didn't complete the 14-mile (one way) hike to the bridge.

Now, I didn't walk to the bridge, but on that 1925 trip I found myself in the saddle for the first time in seven years and it was really mostly pride that kept me from getting off and walking. As it was we rode down to the bridge one day, scouted the area, took pictures, and returned next day after spending a lot of time on pictures on the return journey. Then the third day we rode up Navajo Mountain and back again, all in the same day, with an early morning start and a return just as the shades of evening were descending, because I was busy taking more pictures, which involved setting up a tripod, etc. In all, we covered 54 miles on muleback those three days—a mere nothing in actual miles, but not bad going for the ups and downs. Not only that, but when we got back to "civilization" at Flagstaff I discoverd I had *gained* three pounds! I would not believe the penny scales; tried several and then went to a store and carefully weighed myself on a Fairbanks-Morse. Result, the same. So the country can hardly be too killing.

And the 18-year old Indian boy (literal translation of his Navajo name being "Mr. Pine's boy") who did odd jobs around the Lodge and occasionally was sent to the overnight camp in Bridge Canyon when it was necessary to deliver an important message to the guide, or guests, used to jog down of an afternoon and be back at Rainbow Lodge that evening. On foot, of course, being faster than horse or mule travel.

I am sorry to see the cracks about the rates for the pack trip to the bridge from Rainbow Lodge, and about "having something to sell." They are genuinely unfair, because the rate was first $60 for the trip, then $50 and finally $30 — and Hubert Richardson has never made a profit out of Rainbow Lodge to my knowledge. The road he built was, and is, toll free. It cost plenty of money to maintain a service that sometimes was not utilized for weeks. I might inquire of Mr. Anderson just how much roadway of any type he would be willing to construct for free public use?

Yours in the interests of accuracy,

RUPERT L. LARSON.

EVERYTHING which has appeared in these pages concerning the Navajo Mountain area was prompted by a *Lost Trails* notice, it appears at the end of that department in this issue, requesting information about Donald Smith. The young man had expressed an intention to do some exploration in the area and his twin brother David, assuming possibility of his having entered the desert country at the time he disappeared, wrote to C. C. Anderson for information about the region. Mr. Anderson's reply to the Larson letter follows, and refers to the still missing Donald Smith.

Dear Mr. Larson:

I appreciate such an interesting letter and your folder is really a bang-up job. Honestly I have seen nothing that surpasses it, and I read everything I can find about the National Parks and Monuments.

The map shown on the last page intrigues me—simplicity itself. You have omitted all the unessential detail which usually clutters such maps and yet shown the spots of interest and about all the information necessary for anyone contemplating a trip to the "Bridge." The insert showing the six southwestern states, with "Rainbow Bridge" spotted, locates instantly this central point of interest. I would like a copy of this folder for my files as I must return the one sent me, and your letter, after answering it as requested by the editor of *Adventure*.

You are evidently interested and active in disseminating information and promoting tourist travel to Rainbow Bridge and the adjacent scenic attractions. Although you might not believe it, so am I very interested in seeing travel to our southwestern scenic areas increased and the attractions publicized. Adventure magazine is not the only source from which I receive queries about this country. I have spent hours in research, when necessary, answered hundreds of letters, and sometimes paid the postage myself, just to tell people who have written me about these attractions.

And yet only a year ago a high-ranking National Park Service official wrote an editor that he thought I was trying to scare people away from Rainbow Bridge. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts or more opposite to my intentions, and I told him so. We, who live in this country, are prone to regard everything as all in the day's work. We don't realize that some slight inconvenience to us might, because of their ignorance or lack of information about such things, spell tragedy for someone who has spent their life in the east or in large cities. It has been my stubborn insistence to tell the *whole* truth about these areas that has occasionally got me into such "jack-pots."

Writers are prone to use superlatives, and I might frankly and openly state, that in my opinion, Chambers of Commerce do themselves more harm than good when they "forget" to mention any unpleasant or potentially dangerous condition which might be encountered by visitors. A simile would be the attitude of the isolationists and "peace at any price" propaganda as contrasted to our present vigorous defense measures. I believe in being armed and prepared. I tell people about the scenic wonders in store for them, but when in my opinion they should be warned, I warn them—and in no uncertain terms. Every visitor and tourist who has an enjoyable trip to our country returns home and sets himself up as a one-man publicity bureau. But should even one man encounter difficulties about which he had not been told, and with which he could not cope because he was not prepared, with knowledge or equipment, his griping and beefing will nullify the good-will efforts of a hundred persons who enjoyed themselves in comfort and safety because they had been forewarned. That's my attitude.

In my letter to Mr. Gladwell Richardson, and in the other letters previous to that, part of which were published in "Ask Adventure" I was speaking about the region of Navajo Mountain as it was at the time of Donald Smith's disappearance, August, 1940. I spent the months of July, August and September of last year in the area, southern Utah. You are no doubt aware that most of the Intermountain region, with southern Utah and northern Arizona being no exception unless it was increased severity, have suffered from a prolonged and increasingly severe drought for more than ten years. In September, 1940, it seemed to have broken when the fall rains continued and were actually *beneficial* instead of being torrential downpours with resultant rapid run-off and consequent destruction to vegetation. The past winter and spring have given us more precipitation, and now, in the early summer of 1941, we should find conditions much as described by Dr. Gregory in "The Navajo Country" paper from which you quoted. I did not quote it in my letter to Mr. Richardson because it dated back to 1916, but I heartily agree with you that there is no better authority than Dr. Gregory.

You quoted his remarks about the timber on Navajo Mountain. In my letter about Donald Smith I mentioned this and stated that it was the only timber to be found for many miles. It was this last to which Mr. Richardson took exception so in my reply to him I tried to make the distinction between *timber* and piñon-juniper. This distinction you have made more clear in your letter by quoting Dr. Gregory to the effect that this *timber* might even have commercial possibilities, so that point ought to be settled.

I might underline part of one of your

quotations from Herbert R. Gregory.

"The water . . . flows in sufficient abundance to supply a small stream, which, however, *continues but a short distance down the mountain flank.* [Another 'lost' stream, many of them sink into the ground this way.] The spring with its small stream furnishes an ideal camping spot." And again, on the bottom of page 2 of your letter, Dr. Gregory states that water is plentiful (1916) to the north of Navajo Mountain and springs frequent. But in the same paragraph: "*. . . Elsewhere water, when present, is hidden away in almost inaccessible spots,* [Exactly what I said, only in different words] *and the experience of my party indicates that exploration in this canyoned land may be accompanied by hardships. Probably 40 per cent of the Rainbow Plateau is practically without vegetation, but between the ledges grass grows luxuriantly, except near the springs at the southwest base of the mountain.*"

Now, my italics on your own quotations *could* alter the meaning considerably. But I presume you wanted to give both sides of the picture in your letter, as did Dr. Gregory in his paper, since otherwise you would have deleted the parts of the quotes which I have underlined. Therefore, we see eye to eye and have hardly any controversial items to talk about, except: I canot rescind any of my statements because they are true, can be verified, and were not exaggerated. But I can plead guilty to having presented only one side of the picture, as you stated. Had the circumstances been different, and remember I was writing to the twin brother of a young man who might have been lost down there, I can assure you that my description of Navajo Mountain would have shown it to the man from all sides, "from the south . . . with outstretched hand and friendly smile." Because I have lived in Arizona a number of years, and I too feel a sense of vastness, of limitless, enduring peace, and gratifying solitude when in this region. But I am also aware of a lurking, potential menace; lack and inaccessibility of water, heat, naked rocks, drifted sand, and remorseless elements that can easily bring about a tragic ending for the ill-advised, or poorly equipped, traveler who ventures off the trails, especially alone. And the actual menace is still greater if the man is a city dweller with no previous experience in this type of country.

I am still unable to verify the numbers of sheep and goats, and cattle, grazed on Navajo Mountain, and vicinity. That there has been continual reduction since the late 1920's I am sure, and I know that in 1939 and 1940 the Navajos were forced to make reductions in the numbers of their horses that seriously hampered many of them. The horses were reduced instead of the sheep and goats, but as you know every member of a Navajo family, even the youngsters, needs from one to four horses. You will find that the drought has brought about decreased numbers of the Indians' livestock, either through enforced reductions or natural causes resulting from less forage growth.

Your intimate notes about the roads and trails are very interesting as is also your personal knowledge about the Richardsons and their efforts to develop the country. You have given me some facts of which I was not aware and called to my attention the natural location of Rainbow Lodge as a base for trips to other points, even as far away as Natural Bridges.

We know, both of us, that the area in question has great scenic value, and my viewpoint (that of calling attention to the ever-present danger to novices, if correlated with such information as you have in your folder should prove of benefit instead of detriment. With *all* the facts presented, the beauties and pleasures, as well as the possible hardships and potential dangers off the trails, Rainbow Bridge and Navajo Mountain become an irresistible challenge. Words are inadequate when called upon to describe the little "basins" or veritable edens which dot the area. The contrast is made more vivid because of the bare rock and sand which is traversed before arriving at these oases. Spring brings to them a breath-taking beauty, a riot of flowers, and a rainbow of color. And the many other things are incredible, as Gladwell Richardson said in his letter, nobody would believe the description of them until they were photographed.

Young Donald Smith, if he ventured into this country and became lost, has been lost for the second time—now in a deluge of words. But I feel that even these letters may be instrumental in bringing to light some information about the young man, his whereabouts, or his activities after he left his home last August.

Sincerely,

C. C. ANDERSON.

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LOST TRAILS

(Continued from page 8)

Roland Harder, formerly of Co. 'C', 27th Inf., Hawaii, last heard of in Johnsville, Cal. Probably in or near a California mining town. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please communicate with Chas. L. McFadden, 1320 South Carmelina, West Los Angeles, Cal.

Would like to hear from the descendants of Bill Hogan of Rockingham Co., Virginia, and James Hogan whose farm was at the mouth of Hickman Creek, Ky. Also would like information about Clinton J. True, who was Colonel of Inf. 40th Reg., mustered at Grayson, Carter Co., Ky. Also Henery or Henry E. Ware, 1st Lt. of Co. E, 9th Reg. of Ky. Please write Robert E. Ware, Clemson College, S. C.

I would like to hear from my old friend, Percy Wells. I last saw him in North Yokama, Wash. We roomed in the same hotel, hunted and shot target together. That was in the fall and winter of 1909. Percy Wells, if you are in the land of the living, write to your old friend, Chas. B. Baker, R.F.D. 2, New Kensington, Pa.

Would like very much to get in touch with my mother and father, whereabouts unknown. I have received the following information from Sparta State School:

My name was Frankie Carpenter, born March 12, 1906, in Kansas City, Mo. My mother's name was Annie Woodmase at that time. I was adopted by a Silas Brown, whereabouts unknown. A Mrs. Hill, who was then Alice Carpenter, took care of me for Mr. Brown, and when I was about five years old, she adopted me, in Kansas City, Mo.

They tell me my mother married a Gould Bailey, and at last reports, which was some time ago, lived in Chicastra, or Chickasha, Okla. If anyone knows them, I would like to contact them. Francis Henry De Voe, Box 21-636, Represa, Cal.

Information wanted about: former nurse, Anna Kincaid, attached to Greenhut's Veterans Hospital, New York, April, May, 1919, last known address Washington, D. C., originally from Beloit, Wis.; former 1st Lt. H. S. Davidowitz, Acting Chaplain, 312th Infantry, 78 Division, Camp Dix and A.E.F., last known address given in Atlantic City.

My twin brother, Donald J. Smith, 24 yrs. old, disappeared in August, 1940. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weighs 135 lbs., light brown hair, very crooked teeth, neither drinks nor smokes. Wears glasses constantly. Please get in touch with Pvt. David E. Smith, Co. E., 19th Engineers, Port Ord, Calif.

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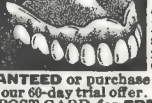

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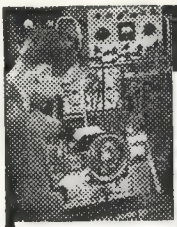
(Continued on page 129)



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128

(Continued from page 127)

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5.25-17	2.45	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.50	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.80	1.15
5.50-17	2.75	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.75	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.75	1.15
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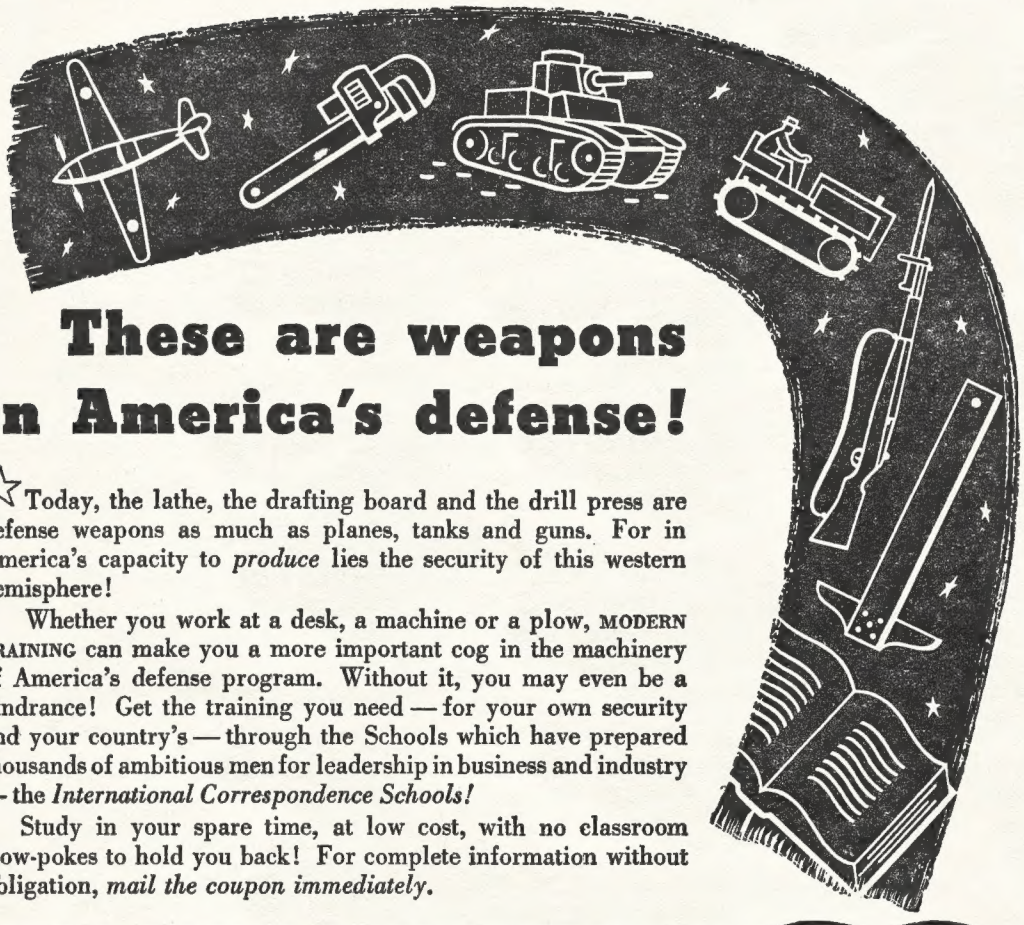

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pipe shown 4/5 actual size

Original Rum & Maple Tobacco. Here's your chance to try this luxury blend Free, foil pack was 70c, now 25c.

Three Squires Tobacco is mild, friendly, mellow. A great value at 15c. These tobaccos can be smoked individually or blended.

1 OOM PAUL PIPE VAL. 2.50
1 SAMPLE PKG. *Original* RUM & MAPLE TOBACCO
1 SAMPLE PKG. THREE SQUIRES

ALL FOR $1.00 POST PAID

It's a sturdy, fine friendly pipe—looks good—smokes good—and keeps sweet. Hand-carved, of finest root briar—stays cool to the touch. The deep bowl holds lots of tobacco—lasts through a long radio program or a novel. Great when you sit and chat—and don't want to refill.

Here are two styles—each a luxury pipe, each one a precision job—truly the pride of the craft. Good to look at . . made to last . . and above all, they are the kind of pipes that give a man a full measure of smoking pleasure..

FORGET this incredible low price—for a while. Think only of superior quality . . . visualize the proudest pipes in any man's collection . . . the type of pipes you might haye bought but for the fact they were priced beyond your reach. That's the kind of an opportunity we're offering you NOW . . . and at NO RISK at all.

The magic of the great outdoors, at this time of the year, calls for a pipe that's a pal. At the ball game, on fishing trips, at mountain resorts, and at the seashore — indoors or out in the open — you'll find the RARE RUSTIC and the OOM PAUL two grand companions. Read about them individually, note the FREE extras and our absolute Money-Back guarantee then treat yourself RIGHT.

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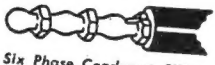
ONLY A FEW MEN CAN HAVE THIS

RARE RUSTIC BRIAR PIPE

Cut from GENUINE BRIAR ROOTS

Because of the size of the bowl, this rich-looking pipe can be cut only from large-size briar roots. It's a real man's pipe — rugged, hefty, yet the delicate carvings give it remarkable beauty and lightness. Easy to smoke — holds a generous filling of tobacco.



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Pipe shown 3/4 actual size

RARE RUSTIC PIPE reg. value $2.00
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1 FOIL PACK THREE SQUIRES TOBACCO 15
TOTAL VALUE $2.30

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Original Rum & Maple — America's No. 1 Fine Tobacco. The Pouch Pack sold for 40c, now sells for 15c.

Three Squires Tobacco is mild, friendly, mellow. A great value at 15c. These tobaccos can be smoked individually or blended

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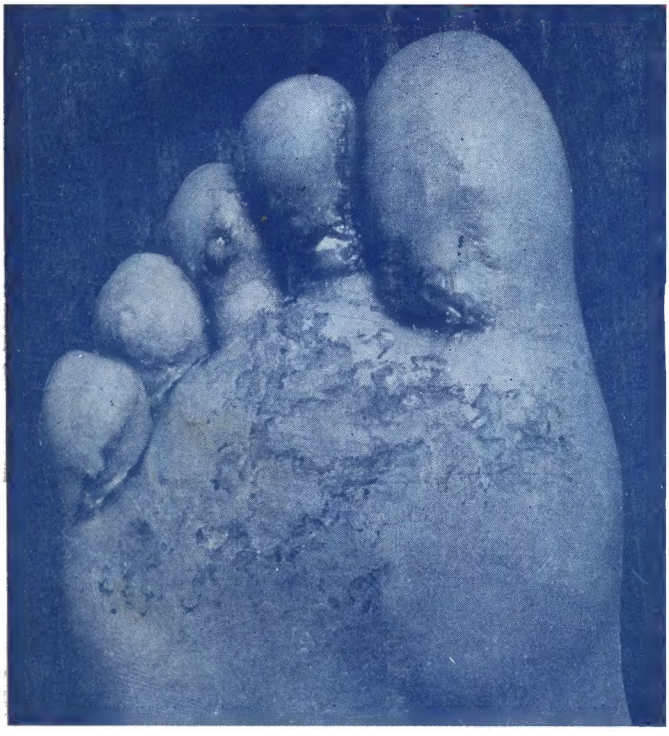
Three Squires Tobacco is meeting with great success. It's a mild—friendly—mellow mixture. A great value at 15c. These two tobaccos can be smoked individually or blended together. ASK FOR THESE TOBACCOS BY NAME AT STORES EVERYWHERE.

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ Tinea Trichophyton within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

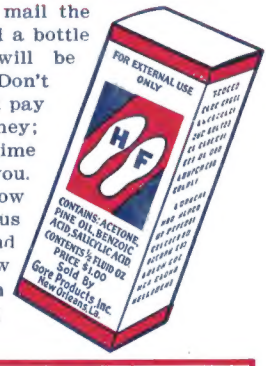
ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. each night until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

SEND COUPON

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may spread to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

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